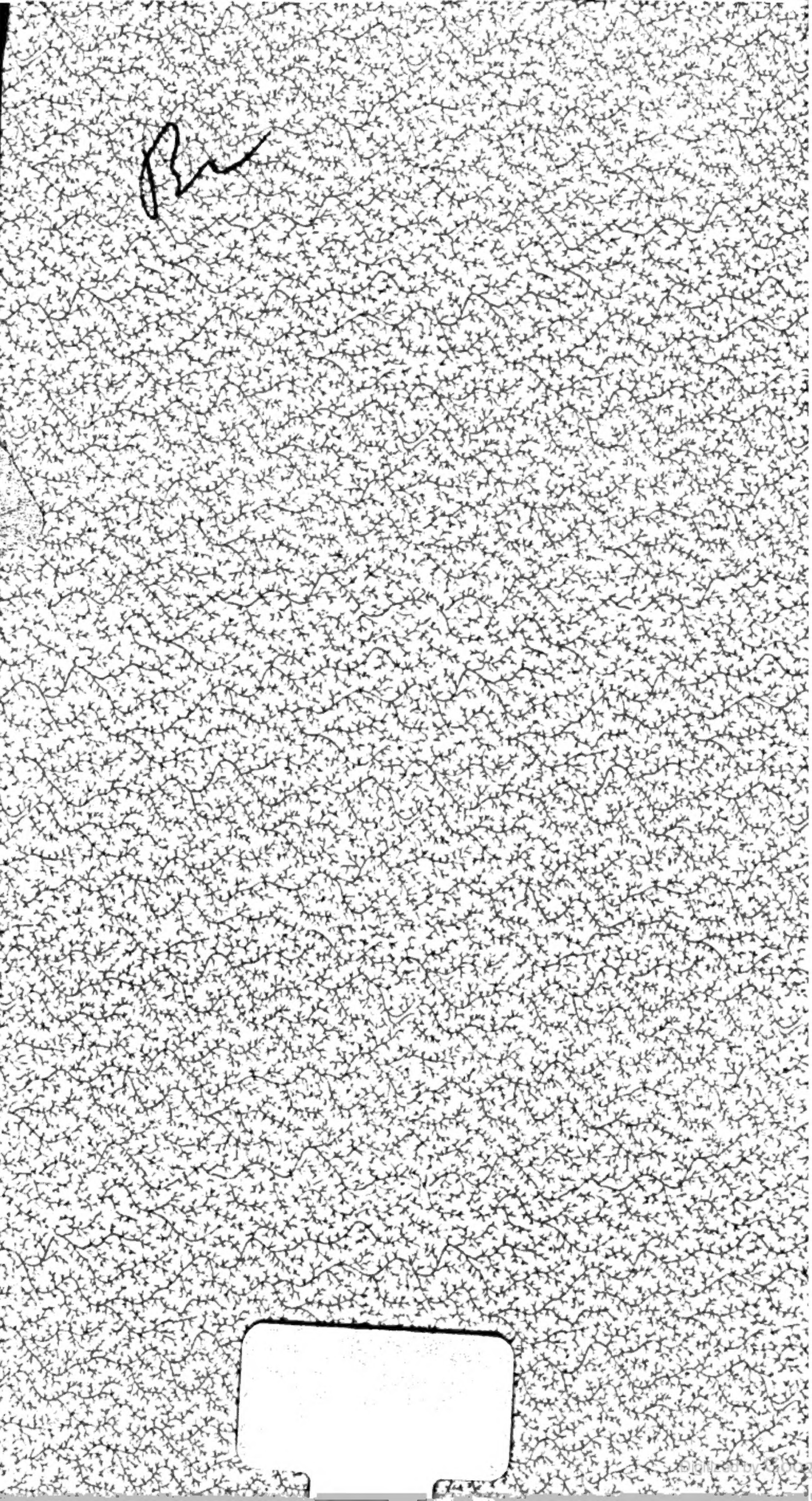

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW:

OR,

ANNALS

OF

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SERIES THE FOURTH.

VOL. IV.

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* * * εἰ δὲ μὴ λέγω φίλα
Οὐχ ἥδομαι, τὸ δ' ὀρθὸν ἐξείρηχ' ὅμως.

Soph. Trachin.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV. JULY, 1813. *No. I.*

ART. I.—*Moeurs, Usages, Costumes des Othomans, et abrégé de leur Histoire; par A. L. Castellan Auteur des Lettres sur la Morée et sur Constantinople; avec des ecclaircissemens tirés d'Ouvrages orientaux, et communiqués par M. Langlès. Six Vol. in* 18, *ornés de soizante et douze Planches.* Paris, 1812. London, Dulau, £2. 2s.

'THE library of Indian monarchs,' commences the author in his preface, 'was composed of so many volumes, that a hundred camels were necessary to transport it from one place to another. One of these princes, who was very fond of reading, but more fond of travelling, ordered the wise men in his kingdom to extract the best parts of every book, and out of them to form a library which he might carry about with less inconvenience. The body of literati executed the task with which they were charged; and formed a library which required only ten camels instead of a hundred. Another king, who still found that he had more books than he wished, ordered a Brahmin to compress them into the smallest possible compass. The Brahmin, who well knew the character of the prince, and his aversion from reading, reduced the whole library into four maxims. Without being,' says the author of this work, 'so rigidly concise as the Brahmin, I have endeavoured to include in a few small volumes the substance of a multitude of folios,' &c.

Most abridgments are a mere dry nomenclature, in the historical part of which we have nothing but names, places, and dates; and in which manners and customs are stripped of all individual portraiture or circumstantial delineation.

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This is not, however, the case with the present abridgment; for, though it is brief, it is not destitute of lively or amusing details; and the text is very much aided by the engravings, which are numerous; and contain, altogether, the most accurate representation of the Turkish costume which we have ever seen. The two first volumes exhibit a summary of the Oriental history. The third exhibits a picture of the Ottoman court, or of the interior of the seraglio. The author describes the officers attached to the service of the sultan, his pages, his eunuchs. In the fourth volume M. Castellan describes the great officers of the empire, both civil and military, the administration of justice in the divan, the finances, &c. The judicial organization, the ministers of religion, and the whole ceremonial of *Islamism*, are comprehended in the fifth volume; and the sixth is occupied with the costume, arts, and manufactures of this singular people.

We will translate a few extracts from this work. The following are from the chapter entitled Government.

'When the sultan appoints a grand vizier, he puts in his hand the seal of the empire, on which his name is engraved. It is by virtue of this seal, which this minister always carries in his bosom, that he is invested with the supreme power; and that he can, without any other formality, remove all the obstacles which stand in the way of his administration. The imperial seal is a talisman which he ought never to quit; the importance, which is attached to it, is such that the grand seignior, in order to depose this minister, has nothing to do but to redemand it.'

'The vizier often goes at night to visit the prisons. He takes an executioner with him whom he employs to dispatch those whom he finds guilty; but great as is his power, it does not authorize him to cut of the head of a pacha. For this purpose he must have the signature of the emperor; nor can he punish a spahy, a janizary, nor any other soldier, without the consent of their chiefs. The troops have reserved this privilege to themselves, which is the mean of protecting them from various acts of injustice and oppression.'

The power of a vizier depends entirely

'On the favour of the sultan. The sword is always kept suspended over his head; and no human prudence can avert the blows which may be aimed at the first minister. These proceed often from the interior of the harem, from the eunuchs, or the favourites.'

It is related that on a certain occasion

'Selim 1st, surnamed *Yaver* (the ferocious) ordered his prime minister to plant some horses' tails before his door, as a signal for some expedition, and to get some tents ready in a convenient

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situation. The vizier simply asked in what quarter it might please his highness that the tents should be placed. The sultan, without any reply, ordered him to be put to death. The same day, a similar *question* caused his successor to be treated in a similar manner. But a third vizier, enlightened by the fate of his predecessors, pitched some tents towards the four quarters of the heavens; and with singular promptitude made every preparation which was necessary for a great expedition. Soon after this the sultan demanded whether he had provided for every thing according to his intentions, and where he had fixed the tents? The vizier replied that every thing was in readiness to whatever quarter the sultan might direct his march. Selym answered, *The death of two viziers has saved the life of a third: and has procured me such a minister as I wished.*'

After giving some account of the *divan-khanéh*, (hall of judgment) of the Turks, the author closes it with the two following anecdotes.

'A Turkish merchant of Constantinople lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold called *thograly*, in his way from the bath to the mosque. He did not perceive his loss till he was leaving the mosque, when he went to the cryer whom he ordered to proclaim it in the streets, with the necessary particulars, and a promise of half the contents to him who would bring the purse. A *levendy* or sailor had the good fortune to find it. As soon as he heard the crier he felt some compunction about keeping what did not belong to him; and preferred gaining honestly the reward of a hundred *thogralys* to the chance of being detected and punished as a thief. The sailor makes a confession of having found the purse with the two hundred pieces of gold. He proposes to keep half according to the promise of the crier; and to restore the rest to the proprietor. The latter, being informed of this, wishes to break the agreement into which he had entered, and to recover the whole sum. But, as he could not openly break his engagement, he pretends that, besides the money, the purse contained a pair of diamond ear-rings of the value of seven hundred crowns, which the sailor was required to surrender to the right owner. The sailor called God, the prophet, and heaven and earth to witness that he had found nothing more in the purse than what it still contained. He was carried before the cady, or inferior judge, and accused of the robbery. The cady, either through negligence or corruption, decrees that the sailor, whom he nevertheless acquits of any charge of robbery, should receive no reward on acoount of his inattention in losing jewels of such great price. The sailor, enraged at finding himself disappointed of the sum he expected, and at the attempt to ruin his character, presents an *arzouhh*, or petition to the grand vizier. The merchant and the crier are ordered before him.

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Each pleads his cause. The vizier asks the crier what loss it was which the merchant had first directed him to announce; a purse, said the crier, containing two hundred *thogralys*. The merchant said that he omitted the mention of the ear-rings, least, if the purse should fall into the hands of persons not much acquainted with the nature of jewels, the specification of the value should have caused the detention of the whole. The sailor swore that he found nothing but the money in the purse. Thogruly-Ali-pacha pronounced this sentence: since the merchant, in addition to two hundred *thogralys*, says that the purse contained also a pair of diamond ear-rings, and as the sailor avers on his oath that the purse which he found contained nothing but money, it is clear that this could not be the purse which the merchant lost. Let the merchant, therefore, have the specific purse, which he did lose, cried anew, till it is restored by some one, who has the fear of God before his eyes. On the other hand, let the sailor keep the purse and the money for forty days, and if no one reclaims it in that time, let it remain with him. Thus the avarice of the merchant was punished by the loss of his money and his credit, whilst the sailor was enriched at his expence, and returned in triumph to his ship.'

The author gives the next anecdote as a proof of the sagacity of the Turks. It was exhibited by Youcouf Pacha, who was grand vizier at two different times.

'One Turk lent another about twenty-five thousand franks at an exorbitant interest. At the expiration of ten years the borrower repaid the sum, but positively refused to discharge the usurious interest (in Turkey the interest of money is as high as twenty per cent.) The affair was brought before Youcouf, who, acknowledging the right of the creditor, determined that the debtor should, in his turn, lend another sum of twenty-five thousand franks for ten years without interest.'

The Turkish *cheykhs* or preachers in the mosques, are said seldom to touch on points of controversy. Some of them are sturdy moralists; and not afraid of inculcating on the higher powers their respective duties, or of inveighing against their luxury, injustice, and depravity. It appears from the following that they are not deficient in dexterity of evasion, when their example seems in opposition to their preaching.

'A Turkish author (Lamai in his distichs) relates, that a preacher declaiming one day against the use of an intoxicating drug called *beng*, was so violent in his oratorical gestures, that a paper, containing some of this drug, which he was in the constant habit of taking, fell from his bosom into the midst of his audience. The preacher, without losing his assurance, immediately exclaimed, Lo! there is the enemy; the demon, of whom I have been speaking! The force of my words has raised

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him up and made him fly before me. Take care lest he should get possession of some of you.'

There are neither convents nor monasteries amongst the Turks except those of the dervishes. The *imams*, the *mouezzins*, and other officiating ministers have each their house, from which they repair to the mosque at the prescribed hours. Ordination and consecration are unknown to the Turks; the ceremony of installation is all that is required for the doctors, the magistrates, and ministers of worship. These situations exact no vow, no oath, no painful noviciate. Most of the persons, by whom they are filled, are married; and may embrace any other profession if they find it more suitable to their interests or their inclination. No tax is paid by the Ulemas; nor is their property subject to confiscation. Thus the principal families of the magistrates and ministers of religion are very rich, and the Ulemas enjoy a high degree of popular veneration. If the janizaries unite with the Ulemas in opposing the designs of the sultan, this prince is obliged to yield. To oppose the combined will of these two bodies would be to provoke a resistance dangerous to his power. But, as long as the prince can keep these two bodies divided, or sow dissensions between them by means of some leading individuals among either, every thing proceeds according to his wish. When they act in unison they will depose the sovereign, destroy his ministers, or remove any obstacle whatever in the way of their caprice. This caused the dethronement of Mahomet IV. and of other emperors, whose fall proves that there are limits which the power of the sultan cannot pass.

We select the following from the chapter on prohibited meats and drinks. It is well known that Mahomet very wisely forbad the faithful to make use of any intoxicating drink.

'The Turks, however, and even the sultans often transgress this law of the prophet. Bajazet 1st was a slave to his passion for wine. Under Soliman 1st the propensity for this liquor became so general and violent, that he ordered those, who should drink it, to swallow melted lead, and fire to be set to all the vessels in the harbour of the capital, which were laden with wine. But his conduct was not imitated by his son Selym. He set an example of debauchery, and revoked the edict of Soliman against wine; and it came into general and public use. Mahomet III. renewed the prohibition; and Achmet I. caused all the taverns to be demolished, and the casks of wine to be broken throughout the whole extent of the empire. Amurat IV. refined on the system of his predecessors, and interdicted

coffee, tobacco, and opium. He sentenced the delinquents to capital punishment. His successors preserved none of his edicts but that against wine; and, at present, the Turks of a certain rank make use of it with cautious reserve. This transgression is rare amongst the ulemas and the ministers of religion; but there is less hesitation amongst the dervishes, the soldiers, the sailors, and the people. These have also recourse to brandy; but they are strangers to punch, to cyder, and to beer. For these they find a substitute in opium.'

Almost all the people of the East seek to excite pleasurable sensation, the eager pursuit of the human race, by means of opium. As this avidity of pleasurable sensation is indulged to excess, the nerves are stimulated till delirium is produced. Amongst the Turks, fanaticism, though it is favoured by the glowing visions of their religious system, is rendered more potent and general by the familiar use of opium. The Turks make use

'of opiates and pills called *bendje** or *madjoun*. This is a mixture of opium, poppies, aloes, and different spices, with the occasional addition of perfumes and essences, and even of powdered pearls, rubies, and emeralds. A pot of this precious electuary will sell as high as a hundred pistoles. It is carried in little boxes, and taken several times during the day, when it is washed down by a glass of water, or a cup of coffee.'

The virtues of coffee are said to have been first made known by a dervish, who, banished from his convent on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Mocha, accidentally boiled some grains of a shrub which was very common in that district. Two other dervishes, who were afflicted with a cutaneous disease, went to visit the solitary, when he made them drink some of this infusion, by which their malady was removed. This cure was soon made known at Mocha, when the dervish was sent for, and richly rewarded for the discovery of a drink, which has since constituted the delight of the East, and been diffused amongst all civilized nations.

'Coffee gave rise to violent theological disputes: till at last it was determined that this beverage was not adverse to the spi-

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* *Bendje* or *beng*, is a name given to a confection, the basis of which is formed of the leaf of the hemp. The hemp in Arabic is called *hachyche*; and those who make use of it are named, *hachychys*. This word passing through the organs of the Greeks, who cannot pronounce the *j* and the *ch*, which they change into *z* and *s*, is metamorphosed into *assassin*, an association of great celebrity and terror in the East during the time of the crusades. The chief of the assassins or fanatics, who were sublimed into a sort of mania by the use of the hemp (*hachyche*) was usually designated by the name of the old man of the mountain, because he resided in Mount Libanus.

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rit of Mahometanism. Coffee-houses are common in all the towns and villages of the Levant. The coffee-house forms the centre of union for the inhabitants; where the idle while away the day in smoking; in playing draughts and chess; in seeing the antics of their jugglers; or, lastly, in hearing stories told.'

'The mode of preparing coffee is, by slightly roasting, pounding, and sifting it, then reducing it into a fine powder and putting it in boiling water. It is drunk with the *grounds*, and without sugar; but dried sweetmeats are first handed round. It is not customary to mix the coffee with cream.'

Tobacco was introduced at Constantinople in the reign of Achmet 1st about the year 1605: It was proscribed by Achmet IV. who could not endure the smell; but, on the other hand, as he had a strong *penchant* for wine, he permitted it to be sold and privately drunk.

'A man, named Teryaqy *, saved himself by a sally of wit from the capital punishment to which the sultan had condemned every one, who should violate his order to desist from the use of tobacco. Not being able to get the better of his fondness for the pipe to which he had been accustomed, Teryaqy had a deep cavity dug in his garden, and covered over with turf. To this place he retired to enjoy the luxury of his pipe. But notice was given of his proceedings; and the sultan himself detected him in his retreat. Teryaqy, notwithstanding the danger which he ran, exclaimed with a good deal of pleasantry, "Begone from hence thou son of a slave. Thy edict is designed for persons above ground, and has no authority over those who live under the earth." The sultan disarmed by this sally granted him his pardon, and gave him permission to smoke at his ease.' 'There are only a small number of devotees who make a scruple of smoking: but the sultans, though they tolerate the abuse, never permit themselves to smoke in public. A Turk has his pipe incessantly in his mouth; and he does not pay less attention the embellishment of his pipe, than to the quality of his tobacco. The stem or tube is made of jasmine, rose, or hazel, decorated with gold or jewels, and with yellow amber or coral at the end. They are manufactured with great nicety as well as the bowls, which are of a reddish earth, gilt or delicately carved. They sometimes use the Persian pipe; the flexible tubes of which are several yards long; and have this peculiarity, that the smoke passes through a reservoir of rose-water. When you make a visit, you are immediately presented with coffee and a pipe. The Turks are as seldom seen without their clothes, as without a pipe: they smoke when

* This name is generally given to those who are stupefied or barbarized by the immoderate use of opium and of *beng*; but in whom the light of reason dawns at intervals; and, particularly, in occasional sparklings of wit.

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kill their calves at too early an age; and they seldom eat of beef or of fish."

'The common people are content with pulse, such as rice, peeled wheat, peas, lentils; they make also great use of honey and sugar, of all kind of spices and particularly pepper. In one word the Turks are particularly fond of fresh or dried fruits or greens.' * * * 'Their common dish is pilau, which is made of rice or peeled wheat boiled in water. After this is strained they add a little butter. This is the principal subsistence of the military; it is good, light, easy of digestion, and readily prepared. In order to render the pilau more nutritious, they mix it with broth, or slices of mutton. The ordinary allowance of a soldier is, a small portion of bread or biscuit with a little piece of cheese, some oil or some olives, and onions. They rarely taste meat, except it be in their pilau.'

At table each of the guests has a flat piece of bread like an omlet, and two spoons placed before him. The dishes are served up one after the other; when they are of a liquid nature, they make use of their spoons, or otherwise, each takes what he wants and eats with his hand. The practice is to serve up butchers'-meat cut in small pieces, but fowls are served up whole, when the master of the house separates them with his fingers, and distributes the pieces to his guest.

The following account is given of the sultan's meals which do not take place at any fixed hour, but as his appetite prompts; and the officers of his kitchen are always ready to minister to his wants.

'He sits cross-legged on some cushions, with a large napkin spread over his knees, and another on his right arm for the purpose of wiping his mouth and fingers. His table is placed on the ground before him. It is very low and consists of a *plateau* of massy silver, with a narrow border, and turns on a pivot. Near him are placed several cakes of hot bread made of fine flour and kneaded with goats' milk. The maitre-d'hotel tastes the dishes before they are taken to his *highness*; and another officer, kneeling on his knees, places them on the table. There is no occasion for any one to come, as the whole is so well cooked that the sultan helps himself with his fingers without making use of a knife and fork. The dishes which are most in request are young pigeons, chickens, mutton, roast or boiled. Pastry, and confectionary constitute his dessert. He eats no fruit nor cheese except at his *collations*. He is surrounded with mutes and buffoons. These last keep their eyes fixed upon him without uttering a word; but endeavour to divert him by *making faces*, and by other antics. He sometimes throws a piece of bread at them, which is reckoned a signal mark of his favour.

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The ordinary drink of the sultan is iced sherbet, which is composed of the juice of different fruits and particularly the citron, with an addition of sugar.'

M. Castellan appears to have condensed into these six elegant little volumes, the substance of a good many books. The materials, which he has culled from different quarters, he has put together in an agreeable form. In some particulars he seems to have been led into the common errors respecting Turkey; as the stately reserve, retired habits, and characteristic taciturnity of the government and the people have given rise to a variety of fictions. Many Turkish travellers have been willing to describe what they never saw and to detail that of which they had no knowledge, rather than to confess the scantiness of their information or the profoundness of their ignorance. The plates are a valuable addition to the work.

ART. II.—*The Life of Lord Nelson. By Robert Southey.* London: Murray, 1813. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s.

IN our journal for August 1810, and for September of the same year, we gave a pretty copious account of the life of Lord Nelson by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, F. R. S. and J. M'Arthur, Esq. L. L. D., in two volumes 4to. of very stately bulk. A work of that magnitude was but ill calculated for the general reader; but the life of Lord Nelson is certainly one which a great mass of our countrymen, not only in the navy, but out of the navy, would wish to read. Mr. Southey has, therefore, we have no doubt, rendered a very acceptable service to a numerous class of his majesty's liege subjects, who are either rolling on the ocean, or idling on *terra-firma*, by the present more compendious and more portable life of the greatest maritime hero whom England ever produced. In two very neat pocket volumes our present author has compressed a sufficiently full and detailed account of the gallant achievments of Lord Nelson; and his narrative is so stripped of all extraneous matter and superfluous circumstances, and the hero himself is so uniformly made the prominent object of the picture, that the present appears to us a very interesting piece of biography; and we believe that there are few persons who peruse the first page of the first volume, who will not have the edge of their intellectual appetite whetted to proceed to the last page of the second.

As we have already enumerated the principal particu-

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lars in the life of Lord Nelson, in our review of the performance of Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur mentioned above, we shall not accompany Mr. Southey with much regularity or minuteness in his present narrative, but shall select such parts of it as are more peculiarly interesting, or such traits as place the character of the British hero in a light somewhat different from that of his former biographers. As far as we can judge, one very honourable characteristic of the present life is impartiality. The author is not so far dazzled by the glory of Lord Nelson as to be blind to his defects. Mr. Southey has an eagle's, or rather perhaps he would wish us to say, a poet's eye; and he has ventured to look full and fixedly upon the sunny radiance of Nelson's fame; and has both seen and marked the blots of infirmity, by which it was partially obscured. If Mr. Southey had not noted the occasional or partial defects of Nelson, he would have been wanting in biographical probity, which, though often violated, is always to be praised where it is found, while the want of it ought never to pass without rigid animadversion or severe reproof.

Nelson was severely wounded on the head at the battle of the Nile, and it was feared that fatal consequences would ensue.

* * 'A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in the time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amidst its horrors,—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man, who had been previously wounded, was properly attended to.'

It gives us great pleasure to repeat this trait of magnanimity which must irresistibly have won the hearts of the poor fellows who were bleeding near him; and have almost made them forget their own individual sufferings, in their admiration of his generous sympathy. When Nelson's wound was examined and he was declared out of danger, there was an unfeigned expression of joy amongst the whole crew. As Nelson remarked,

'victory was hardly a name strong enough for the result of this memorable engagement with the French fleet. It amounted almost to a total capture or destruction of the force of the enemy;

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for of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates, one burnt another sunk.'

'Had Nelson,' says his present biographer, 'been provided with small craft, nothing could have prevented the destruction of the store-ships and transports in the port of Alexandria;—four bomb-vessels would, at that time, have burnt the whole in a few hours. "Were I to die this moment," said he in his despatches to the Admiralty, "*want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart! No words of mine can express what I have suffered, and am suffering for want of them."'

After this signal triumph over the French, a profusion of presents and honours, from different courts and governments, Christian and Mahometan, Catholic and Protestant, was showered on the hero by whom it was achieved. The Grand Seignior was amongst the foremost, in testifying his gratitude for this victory over the "swinish infidels" who had invaded his Egyptian provinces. He presented the British admiral with

'a pelisse of sable, with broad sleeves, valued at five thousand dollars; and a diamond aigrette, valued at eighteen thousand; the most honourable badge among the Turks; and, in this instance, more especially honourable, because it was taken from one of the royal turbans. "If it were worth a million," said Nelson to his wife, "my pleasure would be to see it in your possession." The sultan also sent, in a spirit worthy of imitation, a purse of two thousand sequins, to be distributed among the wounded. The mother of the sultan sent him a box, set with diamonds, valued at one thousand pounds.' * * *

By his own government Nelson was rewarded with the title of "Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe," and "with a pension of £2000, for his own life and those of his two immediate successors." "Gold medals were distributed to the captains, and the first lieutenants of all the ships were promoted, as had been done after Lord Howe's victory." Nelson exerted himself to the utmost that the captain and first-lieutenant of the Culloden, which ship had unfortunately run aground and could take no part in the action, should not be passed by because they had not been actually engaged. The zeal and friendship which he manifested on this occasion, plac his character in a very amiable light. He represented to the Admiralty, in the strongest terms, that Captain Trowbridge's conduct was as justly entitled to distinction, as that of any officer in the fleet.

'It was Troubridge,' said he 'who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse: it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action: it was Troubridge who saved the Cullo-

den, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it.'

The gold medal, therefore, by the king's express desire, was given to Captain Trowbridge, "for his services both before and since, and for the great and wonderful exertions which he made at the time of action, in saving and getting off his ship." The private letter from the Admiralty to Nelson, informed him that the first-lieutenants of all the ships *engaged*, were to be promoted Nelson instantly wrote to the first lord of the admiralty.

'I sincerely hope,' said he 'this is not intended to exclude the first lieutenant of the Culloden.—For heaven's sake,—for my sake,—if it be so, get it altered. Our dear friend Troubridge has endured enough. His sufferings were, in every respect, more than any of us.'

After the battle of the Nile, Nelson proceeded to Naples, where his victory had occasioned the most frantic joy; and where he was welcomed, on his arrival, with every demonstration of gratitude which the court could shew. It was on this occasion that his transient acquaintance with Lady Hamilton, whom he had seen only for a few days about four years before, was quickly converted, either by the arts of the lady or the destiny of the hero, into a passion, the ardor of which, at least on his part, has hardly any parallel even in romance. After having subdued the French at Aboukir, Nelson was himself as completely subdued by one of the daughters of Eve in the bay of Naples. Nelson had too much of the frank, open-hearted character of the British sailor, to guard against the Sirens on that treacherous coast. He forgot the story of Ulysses; and he approached the shore without having his ears sealed with wax or his body lashed to the mast. He went, he saw, he heard the Siren in the form of a British fair, and he was spell-bound for ever! When the Vanguard, Nelson's ship, approached the bay of Naples, Lady Hamilton, in her barge, coming along-side, "at the sight of Nelson sprang up at the ship's side, and exclaiming, O God! is it possible! fell into his arms,—more, he says, like one dead than alive." Nelson described the meeting as "*terribly affecting*." The lady seems to have acted her part well, both in this instance and in the sequel. From this period we may regard Nelson as caught in the toils of feminine fascination. Henceforth Lady Hamilton became the constant object of his tender solicitude and his ardent admiration. Her witcheries, at times, wrought his mind up to the highest pitch of amorous devotion; and no knight-

errant, even under the meridian of chivalry, was ever more subservient to the will, or the caprice of the mistress he adored.

Nelson, even after he had begun to be entangled in the web of artifice which Lady H. was sedulously contriving in order to hold him in durance soft, but vile, seems, at this period, to have had a very contemptible idea of the people and government of Naples, though he afterwards, under the influence of the above-mentioned lady, became an auxiliary in the perfidious cruelty of the court.

'What precious moments,' said he 'the courts of Naples and Vienna are losing! Three months would liberate Italy; but this court is so enervated, that the happy moment will be lost. I am very unwell, and their miserable conduct is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels.'

The French after this got possession of Naples, owing to the imbecility and corruption of the government, and the cowardice or treachery, or both combined, of General Mack. Nelson had early the sagacity to discover the total insufficiency of this man for the high post in which he was placed. 'When Mack,' says Mr. Southey,

'was introduced by the king and queen (of Naples) to the British admiral, the queen said to him, "Be to us by land, general, what my hero Nelson has been by sea." Mack, on his part, did not fail to praise the force which he was appointed to command: "It was," he said, "the finest army in Europe." Nelson agreed with him that there could not be finer men: but when the general, at a review, so directed the operations of a mock fight, that, by an unhappy blunder, his own troops were surrounded instead of those of the enemy, he turned to his friends and exclaimed, with bitterness, that the fellow did not understand his business. Another circumstance, not less characteristic, confirmed Nelson in this judgment. "General Mack," said he, in one of his letters, "cannot move without five carriages! I have formed my opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken."'

The royal family of Naples were, soon after this, obliged to fly their kingdom and seek refuge in Palermo, whither they were conducted by Lord Nelson. Mack, though at the head of what he had but lately called the "finest army in Europe," deserted to the French General, Championet, "under pretext of taking shelter from the fury," or rather the incensed patriotism of the lazzaroni who alone proved true to their country in this crisis of her fate. When the royal family of Naples were afterwards enabled to return to their capital, that event was preceded by cir-

cumstances which reflect great disgrace upon Lord Nelson: and which Mr. Southey has very faithfully recorded, and very properly condemned. In the transaction to which we allude, the malignant influence of Lady Hamilton on the mind of the British admiral is but too apparent; and it grieves us to think that the blandishments of beauty should, for a moment, have rendered him insensible to the dictates of justice and humanity.

Whilst Lord Nelson was absent on another service,

'Captain Foote, in the Seahorse, with the Neapolitan frigates, and some small vessels, under his command, was left to act with a land force, consisting of a few regular troops, of four different nations, and with the armed rabble which Cardinal Ruffo called the Christian army. His directions were, to co-operate to the utmost of his power with the royalists, at whose head Ruffo had been placed; and had no other instructions whatever.'

The castles of Uovo and Nuovo, which commanded the anchorage in the bay of Naples and of which it was, at the time, a point of great importance to obtain possession, had agreed to capitulate on terms which were proposed to the garrison by Cardinal Ruffo. This capitulation was accepted, and "signed by the cardinal and the Russian and Turkish commanders; and lastly, by Captain Foote as commander of the British force." When Nelson shortly afterwards arrived in the bay, he annulled the treaty which had been thus solemnly concluded. The cardinal, like a man of honour, earnestly remonstrated against the infraction of this agreement; but he was compelled to yield to the authority of Nelson, whose arguments were seconded by those of Sir W. and Lady Hamilton.

'Captain Foote was sent out of the bay; and the garrisons, taken out of the castles, under pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian court.—A deplorable transaction! A stain upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked: there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.'

But the conduct of Nelson in the trial and execution of Prince Caraccioli, an aged Neapolitan nobleman of high character and great worth, deserves no less severity of condemnation than in the transaction which we have just mentioned. Prince Caraccioli, who was at the head of the marine, had been constrained to serve under the revolutionary government which had been established by the

French, had been seized and carried on board Lord Nelson's ship, where Sir W. and Lady Hamilton then were. Nelson

'issued an order to the Neapolitan commodore, Count Thurn, to assemble a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, on board the British flag-ship, proceed immediately to try the prisoner, and report to him, if the charges were proved, what punishment he ought to suffer. These proceedings were as rapid as possible; Caraccioli was brought on board at nine in the forenoon, and the trial began at ten. It lasted two hours: he averred in his defence, that he had acted under compulsion, having been compelled to serve as a common soldier, till he consented to take command of the fleet. This, the apologists of Lord Nelson say, he failed in proving. They forget that the possibility of proving it was not allowed him; for he was brought to trial within an hour after he was legally in arrest; and how, in that time, was he to collect his witnesses? He was found guilty, and sentenced to death; and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening, at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate La Minerva, by hanging him at the fore-yard-arm till sunset; when the body was to be cut down and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli requested Lieutenant Parkinson, under whose custody he was placed, to intercede with Lord Nelson for a second trial,—for this, among other reasons, that Count Thurn, who presided at the court-martial, was notoriously his personal enemy. Nelson made answer, that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country, and he could not interfere: forgetting that, if he felt himself justified in ordering the trial and the execution, no human being could ever have questioned the propriety of his interfering on the side of mercy. Caraccioli then entreated that he might be shot.—"I am an old man, sir," said he: "I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me." When this was repeated to Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend his duty. As a last hope, Caraccioli asked the lieutenant, if he thought an application to Lady Hamilton would be beneficial? Parkinson went to seek her: she was not to be seen on this occasion,—but she was present at the execution. She had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan court; and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies, made her, at this time, forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. Had he the authority of his Sicilian Majesty for proceeding as he did? If so, Why was not that authority produced? If not, Why were the pro-

ceedings hurried on without it? Why was the trial precipitated, so that it was impossible for the prisoner, if he had been innocent, to provide the witnesses, who might have proved him so? Why was a second trial refused, when the known animosity of the president of the court against the prisoner was considered? Why was the execution hastened so as to preclude any appeal for mercy, and render the prerogative of mercy useless? Doubtless the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but, to all other persons, it was obvious that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment,—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character.

'The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterward, when the king was on board the Foudroyant, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea: but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognized to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen, and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial. It produced no better effect. Naples exhibited more dreadful scenes than it had witnessed in the days of Massaniello. After the mob had had their fill of blood and plunder, the reins were given to justice;—if that can be called justice which annuls its own stipulations, looks to the naked facts alone, disregarding all motives and all circumstances; and, without considering character, or science, or sex, or youth, sacrifices its victims, not for the public weal, but for the gratification of greedy vengeance.'

Nelson displayed his usual zeal and ability in driving the French from the Neapolitan states, and the then deliverance of these states from those oppressors, is more owing to his vigour and enterprize than to any other cause. On this occasion he was ably seconded by Captain Trowbridge and the other officers of the navy. The Neapolitans seemed to have little will or spirit to do any thing for themselves. When Trowbridge was engaged in the siege of St. Elmo, he declared that, he had more difficulties

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to overcome in the character of the Neapolitans than in the strength of the place or the skill of the French. "Such damned cowards and villains," he declared, "he had never seen before." Though Nelson had been successful in expelling the French from Naples,

'he deceived himself,' as Mr. Southey remarks, 'when he imagined that he had seated Ferdinand firmly on his throne, and that he had restored happiness to millions. These objects might have been accomplished if it had been possible to inspire virtue and wisdom into a vicious and infatuated court; and if Nelson's eyes had not been, as it were, spell bound, by that unhappy attachment, which had now completely mastered him, he would have seen things as they were; and might, perhaps, have awakened the Sicilian court to a sense of their interest, if not of their duty. That court employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood.'

At the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson exhibited a degree of heroism which proceeded at least to the very verge of temerity. It was, however, justified by the success; and, with many, this seems the only rule for appreciating actions of this extraordinary kind. When Nelson's

'signal lieutenant called out, that No. 39, (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander in chief, he continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. "No," he replied, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him, to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander in chief? Number 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant.—"Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"Leave off action? Now damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes:"—and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"'

Nelson embraced a favourable opportunity during the action to open a negociation, and retiring into the stern gallery, he

'wrote thus to the crown prince: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson

has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag: but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English." A wafer was given to him; but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried and informal."'

This negociation ultimately led to an armistice. In one of his interviews with the crown prince, Nelson told him, "that he had been in an hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all." "The French," he said, "fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four." This had been indeed a murderous action; for the killed and wounded, on board the British ships, amounted to "nine hundred and fifty-three."

During the short peace of Amiens, Nelson resided at a house which he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey, and appears to have intended to "pass his days there, in the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton." But Sir. W. H. died early in 1803, at the age of seventy-nine.

'He expired,' says Mr. Southey, 'in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand; and, almost in his last words, left her to his protection; requesting him that he would see justice done her by the government, as he knew what she had done for her country. He left him her portrait in enamel, calling him his dearest friend,' &c. &c. &c.

When the war was renewed, Nelson was sent to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He took his station off Toulon to watch the French fleet in that harbour. This was altogether a very arduous service, and required the utmost patience and perseverance, in which he excelled as well as in other more active and enterprising qualities.

'From May 1803 to August 1805, he himself went out of his ship but three times; each of those times was upon the king's service, and neither time of absence exceeded an hour. The weather had been so unusually severe, that, he said, the Mediterranean seemed altered. It was his rule never to contend with the gales; but either run to the southward, to escape their violence, or furl all the sails, and make the ships as easy as possible. The men, though he said flesh and blood could hardly stand it, continued in excellent health, which he ascribed, in great measure, to a plentiful supply of lemons and onions.'

The commander of the French fleet, M. Latouche Treville, is said to have occcasioned his death,

'by walking so often to the signal post upon Sepet, to watch the British fleet. "I always pronounced this would be his death," said Nelson. "If he had come out and fought me, it would, at least, have added ten years to my life."'

When news arrived in this country that the combined fleets had entered the harbour of Cadiz after the indecisive action of the French with Sir Robert Calder, Nelson was then at his seat at Merton.

'Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them." They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend on it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavoured to drive away the thought.—He had done enough; he said,—"Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget!" His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said; "No, he was as happy as possible; he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he had been on shore, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle." She replied, that she did not believe him,—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets,—that he considered them as his own property,—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; and that he ought to have them, as the price and reward of his two years' long watching, and his hard chase. "Nelson," said she, "however we may lament your absence, offer your services:—they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy." He looked at her with tears in his eyes;—"Brave Emma!—Good Emma!—If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons."

Before the battle of Trafalgar, when they were clearing for action, and the portrait of Lady Hamilton which hung in his cabin, and on which he was wont to gaze with the most extravagant fondness, was taken down, he told the men who removed it, "to take care of his guardian angel." "In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed

there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next his heart."

Mr. Southey has given a very distinct and interesting description of the battle of Trafalgar, and of the death of Lord Nelson. We will extract the account of his death.

'It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder,—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the ennemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

'The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's birth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and, at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the

dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

'By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side,—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation." Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-pit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly;—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice,

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"Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton."--"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner:" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult! but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,..three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.'

Nelson was altogether a man of many great and many amiable qualities. His heroism was of the most sublime species, because it was seldom, indeed we believe never, except in the two instances which we have mentioned, separated from the most refined sentiments of humanity, and from a sort of hallowed impression of a providential Governor of the world. His devotion, for he was perpetually devout, was equally remote from the chilly feeling of philosophical skepticism, and from the torrid fervor of fanatical delusion. His courage was not the effect of an unreflecting mind, nor of physical insensibility. In all his plans he shewed great qnickness of discernment and comprehension of view. He did not rush blindly into danger without calculating the means of resistance, or the adaptation of his strength to the foe which he had to subdue, or the obstacles to overcome. But he knew and felt the resources of his own genius; and what might have been regarded only as precipitate rashness in minds of an inferior order, was often only sober daring in him. He might, without any charge of temerity, rush upon a hydra, where it would be a sufficient degree of enterprise in other men to attack a snake. His daring assault upon Copenhagen is, in point of wisdom, the most questionable of all his enterprises; but, if wisdom be justified of her children, in this case the wisdom was proved by the result. What might have been

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fool-hardiness in a common commander, was prospective sagacity in him.

The two specks in the sun of Nelson's glory, of the broadest surface and the deepest die, are the transactions which we have mentioned in the bay of Naples. Here, even his sense of justice and his feeling of humanity, both of which appear uniformly to have governed his conduct in other parts of his life, were, for a moment, forgotten, that he might yield a base and unworthy compliance with the wishes of the fair sorceress by whom his affections were beguiled. But, if the heart of Nelson were not made of stuff sufficiently stern to withstand the blandishments of Lady Hamilton, let him not be censured with bitterness nor condemned without mercy. No one, who has not been in similar circumstances, can measure the force of the temptation with which he had to contend, or the variety of the lures by which he was finally overcome. Let it be remembered that there are often partial defects in great characters, which are a sort of tax which they pay to the vulgar mass as the price of their elevation. They thus, in some measure, tend to preserve the equilibrium of humanity. For, if there were any characters so great or so brilliant as to be without any defects or blots, who, after contemplating them, would be able to endure the rest of his species?

If Nelson became in any degree the victim of a particular infirmity, let it not be forgotten that this infirmity has been the accompaniment of men as great, or greater, than himself. Athens never produced a greater man than Pericles; but even Pericles was sometimes befooled by the witcheries of Beauty in the form of Aspasia. Who does not recollect that Alexander was, sometimes, blind to the view of glory, deaf to the voice of fame, and torpid to all the nobler impulses of ambition in the arms of a courtezan? Ambition never burned with a more impetuous flame in any breast than in that of Cæsar; but even in the breast of Cæsar, the desire of subduing the world was, for an interval, smothered, if not extinguished, by the softer blandishments of Cleopatra.

We say not this to apologize for the temporary deviation from rectitude of the hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar; but we do say, that his infirmity has been that of many noble minds. Those who have not intellect enough to estimate his other excellencies, may, if they please, indulge their malignity in carping at this defect. We may suggest

it as a problem for the solution of the curious, whether Nelson would have been altogether more estimable if the ingredients of his character had been mingled in different proportions; or if his excellencies had been in any considerable degree less balanced by his defects. He had some vice, but he had more virtue; and who is there, in the average of human instances, with so much of the one, or so little of the other? Nelson had not sufficient virtue to be regarded as a prodigy; but had he sufficient vice to incur our detestation? We admire him as transcendently brave; but can we also altogether help regarding him as an amiable character? He was not a saint, but he was a hero; and, what is better for human happiness, he was a friendly and an honest man.

ART. III.—*Fauna Orcadensis; or, the natural History of the Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes of Orkney and Shetland. By the Rev. George Low, Minister of Birsa and Haray. From a Manuscript in the possession of Wm. Elford Leach, M. D. F. L. S. &c.* London, Longman, 1813, 4to. £1. 1s.

FEW particulars appear to be known respecting the deceased author of the present Fauna Orcadensis; but the few, which are stated in the advertisement, we shall give in the words of the respectable editor of the work.

'Mr. Low was born, in 1746, in the parish of Edzel, in Forfarshire. After prosecuting his studies at the colleges of Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, he became tutor in the family of a gentleman of the name of GRAHAM, at Stromness, in Orkney. While he remained at this place, SIR JOSEPH (then Mr.) BANKS, and DR. SOLANDER, touched at the islands, on their return from the last and ill-fated voyage of discovery, in which Captain Cooke fell. Mr. Low, having early acquired a taste for natural history, was much noticed by these distinguished philosophers, and was requested to accompany them in their excursions through the Orkneys, and also to the Shetland islands, which he did. On the 14th of December, 1774, Mr. Low was ordained minister of Birsay and Haray, a parish in Pomona, or the main land of Orkney. The duties of this charge he continued to fulfil throughout the remainder of his life. In 1775 he married Miss Helen Tyrie, only daughter of the Rev. James Tyrie, minister of Stromness and Landwick. The death of this lady, which happened in child-bed the year after the marriage, deeply affected Mr. Low, and it is believed he found consolation chiefly in that devotion to the pursuits of

natural history for which he was remarkable. During the last nineteen years of his life, he continued to labour in the study of Nature, and his success was certainly creditable, considering the many disadvantageous circumstances against which, in his remote situation, he had to strive.'

Mr. Low's manuscripts, amongst which were, besides the present work, a Flora Orcadensis, a 'Tour through the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, containing hints relating to their ancient, modern, and natural history,' and a translation of Torfæus's History of Orkney, were dispersed after his death. Dr. Leach, who happened to procure the MSS. of the *Fauna Orcadensis*, has rendered a service to the lovers of natural history by its publication.

The present work affords sufficient evidence to prove that Mr. Low was a diligent and acute observer of nature; and many of his remarks show great good sense, penetration, and the accurate research of a mind averse from every species of deception, and laboriously studious of truth.

The contents of this volume are arranged under the four classes of Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, with their different genera and species, described with perspicuity and distinctness. We shall exhibit a few specimens. In his account of the domestic animals, Mr. Low mentions that the sheep experiences but little care or attention from the inhabitants of the Orkneys. Mr. Low says that these mild and gentle animals are

'Left to every storm, and to perish by every enemy. The eagles and ravens destroy them, while lambs, in numbers; the storms of winter and the sea, to which they are obliged to fly, in this inclement season, for a meal, kill them in hundreds; but this is nothing but accident, nor equal to the tyranny practised over them by their pretended lord, man, to whom they owe nothing, even so much as shelter. He is not content with what they can easily spare, and that without complaint, their yearly tribute; but all their lives are sooner or later, at his call, and required with the greatest severity. Not even content with this last sacrifice they make him, he (here) uses them with the greatest cruelty, in receiving their offered and grateful price of a little longer liberty. About Midsummer there is a particular day published for rowing, when all the men in the parish, attended with their dogs, turn out, and drive the whole flock, without any preparation of washing, into narrow pens, and from thence, I may say, to the place of execution, where the wool is torn (not shorn) off their backs, an operation which brings the whole blood into their skin, and is not only disgusting, but, if the season proves hard, is the cause of great destruction. But

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however cruel it may seem, it is almost the only notice that is taken of these useful animals, by their unfeeling masters, till that time twelvemonth.'

'The mutton is here in general but ordinary, owing to the sheep feeding much on sea-ware, to procure which these creatures show a wonderful sagacity; for no sooner has the tide of ebb begun to run, but they, though at a great distance, immediately betake themselves, full speed, one and all, to the shore, where they continue till it begins to flow, when they as regularly retire. The wool of the Orkney sheep is short, but fine, insomuch, that stockings made of some of it, and often washed, become like a sort of felt. It is manufactured into coarse cloth, stuffs, coarse and very fine stockings, of all which small quantities are exported, or consumed amongst ourselves.'

The Orkney hog is of a remarkably small breed. The back is covered with

'Very large and long bristles,' the ears are 'erect and sharp pointed,' and 'the nose surprisingly strong.' 'They commonly go through the hills, feeding on the roots of plants, earth-worms, or what else they can pick up. When admitted among the corn grounds, they make vast havoc by rooting; seem to be much more mischievous in this way than the largest English breed, seldom leaving till they throw up a ditch large enough to bury half a dozen of them, which standing full of water all winter, does vast hurt to the grounds, though our farmers stiffly maintain the contrary. When killed from the mountain they make but ordinary meat, and yet they are seldom otherwise fed; when properly managed they make very good pork and ham, and are sold in quantities to the shipping, either in this manner, or quite fresh from the knife. An Orkney swine seldom weighs above sixty or seventy pounds, and this is sold to the stranger at two-pence per pound; however the country-people seldom receive from the butcher above four or five shillings sterling a head; oftener under than above. Of the hair they make, (notwithstanding its shortness) those ropes with which they let one another over the steepest and highest rocks, in quest of wild-fowl and their eggs; and they tell us (with what truth I know not) they answer much better, and are less ready to gall on the rugged rocks, than the best hempen ones. However this may be, many of them are lost in these dreadful attempts, few of their professed climbers living out their days.'

Some of the smaller islands of Orkney are not infested with mice, and therefore have less need of cats. Hence it is an ancient tradition, but grounded on no authority, that cats will not live in some of the islands. The author thinks that the Orkneys were never visited either by foxes or wolves. Otters are frequently seen.

'They live upon cod-fish, conger-eel, or other fish in the

sea, and trout in the fresh waters; are very delicate, eat only the best parts of the fish, leaving the rest to be picked up by the country-people. They always shut their eyes while eating; are often then surprised and killed. A young gentleman in the neighbourhood, lately told me, he observed one on a sea-rock at his meal, upon which he walked straight up to him, and with a blow of a cudgel, so stunned him, that he put a strong rope about his neck, and led him home.'

The author gives a lively description of the motions and habits of the seal. This animal probably gave rise to the fiction of the mermaid.

'The seal swims with vast rapidity, and before a gale of wind is full of frolic, jumping and tumbling about, sometimes wholly throwing itself above water, performing many awkward gambols, and at last retiring to its wonted rock, or cavern, which it keeps possession of (if undisturbed by man), from its own species, (I have seen them often pushing one another down) and there continues till the storm is over. Seals seem to have a great deal of curiosity: if people are passing in boats, they often come quite close up to the boat, and stare at them, following for a long time together; if people are speaking loud, they seem to wonder what may be the matter. The church of Hoy, in Orkney, is situated near a small sandy bay, much frequented by these creatures; and I observed when the bell rung for divine service, all the seals within hearing swam directly for the shore, and kept looking about them, as if surprised, rather than frighted; and in this manner continued to wonder, as long as the bell rung.'

'Seals seem to be subject to a plague, or murrain. About four years ago they drove ashore round our coasts in scores; likewise in Caithness many of them were found dead. They were observed to cough much, make a sort of plaintive noise, and when they died and drove ashore, were much swelled, and appeared as if very fat, but when cut up were nothing but skin and bone.'

Rabbits abound in many of the Orkney islands. They are all of a 'brownish grey.' But those which keep constantly in the mountains are said to be 'hoary in winter.' 'At this season the fur is most valuable, and each skin is sold here for four-pence or five-pence, but when brought to a proper market will fetch six-pence.'

The author says that the rabbits of the Orkneys are not always able to endure the cold of their winters. In the hard weather they are often compelled to seek the sea-side, where they feed on the 'ware,' which 'gives their flesh a bad taste, and often kills them.' One of the most mischievous residents of the Orkneys is the Norway rat,

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which swarms on, what is called, the main land. Nothing seems exempted from their depredations, which they carry on to an alarming extent, not only in the houses of the living, but in the mansions of the dead.

'This species,' says the author, has 'got such root in the burying-ground of Stromness, that there is no such thing as extirpating them.' 'A lady, some time ago, told a story of her having put by in a cask, seven hams of our Orkney swine, and some time after, having occasion to use some part of them, found a hole in the cask, and every one of them picked to the bone, with the skin left to cover it, no further damaged than to afford a passage for them; nay, there have been instances of children's toes being gnawn by these animals.'

The ring-tail eagle is very frequent in the hills of Orkney. This bird makes great havock among the lambs, pigs, rabbits, and poultry of these islands. A clergyman told our author that 'he met with one of them mounted in the air, with a pretty large pig in her talons, which she dropped alive upon his firing at her.' The sea-eagle, or osprey, is sometimes surprised on the low shores of the islands, feeding on fish which it has caught, or which the otter has left.

'I have often seen it soaring, at a vast height in the air, immediately over a conger or other fish, which has by any accident been left dry by the tide; and this may show us the vast strength of this creature's sight, which can take in such a small object at such a vast distance.'

The following is a specimen of Mr. Low's unaffected and agreeable mode of writing, which, at the same time, tends to mark the unvitiated simplicity of an amiable mind. He is speaking of the sky-lark.

'Though we cannot boast with more fortunate climates of the music of the nightingale, or the beauty of others of the feathered race, we are in great measure kept in countenance by the very early carols of this rural songster. The lark begins to sing with us on the first days of February, and continues most part of the summer, soaring very high, generally near its mate, whose toil of brooding is thus alleviated, and her spirits cheered with the voice of love. To rise with the lark is a proverbial expression, as old as Solomon; and indeed one must be an early riser who

'Hears the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled morn doth rise.

'Nothing, however, is more cheerful than a spring morning scene, though too seldom enjoyed by the politer part of the

world, who, for the most part lose the morning, the most valuable part of their time, and are obliged to eke it out with nightly dissipation. Nothing can be more conducive to the health, both of body and mind, than to start with the earliest dawn, to hear the enlivening music of the groves, mixed with the contented voice of labour, the whistle of the ploughman, and the lowing of the herds—to see the rising of the sun, and the smoking of the glebe. The lark loses his voice when the season of love is over, as do most of the wild birds, this being only indulged at that time to recommend themselves to their mistresses, and soften the fatigue of providing for their families.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches.'

The islands of Orkney are not destitute of the Lapwing or Pewit, whose delicate, tapering form and graceful walk we have often admired.

'The lapwing is one of the most anxious creatures for its young of any wild bird I know; in breeding time nothing frightens it; neither men nor dogs can terrify it from its haunts: though a very shy bird at other times, now it will strike at the head of the boldest invader, and, with a vast clamour, defend its right to the marsh. Linnæus says it drives away the ravens; who pick out the eyes of the lambs. I suppose it is perfectly sensible of the manners of the raven, that he often meddles with its own eggs and birds, and thus considers him as its own enemy.'

Uder the genus oyster-catcher, the author says of the sea-pie, that if it

'Finds a limpet but a little way from the rock, it easily insinuates its bill between the shell and the rock, and brings it off in a moment. If the limpet is on its guard, and more firmly fastened, it knocks it off as dexterously as any fisherman when he wants it to bait his line.'

The flesh is not often eaten, as it has much of the taste of limpets, on which it feeds.

In speaking of the great Northern Diver, which is very common in the bays and harbours of the Orkneys, Mr. Low tells us he has not been able to ascertain how or where they breed. He remarks that they are rendered incapable of walking by the formation of their legs, 'and the manner of placing them,' and that no teazing will make them fly, for which their wings seem too small.

Amongst the species of gulls the author gives a lively

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account of that of the Skua, which he first saw in Foula, 'an island to the westward of the Shetland Isles.'

'As I approached,' says he, 'the summits of the high mountains, I came near the Skua's quarters, which are affixed on the very peaks. I no sooner approached but I was attacked with so great fury, that every one of those who were with me, as well as myself, were obliged to do him obeisance at every stroke. He beat my dog entirely out of the pit, insomuch that he was obliged to run in among our legs for shelter, and could not be forced out again, for though bonxie (as he is here called) had some regard for us while we kept together, on him he had no mercy, every whip he fetched him made his own wings crack, and the dog crouch into the hollows of the moor, till we came up and relieved him. I followed one of them to some distance from the rest, which made me part good company, and received some very rude salutes for my imprudence from three of these birds that made at me with the utmost rage. I defended myself the best way I could with my gun, fired several times at them, but, as none dropped, the report did not startle them in the least, rather seemed to enrage them the more. When the inhabitants are looking after their sheep on the hills, the Skua often attacks them in such a manner, that they are obliged to defend themselves with cudgels held above their heads, on which it often kills itself. The method of life is much the same as in the parasitic gull (our former species), only this attacks the larger kind of gulls as the other does the lesser. By the most minute inquiry, could not find that it ever meddled either with its congeners or others to destroy them. Its fury seems to be more defensive than offensive. When we meet it at sea it seems to be a stupid like bird, and often swims within an oar's length of the boat.

'In Foula this is a privileged bird, no man will nor dare shoot it, under the penalty of sixteen shillings and eight-pence sterling, nor destroy its eggs. When they meet it at sea, whatever fish they have in the boat Skua always gets a share, and all this out of gratitude for beating off the eagle, who dares not venture to prey on the island during the breeding season. Skua indeed is not so strong as the former, but much more nimble, strikes at him without mercy with such effect, that he makes the eagle roar aloud, and his retreat is so sudden as to avoid all danger from his clumsier antagonist. I asked particularly whether Skua did not sometimes pay himself for defending their flocks, by taking a lamb now and then; but one and all assured me they had never seen or heard of a single instance of his doing so.'

The greater tern is described as the caterer for the arctic gull; for when the former has caught a small fish,

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it utters a particular cry, which the arctic gull no sooner hears than he pursues the tern, which is forced to drop its prey when it is seized by the gull. The tern is often intercepted by this unsparing enemy in its way home to its young family, who are thus deprived of their promised and far-fetched sustenance.

Among the Petrels the shear-water is described as the principal prize which the 'rock-men' of Orkney obtain by descending or climbing the most tremendous precipices. In order to obtain the shear-water, a person

'Sitting on the brink of the rock, with a coil of rope made of hair, on his arm, will let his neighbour many fathoms over the steepest rocks, such as would make others shudder only to look at, and yet these people think no more of it than an airing; and though few years pass without some or other of them perishing, yet that never deters the survivors—such an influence has the love even of a little gain on the human mind, that not the most imminent dangers can deter them from pursuing it at all events, even though death stares them in the face every moment they are on these expeditions. The smallest accident may ruin them, the untwisting of the rope, the slipping of a noose, the rubbing of it on the rugged rocks,—all may, and sometimes are, fatal to the climbers; yet so venturesome are they, that they often let one another down small heights with straw ropes. Well might the poet call this a "horrid trade;" it is really dreadful to see people let over a rock several hundred fathoms height, with the deep below them, supported only by the single arm of their comrades, who have nothing to rest themselves against, but must depend on their strength for both their preservation: sometimes, indeed, both slip together.'

The Orkneys, though deprived of the luxurious products of softer climes, have some compensation in the absence of all 'venomous creatures above an insect,' and in not being infested with one of the serpent species.

The account which the author gives of the fishes which are found in the Orkneys, is as succinct and accurate as that of the quadrupeds and birds; and upon the whole we must again state this Fauna Orcadensis to form a valuable addition to our books on natural history.

ART. IV.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for the Year* 1812, *Part II.*

XII.—Observations of a second Comet, with Remarks on its Construction. By William Herschel, LL.D. F.R.S.

AT the time when the beautiful comet was the object

of general observation, which formed the subject of Dr. Herschel's paper in the first part of this volume of the Philosophical Transactions, another was visible, much less replendent, and in appearance totally different from the first. This the doctor calls the *second* comet. The difference between the body of this and of the former comet, Dr. Herschel has described distinctly in the following passage.

'By way of comparing the two comets together, I viewed them alternately. The first, within a nebulosity which in the form of a brilliant head was of great extent, had nothing resembling a nucleus: the light of this head was very gradually much brighter up to the very middle; its small planetary body being invisible. The second comet, on the contrary, although surrounded by a faint chevelure, seemed to be all nucleus; for the abrupt transition from the central light to that of the chevelure, would not admit of the idea of a gradual condensation of nebulosity, such as I saw in the head of the first comet; but plainly pointed out that the nucleus and its chevelure were two distinct objects.'

Dr. Herschel has estimated the apparent diameter of the nucleus to be 5″,2744. Its distance from the earth on the day when its apparent diameter was determined (the 20th of January) was 1.0867, the mean distance of the earth from the sun being 1; 'whence,' he says, 'we deduce a very remarkable consequence, which is, that the real diameter of its nucleus cannot be less than 2637 miles.'

About the nucleus of this second comet, there was a faint whitish scattered light, which may be called its *chevelure*. Had it not been for an extremely faint light in a direction opposite to the sun, this body would hardly have been entitled to the name of a comet; having rather the appearance of a planet seen through an atmosphere full of haziness.

The tail of this comet was nothing more than an extremely faint scattered light, in opposition to the sun.

The physical construction of this comet seemed to approach nearly to that of a planet. In its magnitude it bore a considerable proportion to the size of the planets; the diameter of its nucleus being nearly one-third of that of the earth. The light by which it was seen was probably also planetary; that is to say, reflected from the sun. This light possessed little density, so that it could not conveniently bear a high magnifying power.

Dr. Herschel concludes from analogy of the observations on the first comet, that the chevelure of the one consisted of the condensation of some remaining phosphoric

matter, suspended in the lower regions of an elastic transparent fluid, or atmosphere, extending probably far beyond the chevelure, without our being able to perceive it.

The doctor has conjectured that the action of the sun on comets at the time of their perihelion passage, is more or less conspicuous, according to the quantity of *unperihelioned* nebulous matter they contain. That of which an account is given in this paper, was of such a construction, that it was little more affected by a perihelion passage than a planet would have been. According to the doctor's hypothesis, then, this comet was in a very advanced state of consolidation, and had but a small share of phosphoric or nebulous matter in its construction. In this respect it was essentially different from the brilliant comet which was visible to us at the same time.

XIII. — Additional Experiments on the Muriatic and Oxymuriatic Acids. By William Henry, M. D. F. R. S. V. P. of the Lit. and Phil. Society, and Physician to the Infirmary, at Manchester.

From the experiments which Dr. Henry published in the Transactions for the year 1800, he had concluded that water entered into the composition of muriatic acid gas. The late controversy on the nature of this acid, has induced him to examine with more attention the accuracy of his result, and this examination has led him to the detection of an error in his former conclusion. A repetition of his experiments has convinced him, that under equal circumstances, precisely the same relative proportion of hydrogene gas is obtained by the electrization of muriatic acid gas, whether it has been exposed or not to the muriate of lime; and that its greatest amount is 1-16th or 1-14th of the original volume of the acid gas. No sensible heat is evolved by bringing muriate of lime into contact with muriatic acid gas; on which point Dr. Henry had also formerly fallen into an error.

Essentially, the changes produced by electrifying muriatic acid gas over mercury, are those which Dr. Henry has stated in his former paper, the volume of the gas contracts; muriate of mercury (calomel) is formed; and hydrogen is evolved. It seems also, that when a certain effect has been produced by electricity, nothing is gained by continuing the process; neither is more hydrogen evolved, nor can the contraction of bulk be carried any farther.

Three thousand discharges from a Leyden jar were

passed through 4½ cubic inches of muriatic acid gas in an apparatus which was closed by a glass stopper: when the process was finished, no traces of moisture could be perceived within the vessel, nor did it appear that any change of bulk had taken place. After absorbing the unchanged muriatic acid gas by a small quantity of water, a volume of gas remained, in which there were present 100 measures (each equal to one grain of mercury) of oxymuriatic acid gas, and 140 measures of hydrogen gas.

When this experiment is performed in contact with mercury, the oxymuriatic gas produced, unites with the mercury, and forms calomel; and in this way the production of hydrogen gas is much augmented. By electrization over quicksilver, 1-16th or 1-14th of hydrogen gas was generally evolved, while the quantity amounted only to 1-70th, when mercury was excluded. In this latter case, it is to be presumed, that when in a mixture of muriatic acid gas with hydrogen and oxymuriatic acid gases, the two latter come to bear a certain proportion to the former, they will be brought within the sphere of mutual agency; and will by the electric discharge reproduce muriatic acid. This point appears, in Dr. Henry's experiments, to be when the hydrogen and oxymuriatic acid, taken together, have the proportion to the muriatic acid, of about 1 to 35. This proportion being attained, the continuance of the electrization only operates in a circle.

It appears that when the muriatic acid gas is confined over mercury, the evolved hydrogen limits the effect of the electrization. When 30 measures of hydrogen gas were mixed with 400 of muriatic acid gas, electricity appeared to have no effect; the gas was found to contain the same quantity of muriatic gas as at the outset, and neither more nor less hydrogen. On this Dr. Henry remarks,

'To explain the event of this modification of the experiment, on the old theory, we may suppose that by the action of electricity a particle of water is decomposed, and that the atom of oxygen, forcibly repelled from that of hydrogen with which it was associated, finds another atom of hydrogen uninfluenced by the electric fluid, and within the sphere of its attraction. On the theory of Sir H. Davy, the same series of decomposition and recombinations may be assumed to take place between the oxymuriatic acid and hydrogen.'

In considering the theory of this experiment, Dr. Henry appears disposed to consider the hydrogen gas, produced in this experiment, as coming from the decomposition of muriatic acid. According to the theory of Sir H. Davy,

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oxymuriatic acid being produced at the same time, is, upon a slight view of the subject, a confirmation of this theory. But it does not determine the question whether the hydrogen comes from water, as an elementary principle of muriatic acid, or not: nor, indeed, have any decisive experiments on this point been as yet devised.

When muriatic acid and oxygen gases are electrified together over mercury, there is a gradual diminution of their bulk, and the mercury becomes tarnished, precisely as by the contact of oxymuriatic acid. In this experiment water and oxymuriatic acid are produced. The water, combining with a portion of the undecomposed muriatic acid, is deposited in drops upon the inner surface of the vessel, in the state of liquid muriatic acid. These results may likewise be reconciled with either theory. According to the old theory, the oxygen unites with the real acid of muriatic gas, which becoming oxymuriatic acid, *deposits* water. On Sir H. Davy's theory the oxygen unites with the hydrogen of the muriatic acid, water is *composed*, and oxymuriatic acid is let loose. Dr. Henry has not been able to satisfy himself which of these views most exactly tallies with all the circumstances of the experiment.

XIV.—Of the Attraction of such Solids as are terminated by Planes; and of Solids of greatest Attraction. By Thomas Knight, Esq. Communicated by Sir H. Davy, LL. D. Sec. R. S.

The problem which Mr. Knight has here attempted to resolve is expressed in the most general terms, viz. *any solid, regular or irregular, terminated by plane surfaces, being given, to find both in quantity and direction, its action, on a point, given in position either within or without it.*

Mr. Knight first investigates formulæ for the attraction of triangles, of pyramids, and of prisms. This part of the problem being resolved, the attraction of complicated figures may be found by a partition of their elementary parts into more simple forms, each of which must have its action found separately. Having investigated the more simple cases, Mr. Knight applies the formulas to certain complex bodies, which, though not bounded by planes, have yet a natural connexion with the preceding part of the paper. Such are solids which have their sections, in one direction, continuous curves, whilst being cut in a different way, there results, from their intersection with a plane, a polygon, or rectangle, or some other right lined

figure. Mr. Knight has considered and determined the cases, where the central curve of this solid is a circle, a parabola, and of some other forms.

The last section of Mr. Knight's paper treats of solids of the greatest attraction.

XV. Of the Penetration of a Hemisphere, by an indefinite Number of equal and similar Cylinders. By Thomas Knight, Esq. Communicated by Sir Humphry Davy, LL. D. Sec. R. S.

XVI. On the Motions of the Tendrils of Plants. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F. R. S. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S.

The plants selected for these observations were the Virginia creeper, (the ampelopsis quinquefolia of Michaux), the ivy, and the common vine and pea.

The tendrils of the ampelopsis and of the ivy have the common property of receding from the light; they spring only from such parts of the stem as are fully, or partially shaded. A variety of experiments were made exposing the tendrils to the light in different situations. The result was uniform; the tendrils receded from light, and attached themselves, where there was an opportunity, to opake bodies on the opposite side; but, with regard to the ivy, it was found necessary to place the different substances, to which it was proposed that the tendrils, or claws should attempt to attach themselves, almost in contact with the stems of the plants.

This property is not confined to the tendrils or claws of these plants: their stems also recede from light, and press against the opake bodies, which nature intended to support and protect them.

The tendrils of vine have motions similar to those described, and appear to be to a great extent under the controul of light. But the tendrils of the ampelopsis almost immediately receded from light; and they did not subsequently show any disposition to approach the points, from which they once receded. The tendrils of the vine, on the contrary, varied their position in every period of the day, and after returned, during the night, to the situations they had occupied, in the preceding morning; and did not so immediately, nor so regularly, bend towards the shade of contiguous objects. The effects of contact upon them are almost immediately visible. The tendril

is made to bend towards the body it touches, and, if that body be slender, to attach itself firmly by twining round it.

The actions of the tendrils of the pea are perfectly similar to those of the vine.

Mr. Knight is inclined, as in a former paper on the motion and growth of roots, to adopt a mechanical explication of these phenomena. The succulent shoots of trees and herbaceous plants, as was first observed by M. Decandole, are bent towards the light by the contraction of the cellular substance of their bark on that side. Upon the tendrils and stems of the ampelopsis and ivy, Mr. Knight says, light produces diametrically opposite effects, and occasions an extension of the cellular bark, wherever that is exposed to its influence; which circumstance, he adds, affords a satisfactory explanation why these plants appear to seek and approach contiguous opake objects. It must be observed, however, that this explanation is little more than a simple enunciation of the matter of fact.

The bending of the tendrils round a slender body, Mr. Knight attributes to pressure. The external pressure of any body upon one side of a tendril, will, probably, drive the fluid contained in its vessels from one side of the tendril, which will consequently contract, to the opposite side, which will expand. In support of this conclusion, it has been observed, that the sides of the tendrils, where in contact with the substance they embrace, are compressed and flattened. Still there must be something in the internal mechanism of the tendril, different from a common leaf-stalk; otherwise a leaf-stalk would bend round a foreign body, like a tendril. In what this difference consists, Mr. Knight has neither explained nor conjectured.

XVII.—Observations on the Measurement of three Degrees of the Meridian, conducted in England by Lieut. Col. William Mudge. By Don Joseph Rodriguez. Communicated by Joseph de Mendoza Rios, Esq. F. R. S.

Huyghens and Newton, from a consideration of the principles on which the figure of the earth should be determined, concluded this figure must be an oblate spheroid, and that the parts in the neighbourhood of the equator are more elevated than those near the poles. The results of the first measurements made of different arcs of the meridian of different parts of the world, under the auspices

of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, were conformable to these conclusions; and also with experiments made with the vibration of the pendulum in different latitudes. Other measurements have been undertaken in France by M. M. Delambre and Mechain, who continued their observations as far as Barcelona; and subsequently by M. M. Biot and Avago, who carried on the same course of operations still further southward from Barcelona as far as Formentera, the southernmost of the Balearic islands. In 1801, also, the Swedish Academy of Sciences sent three of their members into Lapland to verify their former measurement taken in 1736, by new methods, and by the use of new instruments, similar to those which had been recently used in France. These new measures were found to confirm the general results of those which had preceded, and gave very nearly, the same proportion for the eccentricity and other dimensions of the globe.

Nearly at the same time with the operations in Lapland, a measurement was undertaken in England by Lieut. Col. Mudge, of which it is acknowledged by Don Joseph Rodriguez, that "the geodetical observations were conducted with a degree of exactness that can hardly be exceeded." Nevertheless, the results deduced by Col. Mudge would subvert the conclusions of Newton; for the measures of different degrees of the meridian, as reduced by him, increase progressively towards the equator. Thus a degree at the latitude 52° 50′ 30″ contains 60,766 fathoms; at 52° 2′ 20″ it contains 60,820; at 51° 25′ 18″—60,864; and at 51° 2′ 54″ it contains 60,884 fathoms. From these measurements it will follow, that the earth instead of being flattened at the poles, is, in fact, more elevated at those parts than at the equator, or at least that its surface is not that of a regular solid.

It can hardly be doubted then that some error has crept into Col. Mudge's computations; and as he has not informed us in his memoir what were the formulæ which he employed in the computations of the meridian, Don Joseph Rodriguez has had recourse, in order to detect, if possible, the source of these disagreements, to a direct and rigorous computation of the geodetical measurement of Col. Mudge. In making these calculations he has followed the method and formulæ invented and published by M. Delambre.

We cannot follow Don J. Rodriguez through the detail of these processes, but must content ourselves with mentioning the result. The northern station which Col.

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Mudge pitched upon, from which, to commence his admeasurements, was Clifton (in Yorkshire,) and Dunnose in the Isle of Wight was the southernmost extremity of the series. The measure of the entire arc between these stations was found to be 162057,32 toises, and 10221,972 seconds of degrees, or 2° 50′ 21″,972. By an obvious proportion then, the measure of a degree corresponding to the mean latitude of the whole arc, proves to be equal to 57073,74 toises, or 60826,34 fathoms, the latitude being 52° 2′ 2″.

Don J. Rodriguez has examined particularly and distinctly the measures of the northern and the southern half of this arc; for it happened that one of the stations, at Arbury Hill, is very nearly in the meridian of Clifton and Dunnose, and divides the interval between them, into nearly equal parts. The result of this examination is, that 'if we divide the entire arc into two equal parts, we deduce the following values of a degree in toises, corresponding to the middle of the whole and of its parts.'

Latitudes	
51° 25′ 20″	57068 toises.
52 2 20	57074
52 50 30	57081

What then is the source of these discordances? Don J. Rodriguez ascribes them to errors in the determination of the latitude from astronomical observations; errors, which were, in some degree, unavoidable, whatever were the degree of skill and attention applied in the making of them. The facts on this subject are thus stated.

'In the first place we see, that the southernmost arc, between Dunnose and Arbury, is smaller than it would appear by computation, by as much as 3″,4, and when this deficiency is combined with an excess of 8 toises in the linear dimensions of the same arc,' (an excess arising from the convergence of the meridians,) 'it makes as much as 40 toises difference in the estimated length of a degree. The reverse of this occurs in the northern portion of the arc comprised between Clifton and Arbury Hill. This is larger than it ought to be by 4″,77, and hence the value of a degree in the meridian, turns out too small by about 62 toises in its linear dimensions. Fortunately, however, the excess of the total arc is extremely small, as it does not exceed 1″,38, so as to make but 5 or 6 toises difference in the length of a degree observed on the meridian, and corresponding to the mean latitude of the arc examined.'

It has been objected that the elements dependent on the elliptic figure of the earth, are too uncertain to be employed in calculating the angular intervals in the short

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distances between successive stations, even as a means of verification, without risk of committing greater errors than those to which astronomical observations can be liable. To this it is answered, that if some small errors in the calculation of the series of triangles are occasioned by the uncertainty which yet subsists, with respect to the exact figure of the earth and its dimensions, the sum of these errors will be found in the estimate of the entire arc, and will increase in proportion to the extent of the arc measured. On the contrary, in the English measurement, the difference between the results of calculation and observation is only 1″,38 on the whole arc; but it is even as high as 4″,77 on one of the smaller arcs. It is evident therefore that the zenith distances of stars taken at Arbury Hill, (the point of bisection, nearly, of the arc,) are affected by some considerable error, wholly independent of these elements. Upon any hypothesis that may be assumed, the error arising from uncertainty in the elements, is not half the difference between the results of computation and of observations of the fixed stars.

We cannot enter into the further details of this interesting and important paper; but shall conclude with extracting from it a remarkable example of the uncertainty and irregularity of astronomical observations.

'The latitude of Montjui, determined by a very long and regular series of zenith distances, is full 3″,24 less than that deduced from a similar series of observations made at Barcelona, with the very same instruments, and with equal care. Moreover, there is reason to think that the latitude of Barcelona,' (which is supposed to be 45″,) 'ought to be diminished still one second, so that the difference between the observations at Montjui and at Barcelona will, probably, amount to as much as 4″. Local attractions are supposed to have been the cause of this irregularity; but then the latitude should have been less than it appeared by those made at Montjui itself; for the deviation of the plumb-line,' (or of the spirit contained in a level,) '*could only* be occasioned by the little chain of land elevated to 120 or 130 toises, which passes to the north of Barcelona in a north-easterly direction. Now since the deviations arising from this source would be northward, the zenith distance of a circumpolar star would be augmented, and consequently the latitude deducted therefrom would be diminished just so much. But here the contrary occurs; for the latitude of Montjui deduced from the observations at Barcelona is 48″,23, whilst that obtained by direct observations at Montjui is only 45″. Hence it seems probable, that the cause of this irregularity must be sought elsewhere, and that it is not likely to be discovered without repeating over again the same observations.'

XVIII.—An Account of some Experiments on different Combinations of Fluoric Acid. By John Davy, Esq. Communicated by Sir Humphry Davy, Knt. L. L. D. Sec. R. S.

Fluoric acid gas, prepared in the common way is saturated with silex; this fact has been already proved by M. M. Guy Lussac and Thenard: as an additional proof, Mr. J. Davy observes, that it may be kept in a glass receiver over mercury, without eroding the glass. From this property it has been denominated lately, silicated fluoric gas. Mr. Davy proposes, as an improvement in the method of preparing it, to add to the mixture of fluor spar and sulphuric acid, a quantity of finely pounded glass.

One hundred cubic inches of this gas, at ordinary temperature and pressure, are equal to 110.78 grains. One hundred parts, by weight of it, is estimated by Mr. J. Davy to consist of 61.4 silex, and 38.6 fluoric acid. It does not appear that any alkaline matter enters into the composition of the gas.

When silicated fluoric gas is condensed by water, a portion of the silex separates; the solution of the gas in water may, with propriety, be called subsilicated fluoric acid. From weighing the quantity of silex separated from a given volume of the gas, Mr. J. Davy estimates that, independent of water, 100 parts of this acid consist of 54.56 silex, and 45.44 acid. Water appears to decompose and condense about 263 times its bulk of silicated fluoric acid: such, at least, is the conclusion obtained by a direct condensation of the gas. But by another mode of examination, Mr. Davy deduces that, water condenses equal quantities of the muriatic and silicated fluoric acid gases: consequently the former estimate is too low, and instead of 263 times its bulk, it is probably more correct to say that water to be saturated requires at least 365 times its volume. In the direct mode of operating the deposition of silex is, probably, an obstacle to the free exposure of the surface of the water to the gas.

By distilling a small quantity of strong acid, by means of a spirit lamp, some acid was condensed in the neck of the retort, which was also lined with silex in a gelatinous state, and about three cubic inches of silicated fluoric acid gas were produced. No sulphureous acid appeared, as has been asserted by Dr. Priestley, who made this experiment. Neither can fluoric acid gas be made free from

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silex by this process, as is stated in chemical works of some reputation.

The second section of Mr. Davy's paper, describes the combinations of fluoric acid and ammonia We do not think it needful to give in detail the results. The fluat of ammonia is decomposed by heat, ammonia is expelled, and if a glass vessel is used, the glass is corroded. Its action on glass is so powerful, that it has been successfully employed for etching on this substance. It is a more manageable material than fluoric acid. The solution of the salt may be applied by means of a hair pencil or a common pen to the glass, and the erosion will be produced by exposure to a moderate heat.

The third section is on fluo-boracic acid gas. This gas was discovered by M. M. Guy Lussac and Thenard: they formed it by heating strongly, in an iron tube, a mixture of fluor spar and fused boracic acid. Mr. Davy proposes, as a cheaper and more effectual process, heating gently, in a common glass retort, 1 part, by weight, of fused boracic acid (finely powdered,) 2 parts of fluor spar, and about 12 of sulphuric acid. This mixture by a gentle heat gives pure fluo-boracic acid gas. When the gas ceases to come over, if the heat be raised, more will be evolved, and there will distill over at the same time, a viscid fluid, which is a compound of sulphuric acid and fluo-boracic acid gas.

It appears that 100 cubic inches of fluo-boracic gas are equal to 73.5 grains.

The compound of this gas and water is a fuming fluid, in many respects similar to concentrated sulphuric acid: it is slightly tenacious, has an oily appearance, and it possesses the property of charring animal and vegetable substances; a property which the French chemists observed to belong to the gas itself. Water condenses more of this, than it does of any other known gas, no less than 700 times its volume.

The phenomena of this gas with ammoniacal gas are very singular. Equal volumes of the two gases condense each other; the compound is solid, white, and opaque, like the ammoniacal salts. But Mr. Davy has found that fluo-boracic acid gas condenses twice likewise, and even three times its volume of ammoniacal gas. These combinations are liquid, transparent, and colourless like water. Both fluid compounds, when heated, become solid, by expulsion of part of the ammonia. The same effect is produced by exposure to the air, and by the muriatic and car-

bonic acid gases. These combinations afford the first example of salts which have been observed liquid, at the common temperature of the atmosphere, without containing water.

XIX.—On the Periscopic Camera Obscura and Microscope. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.

This paper contains several ingenious proposals for the improvement of optical instruments. The camera obscura, which Dr. Wollaston calls periscopic, has a meniscus substituted for the double convex lens. The advantage of this construction is to make the oblique pencils of rays converge to a focus nearer the further side of the camera; by which the images of lateral objects are made more distinct. The distinctness of these images is still further improved by cutting off a portion of rays, which would only cause confusion, by means of a circular aperture placed at a short distance from the concave or external side of the lens.

In order to diminish the confusion occasioned by the oblique incidents of lateral rays in the single microscope, Dr. Wollaston has placed the perforated metal which limits the aperture of the lens, in its centre. Two plano-convex lenses were ground to the same radius, and their plane surfaces applied to opposite sides of the same aperture in a thin piece of metal. When such an aperture is well centered, the visible field is at least as much as twenty degrees in diameter. A portion of the light is lost by thus doubling the number of surfaces; but Dr. Wollaston asserts that this is more than compensated by the greater aperture, which, in these circumstances, is compatible with distinct vision.

XX.—Further Experiments and Observations on the Influence of the Brain on the generation of Animal Heat. By B. C. Brodie, Esq. F. R. S. Communicated to the Society for promoting the Knowledge of Animal Chemistry, and by them to the Royal Society.

We do not think that Mr. Brodie has in this communication made any very valuable addition to the facts disclosed in his former papers. That the generation of animal heat is independent of respiration; that, in fact, respiration rather cools the body, than is a source of heat,

may be deemed a discovery of no small importance, to which physiology is indebted to Mr. Brodie. It appears that the generation of heat is intimately connected with the integrity of the functions of the brain.

'In an animal,' Mr. Brodie says, 'which is under the influence of a poison, that operates by disturbing the functions of the brain, in proportion as the sensibility becomes impaired, so is the power of generating heat impaired also.

'If an animal is apparently dead, from a poison of this description, and the circulation of the blood is afterwards maintained by means of artificial respiration, the generation of heat is found to be as completely destroyed, as if the head had been actually removed.

'Under these circumstances, if the artificial respiration is kept up until the effects of the poison cease as the animal recovers his sensibility, so does he also recover the power of generating heat; but it is not till the nervous energy is completely restored, that heat is produced in sufficient quantity to counteract the cold of the surrounding atmosphere.'

As it has appeared from the experiments of Messr. Allen and Pepys, that in natural respiration, the azote of the atmosphere remains unaltered, and the carbonic acid produced exactly equals, volume for volume, the oxygen gas which disappears. Mr. Brodie instituted these experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the quantity of carbonic acid produced, or of oxygen consumed by breathing, by animals in a natural state, and by animals in which the brain has ceased to perform its office. We do not think it necessary for us to enter into the detail of these experiments; it will be enough to say in general, that similar animals were made to respire in a given portion of atmospheric air, some in their natural state; others after having suffered the action of a poison, which had destroyed he action of the brain, and in which respiration was kept up by artificial means. Mr. Brodie terminates his account of these experiments by saying, that

'they appear to warrant the conclusion, that in an animal in which the brain has ceased to exercise its functions, although respiration continues to be performed, and the circulation of the blood is kept up to its natural standard, although the usual changes in the sensible qualities of the blood take place in the two capillary systems, and the same quantity of carbonic acid is formed as under ordinary circumstances; no heat is generated, and, in consequence of the cold air thrown into the lungs, the animal cools more rapidly than one that is actually dead.'

Mr. Brodie concludes his paper with a few general observations, connected with his subject; but as they are

principally speculative, and not very clear or important, we shall pass them over in silence.

XXI.—On the different Structures and Situations of the Solvent Glands in the digestive Organs of Birds, according to the Nature of their Food and particular Modes of Life. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

This paper contains several descriptions, which may, hereafter, tend to the improvement of comparative anatomy; but nothing which could conduce much to the entertainment or the instruction of our readers. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with extracting from it a singular fact with regard to the cassowary.

'In the cassowary there appear to be no considerations of economy in the management of the food in the process of digestion; the solvent glands are less complex than in the ostrich, as is avowed by those who have examined them,* the food has a free passage from the gizzard into the intestines, which are unusually wide and short, so that its passage through them is very rapid, and is rendered still more so by the stones of a large size employed in the gizzard passing out at the anus. This I learnt from Sir Joseph Banks, who was present at the Cape of Good Hope when one of these birds, to his great astonishment, voided nearly half a bucket full of stones.'

XXII.—On some Combinations of Phosphorus and Sulphur, and on some other Subjects of Chemical Inquiry. By Sir Humphry Davy, Knt. L. L. D. Sec. R. S.

Phosphorus unites with oxymuriatic gas or chlorine in two proportions. The first compound, which according to Sir H. Davy's nomenclature, should be called *phosphorana*, is solid, white crystalline; easily volatile, and forming a fixed infusible substance, by uniting with ammonia; 3 grains of phosphorus unite with about 20 grains of the gas to form this sublimate. The other, or *phosphorane*, is fluid, limpid as water; its specific gravity, 1.45; it produces dense fumes by acting upon the water of the atmosphere, and when exposed to the atmosphere gradually disappears, leaving no residuum. To obtain it in considerable quantities, phosphorus should be passed in vapour through heated powdered corrosive sublimate. A bent glass tube may be used for the process, and the liquor condensed in a cold vessel connected with the tube. It has

* 'Vide Perrault's Comp. Anat. 1676.'

been found to contain half as much chlorine as the sublimate.

When this liquor is made to act upon water, it furnishes a thick fluid of the consistence of syrup, which crystallizes slowly by cooling, and forms transparent parallelopipedons. This substance may be called *hydrophosphorous* acid; for it consists of pure phosphorous acid and water. The results of its decomposition in close vessels, are phosphoric acid and a peculiar compound of phosphorus and hydrogene.

This peculiar gas appears to consist of 4.5 hydrogene by weight to 22.5 phosphorus. It is not spontaneously inflammable, but explodes when mixed with air, and heated rather below 212°. Water absorbs about one-eighth of its volume of this gas. Its smell is disagreeable, but not nearly so fetid as that of common phosphuretted hydrogene.

'Supposing water,' says Sir H. Davy, 'to be composed of two proportions of hydrogene and one of oxygene, and the number representing it 17; then 174 parts of hydro-phosphorous acid must consist of two proportions; 34 parts of water, and four proportions of phosphorous acid, containing 80 of phosphorus and 60 of oxygene; and three proportions of phosphoric acid must be formed, containing three proportions of phosphorus 60, and six proportions of oxygene 90, making 150.

'It is scarcely possible to imagine more perfect demonstrations of the laws of definite combination, than those furnished in the mutual action of water and the phosphoric compounds. No products are formed except the new combinations; neither oxygene, hydrogene, chlorine, nor phosphorus is disengaged, and therefore the ratio in which any two of them combine being known, the ratio in which the rest combine, in these cases, may be determined by calculation.'

It appears, then, that phosphoric acid must contain twice as much oxygene as phosphorous acid. This last acid is commonly described as a fluid body; but the liquid produced by the slow combustion of phosphorus in the air, Sir H. Davy finds to be a mixture of phosphorous and phosphoric acids. In air artificially dried, phosphorus becomes covered with a white film, which appears to be the pure phosphorous acid.

On the *combinations of sulphur*, Sir H. Davy corrects some erroneous statements he had made in the Transactions for 1810, with regard to the weights of sulphuretted hydrogene, and sulphureous acid gas. He *now* estimates 100 cubical inches of sulphureous acid gas to be 68 grains, and 100 cubical inches of sulphuretted hydrogene to be 36.5

grains. As, therefore, these gases appear to be solutions of sulphur in oxygene and hydrogene gases, respectively, in which the volume of the gases continues unchanged, the weight of the sulphur in each will be the difference of the weight of these gases, and that of their component oxygene or hydrogene. One hundred inches of oxygene gas are 34 grains; therefore sulphureous acid consists of equal weights of sulphur and oxygene. In like manner 34.23 (36.5—2.27) is the quantity of sulphur in 100 cubical inches of sulphuretted hydrogene, the number representing sulphur is 30; sulphureous acid is composed of one proportion of sulphur 30, and two of oxygene 30; and sulphuretted hydrogene of one proportion of sulphur 30, and two of hydrogene 2.

Sulphuric acid decomposed by heat affords one volume of oxygene to two of sulphureous acid. Sir H. Davy has not been able to combine sulphureous acid gas with oxygene, so as to form sulphuric acid free from water. When dried sulphureous acid gas and nitrous acid gas are mixed together, there is no action; but by introducing the vapour of water, they form together a solid crystalline hydrat; this, when thrown into water, gives off nitrous gas, and forms a solution of sulphuric acid.

Sir Humphry Davy concludes this paper with a few observations on the important action of water in chemical phænomena. The earths and metallic oxides precipitated from solutions, contain definite proportions of water. What is called white oxide of manganese, is a compound of water and protoxide of manganese; when strongly heated, it gives off its water and becomes a dark olive oxide.

'Zincona,' observes Sir H. Davy, 'precipitated from its solution in muriatic acid by an alkali, and dried at a temperature below 300°, appears as a white powder, so soft as not to scratch glass. When heated to 700° or 800°, water is suddenly expelled from it, and notwithstanding the quantity of vapour formed, it becomes at the moment red hot. After the process, it is found harsh to the feel, has gained a tint of grey, its parts cohere together, and it is become so hard as to scratch quartz.'

ART. V.—*A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius, founded on such Evidence and Illustrations as explain all the mysterious Circumstances and apparent Contradictions which have contributed to the Concealment of this most important Secret of our Times.* London; Taylor and Hessey, 1813. 5s.

IN the present work, which the author entitles "A

Discovery," the authorship of the Letters of Junius is ascribed to Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace, and to his son, the present Sir Philip Francis. We do not know how much of these celebrated performances the discoverer is willing to impute to the one and how much to the other. For he, sometimes, speaks, as p. 42, of Junius being completely identified with Mr., that is Sir Philip Francis; and, at other times, of his being the same identical person with Dr. Francis. According to this account, therefore, we must consider Junius as one writer made out of two persons, or as two persons constituting only one individual. But, if the supposition of the author of this notable "discovery" be true, these two persons must have possessed only one mind and one character of mind as well as heart. For there is no man of common sagacity, who can read the letters themselves, who must not be convinced that one and the same mind is conspicuously displayed through the whole, as well as one and the same turn of sentiment and disposition. In short there is in the thoughts and composition of the letters such a complete and entire unity as precludes the possibility of their being the production of any two individuals, whose temperament, habits, capacity and qualifications, both mental and corporeal, were totally different. But the author of the present "discovery," has made the Letters of Junius the joint production of youth and age, of frost and fire.

Dr. Francis was a man of gay convivial habits, a boon companion; and had none of that sarcastic virulence in his temperament, which is a predominant characteristic in the Letters of Junius. The sarcasms of Junius are, sometimes, tipped with a degree of venom not unlike that which gives the force of death to the arrows of the Indian. But there was none of this power or propensity in the habits of Dr. Francis, who loved good cheer and exhilarating society, rather than to lie in ambush, like Junius, and to wound his enemies, as they passed, from some invisible recess. As a prose-writer, Dr. Francis was very languid and verbose, compared with Junius, whose style is rather compressed than diffuse; and who seldom uses a word which does not add to the effect. The object of Junius is, generally, forcible impression; and he seldom fails to make the impression at which he aims; but Dr. Francis was not capable of writing so as to make a strong impression; and, he, who reads his political remarks or essays, will be more conscious of their dulness than their brilliancy, and of

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their soporific tendencies than of their enlivening powers.

Sir Philip Francis is certainly a man of more ardent temperament, more patriotic energy, and of a higher reach in the intellectual scale than his father the Dr., who, at the period when the Letters of Junius appeared, was more given to libations to the rosy god than to the severity of political disquisition and the intensity of literary effort with which the Letters of Junius were certainly produced. But the youth of Sir Philip Francis at the time when the invisible Junius began to write, totally precludes the belief that he was the author of compositions, which were evidently the result of large and extensive observation on the principal actors in the political drama, and of a more matured experience with life in general, than a youth of twenty years of age could have had any opportunity of acquiring or be supposed to possess. The author of this "discovery," produces some passages from Sir Philip Francis's pamphlet on paper money, to which he subjoins some sentences from Junius, in which he perceives, or fancies he perceives, some resemblance in the thoughts or the diction. But, if we were to allow even more weight to these resemblances than they appear to deserve, we should still recollect that they might have proceeded from other causes than those which would establish even the most remote approximation to identity between Junius and Sir Philip Francis. Sir Philip may have, and probably, often has, read the Letters of Junius; and his admiration of these compositions may have occasionally led him to imitate the manner or copy the phraseology.

The pamphlet of Sir Philip Francis on paper currency, which certainly displays considerable vigour of mind and acuteness of observation, was written when he was more than sixty years of age; but instead of taking his proofs from writings at that mature period of life, the writer of this pamphlet, or "discovery," should have shewn from some compositions of Mr., now Sir Philip, Francis, written as early as January 1769, (or rather at an earlier period, as the miscellaneous Letters of Junius under other signatures commence April 28, 1767,) that he had, at that juvenile age, as he was born "about the year 1748," formed a style which exhibited the prominent characteristic qualities of that of Junius. This the author of the "discovery" before us, has not done; and the resemblances which may be found between the sentiments and expressions of Junius and those of Sir Philip Francis at a period of thirty or forty years after the publication of the letters,

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are no proof whatever, that Sir Philip Francis and the writer of the letters, were the same identical individual. For there is hardly a political writer, since the days of Junius, in whose compositions similar resemblances might not be found, and who might not, by the same kind of proof, if proof it can be called, be confirmed in his right to the honourable distinction of the author of the letters under the name of Junius.

We will produce various passages which the author of this "discovery" has selected from the pamphlet of Sir P. Francis on Paper Money, or from his speeches, to support his assumption of an identity between Sir Philip and the invisible Junius. The reader, who compares the passages, will see on what very unsubstantial grounds the writer has rested this point of his hypothesis.

"As if we had converted our whole inheritance into an annuity, and had nothing but a *life interest in the salvation of the country**."—*Sir Philip Francis on Paper Money.*

"With a callous heart, there can be no genius in the imagination, or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer, with equal truth and sublimity, says, 'Incline our *hearts* unto wisdom †.'"—*Ibid.* p. 53.

"A brave man with truth *of his side*, need not wish to be eloquent. Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial ‡."—*Ibid.* p. 54.

"The crimes of individuals, however enormous, are not necessarily mortal to great communities. The death of nations is impunity. Still we are lulled with fine promises and flattering prospects. Hope is a dangerous narcotic, and not only sets the mind asleep, but, like opium to the Turk, furnishes the brain with many delightful visions. Thus it is that a nation may walk

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*"The minister, perhaps, may have reason to be satisfied with the success of the present hour, and with the profits of his employment. He is the *tenant of the day*, and has *no interest in the inheritance.*"—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 132.

"When you leave the *unimpaired, hereditary freehold* to your children, you do but half your duty, &c.——

———The power of King, Lords, and Commons, is not an arbitrary power. They are the trustees, not the owners of the estate. The *fee-simple is in* US. They cannot alienate, they cannot waste."—*Junius*, vol. i. pp. 2—5, Dedication.

†"————if I were not satisfied, that really to inform the understanding corrects and enlarges the heart."—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 448.

‡"Whenever he changes his servants he is sure to have the people, in that instance, *of his side.*"—*Junius*, vol. iii. p. 316.

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in its sleep, until it reaches the edge of a precipice without the power of turning back. These treacherous delusions are *deadly symptoms.* When nothing but a *drastic* resolution can save the animal, false hope supplies him with *palliatives,* and bars the *last* extremity of its *last* resource, by the exclusion of despair *."
—*Sir P. Francis on Paper Money,* p. 47.

"His principle, if he be in earnest, which I should very much doubt of any person in possession of his senses, would oblige him, in many other cases, to maintain that the shadow of a good thing is just as good as the substance; or that water, forced into the system, performs the functions of blood, with equal effect, and greater facility. With the help of *tapping* it might do so, as long as the *stamina* lasted: but, in these cases, the patient is apt to give the lie or the slip to the physician, and to die of a dropsy with the panacea in his bowels."—*Ibid.* p. 4.

"But granted; war is no longer a calamity; or at worst a necessary evil, incident to the system; it is the physic and phlebotomy that clears the intestines and opens the veins, and saves the body politic from bursting of a plethora."—*Ibid.* p. 27.

"The sensation of pain is the providential warning against danger, the sentry or out-post, that gives notice of the approach

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* "After all, Sir, will you not endeavour to remove or alleviate the most dangerous symptoms, because you cannot eradicate the disease?"—*Junius* vol. ii. p. 224.

"It does not follow that the symptoms may not be softened, although the distemper cannot be cured."—*Junius,* vol. ii. p. 354.

"He advertises for patients, collects all the diseases of the heart, and turns the royal palace into an hospital for incurables."—*Junius,* vol. ii. p. 439.

"After all, Mr. Printer, these are feverish symptoms, and look as if the disorder were coming to a crisis. Even this last effort is the fore-runner of their speedy dissolution: like the false strength of a delirium, which exerts itself by fits, and dies in convulsions."—*Junius,* vol. ii. p. 66.

"The disorder must have quitted his head, and fixed itself in his heart."
—*Junius,* p. 109.

"This, I conceive, is the last disorder of the State. The consultation meets but to disagree. Opposite medicines are prescribed, and the last fixed on is changed by the hand that gives it."—*Junius,* p. 176.

"When all your instruments of amputation are prepared, when the unhappy patient lies at your feet, without the possibility of resistance, by what infallible rule will you direct the operation? When you propose to cut away the *rotten* parts, can you tell us what parts are perfectly *sound*? Are there any certain limits, in fact or theory, to inform you at what point you must stop, at what point the *mortification* ends."—*Junius,* vol. ii. p. 448.

"A sick man might as well expect to be cured by a consultation of doctors. They talk, and debate, and wrangle, and the patient expires."—*Junius,* vol. ii. p. 491.

"When the poison of their doctrines has tainted the natural benevolence of his disposition; when their insidious counsels have corrupted the *stamina* of his government, what antidote can restore him to his political health and honour, but the firm security of his English subjects?"—*Junius,* vol. ii. p. 125.

of an enemy. The being who feels none, or who is suddenly relieved from it, or who by intoxication has deadened his senses, knows nothing of his own case, and dies of a mortification below, with a languid flush in his face that looks like a return of health."—*Sir P. Francis on Paper Money*, p. 45.

"Most men are ready to admit that plainness and simplicity are good moral qualities, and not at all unwilling to encourage them in others. But it is not so generally known or admitted, that these qualities, instructed by experience or enlightened by reflection, are the surest evidence of a sound understanding. *A cunning rogue may cheat a wiser man of his money*; but in an abstract question to be determined by judgment, it is not possible that skill and artifice can finally prevail over plain reason, which, in the ordinary transactions of life, is called common sense *."—*Ibid.* p. 2.

"If *my* voice could contribute to his honour, *he should have it without reserve*, for the spirit that prompts him to undertake such a task as I know it to be, and at such a time; and if it were possible to give him support in the execution of it by any effort of mine, *he might be sure of it* †."—*Sir P. F.'s Speeches on the Mahratta War*, p. 19.

"When a purpose is to be served, it is not very difficult to find a principle to answer it."—*Sir P. F.'s Speeches*, p. 46.

"In the perpetual revolutions of human affairs, it often happens that the *forms* of power survive the fact ‡."—*Speeches*, p. 64.

"We go into their country to charge them with lawless ambition; and we rob them of their property, in order to charge them with insatiable avarice. The day of retribution, I believe, will come, when you are least prepared for it."—*Ibid.* p. 69.

"This is a wide circumference; but the passage across it shall be short and rapid. A bird's eye view of the subject will be sufficient."—*Ibid.* p. 26.

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* "Mr. Horne, it seems, is very unable to comprehend how an extreme want of conduct and discretion can consist with the abilities I have allowed him; nor can he conceive *that a very honest man with a very good understanding may be deceived by a knave.*—Distinguished talents are not necessarily connected with discretion."—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 304.

† "I should have hoped that even *my* name might carry some authority with it, if I had not seen how very little weight, &c."—*Junius*, vol. i. p. 71.

"*My* vote will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the cabinet. But if his ambition be upon a level with his understanding;—if he judges of what is truly honourable for himself with the same superior genius, which animates and directs him, to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, *even the pen of* JUNIUS *shall contribute to reward him.*"—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 311.

‡ "How long and to what extent the King of England may be protected by the forms, when he violates the spirit of the constitution, deserves to be considered."—*Junius*, vol. p. 42.

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"In the present practice, the wholesome relation of guilt and punishment is inverted. The few escape, and the multitude suffer."*—*Sir P. Francis on Paper Money, p.* 46.

In the preceding passages the resemblances are very slight and evanescent; and, in most instances, rather imaginary than real. Indeed they furnish no stronger proof that Sir Philip Francis was the author of Junius's Letters than that he was the author of the Bible.

We have not adduced any of the passages which the author of this 'Discovery' quotes from Dr. Francis's Horace or Demosthenes, in which he finds some peculiarities of expression analogous to what may be found in the writings of Junius. All inferences of this kind are very delusive and unsatisfactory; and we should have felt much more inclined to subscribe to the opinion of the writer if he had proved from the prose writings of the Dr. that he possessed the energy, compression, withering invective, and blighting sarcasm of Junius, than because he has occasionally used a word or two in the unusual or singular sense in which it has been used by Junius. If Dr. Francis published his translation of Horace in 1743, and of Demosthenes in 1753, and 1755, it is no very improbable supposition that both had been read by Junius; but from a few minute coincidences of phrase in the writings both of Dr. Francis and of Junius, we are no more authorized in supposing that Dr. Francis wrote the Letters of Junius than that Junius wrote Dr. Francis's translations of Horace and Demosthenes. As we have no specimens before us of Junius's poetical talents, we have no means of judging whether or not he could have written in verse as well as Dr. Francis; but we have ample specimens before us of Dr. Francis's feeble, cold, and inanimate prose, which must convince every sensitive observer that he was totally wanting in almost every requisite to produce letters like those of Junius.

The author seems to ground his strongest proof that Sir Philip Francis, in conjunction with his father, the doctor, constituted the full and perfect identity of the mysterious Junius, on the circumstance that Sir Philip had been appointed by Lord Barrington one of the clerks in the war office, when about seventeen years of age. Hence the author thinks that the supposed Junius obtained his

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* "You have no enemies, sir, but those who think it flattery to tell you that the character of king dissolves the natural *relation between guilt and punishment.*"—*Junius*, vol. i. p. 44.

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information respecting military matters. But Junius had certainly other and superior means of obtaining this information, without having recourse to a clerk in the war office; and this circumstance, therefore, is no proof whatever that Mr. Francis, when a clerk in that office, was the identical Junius; or that he became so by incorporating his acquaintance with the military details of that period, with his father's knowledge of Horace and Demosthenes. In short, though the author of the present pamphlet has shown a good deal of ingenuity in supporting his hypothesis, yet, we think that, like Mr. Blakeway and other persons, he has failed in his proofs; and, though he has here and there said what is plausible, it is not sufficient to make even that impression on the mind which is the effect of a high degree of probability.

It will perhaps be asked whether, as we have combated the supposition of this author as well as that of Mr. Blakeway in our last number, to which we refer the reader, we have any hypothesis of our own respecting the authorship of the letters, which we deem more plausible than any of those which have hitherto been published. We certainly have our own ideas on the subject; but we have reasons for withholding them from the public, though we have, in a former number of our Review, dropped a hint which any sagacious person, who will pursue it with diligence, will probably find to lead him into the only track in which this 'most *important secret of our times*,' if so it be considered, can be scrutinized with any chance of being finally brought to light.

ART. VI.—*The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale. By Lord Byron.* Murray, 1813, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

THE subject of this little poem may be explained in a few words. It is founded on a circumstance, which, as its noble author informs us, was formerly of much more frequent occurrence than it is at present; either, he says, owing to the improved state of the police, the more circumspect conduct of the ladies, or less enterprising spirit of the *Giaours* or infidels (a term particularly applied to the Greek Christians) in the Turkish empire. We hope it may be added, to the natural progress of civilization and humanity, which we conceive to have made manifest though gradual advances even among the descendants of

the conquerors of Constantinople, within the limits of the last and present centuries.

'A few years ago,' resumes his lordship, 'the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards, who was present, informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden "a wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narrations. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.'—*Note at the end of the poem.*

We shall not spoil the interest of the story for such of our readers (if any) as may not yet have happened to see it, by filling up this general outline of its design; although on the other side it is possible that the possession of a key to the mystery that it involves, might obviate much of an objection to which we presume that it will by most readers be considered mainly liable, especially of such as are not satisfied unless every thing be perfectly clear and intelligible to them on a first perusal. We confess that this objection did occur to ourselves very strongly; but, for the benefit of our followers in the same path, we are bound to give public notice that every trace of the said objection vanished at the second reading, and that we now believe ourselves perfectly to understand all the bearings and connections of the various disjointed parts of the fable. Whether this be a sufficient ground of defence for the general conduct of the poem or not, we leave to the poet himself to consider, after having merely stated the fact as it affected us. For our own parts we are rather inclined to maintain the affirmative; to confess that the remaining obscurity is a decent and proper veil for the horrors of such a story; and to withhold the advice we were at first disposed to offer—of either weaving the fragments together into an entire and connected poem—or filling up the interstices with prose narration. But we must hold, or our readers will not be disposed to forgive

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us for our prosing, while we have a task to perform so much more agreeable both to them and ourselves.

For the powers both of natural and moral description, of presenting to the mind's eye by a few rapid touches of a strong and vigorous pencil, a clear, bright, and distinct image in the former case, and, in the latter, of guiding the imagination through all the intricacies of human thought to the very sources of human conduct, we have, ever since the appearance of 'Childe Harold,' estimated Lord Byron as the most gifted of all the modern race of poets. Of a work so simple in its contrivance, and so slight in its texture as the present, it may appear extravagant to say that it not only confirms our former opinion, but exalts it still higher. Yet such is the judgment we have formed of it, and we think the few extracts which we are now about to submit to our readers, (premising that we have found the difficulty of selection very great among so many superior beauties) will justify us to those who have not yet seen the poem.

'No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's* grave,
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain—
When shall such hero live again?
Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing,
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek,
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.'

The scene is thus prepared for the introduction of one of the principal actors in this little drama, the Emir Hassan, who is painted with all the force of a picturesque genius. He delivers to the fisherman a burthen, the contents of which are concealed, directing him to convey it

* A tomb, by some supposed to be the sepulchre of Themistocles.

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'Midway to those rocks where sleep
The channel'd waters dark and deep,'

and there commit it to the waves.

'Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watch'd it as it sank: methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirr'd it more—'twas but the beam
That chequer'd o'er the living stream—
I gazed, till vanishing from view
Like lessening pebble it withdrew.
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.'

Spenser himself never brought the scene of his actions more vividly before the imagination of the reader than Lord Byron in the following description of the romantic valley destined to be the theatre of Hassan's death by the hand of the Giaour.

'The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer;
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a moslem must not drain.

* * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap,
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile;
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And their's may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light.
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there.

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Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time or mountain lightning riven,
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?'

To this succeeds a most spirited sketch of the fight commenced by the ambushed followers of the Giaour against Hassan and his attendants. The issuing of the Greek band from their ambuscade, with their commander at their head, is also finely described.

'Who leads them on with foreign brand
Far flashing in his red right hand?
"'Tis he—'Tis he—I know him now,
I know him by his pallid brow,
I know him by the evil eye
That aids his envious treachery,"' &c.

But the picture of the fallen Emir exceeds any description that we remember to have met with, of a similar nature. The long suspension of the sentence produces an awful effect, well suited to the terrific dignity of the subject.

'With sabre shivered to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
That quivers round the faithless brand;
His turban far behind him roll'd,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his Palampore,*
His heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below.'

The simile in the above quotation is one of those effects of sudden inspiration which it is beyond the reach of art

* The flowered shawls of Kashmeer, generally worn by persons of rank.

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to produce, and which it would uselessly aspire to imitate. In this respect, it delights us more even than those highly finished comparisons, which though equally the fruit of a rich and pregnant imagination, yet by the very display of human skill, abandon the character of a divine influence. Of this description of simile are the comparisons of the scorpion encircled by fire to a guilty conscience, and of female beauty to the butterfly, the last of which is perhaps one of the most highly-finished pieces to be found within the whole range of figurative poetry. Yet, according to our ideas, the 'divinæ particula auræ' is made more manifest in a third instance of resemblance far less exquisitely wrought, but which appears (like that already quoted), to have presented itself spontaneously to the poet in the very form and habit with which it is now invested. The poet is here again indulging in that deeply melancholy train of reflection which marks so strongly the character of his 'Childe Harold.'

'It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert bird,
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream,
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.'

Yet, in this short passage, so powerfully touched, and marked by poetical characters so deep and lasting, it is perhaps not being over curious to observe one instance of extremely harsh and imperfect expression, and another of false grammatical construction.

The following rapturous description of female beauty breathes the very soul of poetical enthusiasm. We cannot avoid remarking that it affords a direct contradiction to the calumny of those who have asserted that the satiated, gloomy, and apathetic hero of his former poem, is but the portrait of the noble author drawn by himself; for the direct reverse must be he who has a heart to conceive such thoughts as these.

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'Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well—
As large, as languishingly dark;
But soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath its lid,
Bright as the gem of Giamschid.
Yea, *soul*—and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer, nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read,
And keep that portion of his creed
Which saith, that woman is but dust,
A soulless Toy for Tyrant's lust?
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the immortal shone—
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new—
Her hair in hyacinthine flow
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet,
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.'

This noble assertion of woman's immortal nature firmly persuades us that those dark and melancholy, though powerfully poetical reflections on the untenanted human scull which occur at the beginning of the second canto of Childe Harold, were conceived by the author in the person of his imaginary hero, not his own. He will not surely tell us that his own creed is less spiritual than that of his Arnaut fisherman; nor deny to man that which he so feelingly vindicates for the more lovely part of the species.

Still, the more animated and elastic strain of the narrative now before us is not unfrequently interrupted by the occurrence of such thoughts and images as have the appearance of being conceived in the mouldering solitude of the charnel house, and give the strongest evidence of a mind continually retiring within itself from the noise and business, and pleasures of public life, and banquetting

even to surfeit on the imagined terrors of the grave. We do not remember ever to have met with a description of unmingled horror so highly wrought as the picture which he has formed upon the strange and sickening superstition of the Vampyre. We have no hesitation, however, in pronouncing that, with all its accumulated circumstances of disgust and abhorrence, it is a subject, totally unfit for the poetical canvass, even while we confess that the darkest colours of the imagination were never transmitted by a more vigorous pencil, or employed with an effect more powerful.

The confession of the 'lone Caloyer,' which has been added to the poem since it was first printed, (we do not believe, published) contributes so much to the intelligibility of the story, that we think the insertion a considerable benefit. Yet it appears to us to partake of the nature of most after-thoughts, to want much of the vigour and freshness of the original conception. The gloomy idea of 'the vacant bosom's wilderness,' though it has given birth to lines so full fraught with the inspiration of poetry as those we have already quoted, is spun out to a length that is even tedious, and, in its progress, seems to have involved the writer in contradictions of which he is himself unconscious, and paradoxes which he would, we think, find it somewhat difficult to reconcile.

> 'Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
> A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
> 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
> Unseen to drop by slow decay;'

—this is the true language of poetical feeling; but when the poet proceeds thus:

> 'I'd rather be the thing that crawls
> Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
> Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
> Condemn'd to meditate and gaze;'

besides that the expression reminds us a little too strongly of a very celebrated passage in a late tragedy of Mr. Coleridge's, (though somewhat differently applied,) we must confess our inability to ascertain what it is that in fact he wishes or does not wish—nor is our doubt at all cleared up by the succeeding couplet,

> 'Yet lurks a wish within my breast
> For rest—yet not to feel 'tis rest.'

nor can we at all discover the *necessity* to which he would reduce us when, after (rather paradoxically) observing that

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'Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;'

he adds,

'The heart once left thus desolate,
Must fly at last for ease, to hate.'

We cannot help suspecting that the poet has in these and similar instances mistaken a vicious sensibility for metaphysical refinement—and, as the ardour of an imagination so peculiarly impressed may, if not checked by the fullest exercise of the reasoning faculties, be apt to lead gradually and imperceptibly to an entire perversion of all just principles of poetical taste, we have been induced to animadvert the more strongly on these instances of departure from good sense which, but for such an apprehension, might have been thought too trivial to demand our attention. In recompense to our readers for this piece of critical admonition to the poet, we must present them with one more extract from this part of his poem. Will they not agree with us, that distraction is here painted with a skill not unworthy of him who painted Lear, and Hamlet, and Ophelia?

'Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now.
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear;
I wish'd it then—I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison—despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer;
I would not, if I might, be blest,
I want no Paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her—yes—she lived again;
And shining in her white symar,
As through yon pale grey cloud, the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark—
To-morrow's night shall be more dark—
And I—before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal;
I saw her, friar! and I rose,
Forgetful of our former woes;

And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not—so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold
Alas! around a shadow prest,
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still—'tis there—in silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye,
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
But he is dead—within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not—for he cannot break
From earth—why then art thou awake?
They told me, wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it—but my tongue would fail;
If true—and from thine ocean cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart,
But, shape or shade,—whate'er thou art,
In mercy, ne'er again depart—
Or farther with thee bear my soul,
Than winds can waft—or waters roll!'

With regard to the lesser and more artificial requisites of poetry—those which concern the execution and not the conception—those, which though conferred by art, not by the inspiration of native talent, are nevertheless of such importance to the achievement of poetical perfection, that even the consciousness of 'the present Deity' cannot absolve his worshippers from the neglect or contempt of them, we do not think that Lord Byron is altogether free from sin; but he does not deserve any of that severity of reprehension which is justly due to the daring and intentional violator of the law. His ear is excellently tutored and practised in the rules of metrical cadence—but in attending to this first ingredient in poetical harmony he has too much neglected the more mecha-

nical effects of sound, adopting without sufficient selection words and phrases of the most unmusical construction, and fatiguing and wounding the ear by the jingle of repeated rhymes or of words of similar sound too closely recurring. For instance,

'The *hour* is past—the *Giaour* is gone.'
—— 'The rest in lengthening *line* the *while*
Wind slowly,' &c.
—— '*Save shrubs* that *spring*,' &c.
—— 'Who falls in battle '*gainst* a *Giaour*.'
—— 'Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream,
To *still* her famish'd nestlings' scream.'

These are sounds which we are quite certain the poet could never have heard himself pronounce before he committed them to paper; for though some ears are not nice enough to discriminate, his are certainly not of the number. But all who understand the rules of grammar, must, we think, join us in reprobating a custom, though sanctioned by the authority of ever so high a name, totally foreign to the genius of our language—that of omitting the article before a noun—as

'Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or mainote.'
—— 'Or live like scorpion girt with fire.'

We forbear to multiply instances; but we most earnestly wish that an English poet would set, and stedfastly adhere to, the example of writing English.

——— 'that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's *brunt*.'

Qu. Does the word *brunt* stand in this place as the representative of the Greek Βρουτη? If so, it is employed in a signification to which we (at least) have been hitherto strangers—but if not, we humbly suggest that the passage is nonsense.

We hear that Lord Byron has an intention of soon revisiting the scenes which inspired him with the ideas developed in his present and former poem. We hear it with pleasure, and accept this fragment from the stores of his memory as an earnest of what will be certainly produced by the recurrence of former impressions upon an imagination like his own, improved by culture and matured by time.

We had brought the preceding remarks to a close, when 'a new edition, with additions,' was put into our hands, and we cannot suffer this paper to leave our possession without giving to it the notice which it demands.

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The principal alteration consists in the insertion of a highly poetical description of Greece in her present fallen and degraded state, compared with the image reflected to us of her former glories. It is not extraordinary that such an idea should have brought to the mind the natural similitude of the decay of our mortal frame—but, after what we have already observed with respect to a very remarkable feature in the poet's mind, it will appear doubtless somewhat singular, that of this short additional passage he should have selected his images for at least the one half, not from the charnel house, indeed, but from the bier! Still, melancholy as is the impression it conveys, it is at the same time so exquisitely touching, that we cannot forbear from adding it to the length of our former quotations.

'He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mock'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now—
And, but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
We still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore,
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!

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Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish d earth.'

The following note on this passage will probably strike our readers as no less extraordinary than the images in the text. It is evidently the result of personal observation, and of deep and even cherished reflection.

'I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours after 'the spirit is not there.' It is to be remarked, in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.'

ART. VII.—*A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments; particularly as they are Objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation; with an Account of the present State of its Cities and Towns; and occasional Observations on the recent Spoliations of the French. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace.* London: Mawman, 1813. 2 Vols. 4to. £5. 5s.

(Continued from p. 578 of the former Number.)

ONE of the most distant but most interesting excursions from Naples is to Pæstum, where the monuments of antiquity are more worthy of notice than those in any other town in Italy, except Rome. These ruins are dimly perceptible at the distance of fifteen miles. On their arrival at Pæstum our traveller and his party

'Drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wandered about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion.' * * *

The following is one of the numerous instances in the course of this work in which Mr. Eustace has compressed a good deal of information within a small space; and has combined depth of research with solidity of judgment.

'Obscurity hangs over not the origin only but the general

history of this city, (Pæstum) though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched out perhaps with accuracy; the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned *Mazzochi*, *Pæstum* was founded by a colony of Dorenses or Dorians, from Dora, a city of Phenicia, the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called *Posetan* or *Postan*, which in Phenician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards invaded, and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event is supposed to have taken place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters *Pæstum* assumed the Greek appellation *Posidonia*, of the same import as its Phenician name, became a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed to have extended from the present ruins southward to the hill, on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination *Acropoli*. The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of *Posidonia*, which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly. Vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of *Spinazzo* or *Saracino;* the original city then recovered its first name, and not long after was taken, and at length colonized by the Romans. From this period Pæstum is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats

"Victura rosaria Pæsti,"

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans, who, each in their turn plundered Pæstum, and at length compelled its few remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and take shelter in the mountains. To them *Capaccio Vecchio*, and *Novo* are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situate on the hills: the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of Pæstum.

'It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of Pæstum, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: Not to the Romans who never seem to have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighbouring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? to judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and contemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link between the Egyptian and Grecian manners, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the

graceful proportions of the latter. In fact, the temples of *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Athens*, seem instances of the commencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.'

The author then describes the three temples mentioned above, and regrets that there is not sufficient public spirit either in the Neapolitan government, or in the proprietor of Pæstum, to remove the rubbish under which the interesting monuments of this ancient city are concealed from observation. The ravages of time are strongly marked in this place; for we learn that within the walls of Pæstum, which once enclosed a city of no small lustre and magnitude,

'now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles, spreading over the ruins, or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of the *bifari rosaria Pæsti*,* flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable for their fragrance. Amid these objects and scenes, rural and ordinary, rise the three temples, like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent, and majestic.'

Before Mr. Eustace left Naples, the Neapolitan court returned from Palermo, and great preparations were made to celebrate that event. The king was received with the most ardent expressions of joy, as if he had possessed the qualifications of a great and good prince, instead of being as destitute of wisdom and of virtue as a sovereign can well be. If Ferdinand the Fourth had been a Trajan, or a Marcus Antoninus, he could not have been welcomed with more vivid transport or more general exultation. But the people, who are led more by impulse than reflection, and in whom any momentary sensation is apt to swell into a torrent which reason in vain strives to resist, are never moderate in their expression either of joy or of grief, of applause or of dissatisfaction. Mr. Eustace gives the following sketch of the present King of Naples, or rather of Sicily. The delineation is certainly suffi-

* Virgil Georg. iv. 1. Virgil and Ovid just mention the Pæstan roses. Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison, Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.
Idyll. xiv.

ciently favourable; and Mr. Eustace appears to have executed it with a feeling of complacency towards the monarch which prevented a very keen insight into the manifold defects of the individual; or rather the total vitiation and contemptible imbecility of his character.

"Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age; in his person he is tall and strait, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long; his hair and eye-brows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely, but lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment (princes will pardon me if I presume to mention it as a compliment) that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity, and without either defect or excellency, a state best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister: if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederick, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and direct it; and these advantages he was unfortunately deprived of, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or design first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles, known among us to every person above daily labour, and it not unfrequently shews itself in conversation, and betrays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus, mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed that it was no wonder, as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe: the king asked with surprize, when such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked, with a look of disbelief, what King of England was ever put to death by his people? the other of course an-

swering Charles I. his majesty exclaimed with some degree of warmth and indignation,—*No Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime. He added; depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation: it may do very well to deceive their own people, but it will not, I hope, dupe us.*'

Mr. Eustace exhibits a more favourable picture of the *Lazzaroni* of Naples than many other writers; but he distinguishes them 'from a set of beggars who infest the churches, and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places,' who endeavour to extort by sturdy importunity what the 'true born Neapolitan Lazzaroni' are willing to earn by honest industry. The Neapolitan *Lazzaroni* then, as they are represented by Mr. Eustace, are a large mass of persons who, without any fixed employment, are willing to 'take any job that is offered.'

'Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers: their diet, maccaroni, fish, water-melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation the portico of a church or palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food and simple habits.'

The *Lazzaroni* are said, on some occasions, to have displayed a degree of public spirit, of which their superiors in rank and wealth have manifested a lamentable want. Thus the introduction of the inquisition into the Neapolitan territory, is said to have been prevented by their vigorous opposition to that detestable measure. They have sometimes acted as a check on the despotic spirit of the government; and, on the invasion of the French, they would have made a desperate stand against those marauders if the public interest had not been basely abandoned by the pusillanimity of the government.

'Idleness,' says Mr. Eustace, with great truth and discrimination, 'is the curse and misfortune of the Neapolitan, and indeed of all foreign nobility; it is the bane which in despotic governments enfeebles the powers and blasts all the virtues of the human mind. To it we may boldly attribute the spirit of intrigue (if lawless intercourse carried on without shame or concealment can be called intrigue) which at Naples so often defiles the purity of the marriage bed, and dries up the very source of domestic happiness.

"Otia si tollas, periere cupidinis artes."

Before Mr. Eustace quits the Neapolitan territory he kes a sort of farewell view of that lovely region, where

nature has provided such a rich banquet for all the senses of man. The following is a parting sketch of this landscape of delight.

'Plains shaded with rows of poplars and mulberries; vines waving in garlands from tree to tree; rich harvests bending under this canopy; hills clad with groves and studded with houses; mountains covered with forests; and in the midst, Vesuvius lifting his scorched front and looking down upon cities, towns, and villages, rising promiscuously at his base. Add to these, a sea that never swells with storms, a sky never darkened with clouds, and a sun that seldom withdraws his cheering beams. All these beauties that pourtray Paradise to our fancy, and surpass at once the landscape of the painter and the descriptions of the poet, are all combined in this garden of Italy the *happy Campania*.'

Mr. Eustace lingers for some time at Rome on his return, and completes his picture of the venerable city. The following will give the general reader a very distinct and correct idea of the plentiful supply of water in ancient Rome. But we must premise that our traveller is speaking of Rome in the reign of Nero, and that he has followed Frontinus in the number of the aqueducts.

'Ancient Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts, of which the first was opened by Appius, and bears his name. The others were, *Anio Vetus—Martia—Tepula—Julia—Virgo—Alsietina* (Augusta)—*Claudia—Anio Novus*. These aqueducts ran a distance of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole rivers through mountains and over plains, sometimes under ground, and sometimes supported by arches, to the centre of the city. Two in particular, the *Claudia* and *Anio Nova*, were carried over arches for more than twenty miles, and sometimes raised more than one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the country. The channel through which the water flowed in these aqueducts, (and in one of them two streams rolled unmingled the one over the other,) was always wide and high enough for workmen to pass and carry materials for repair, and all were lined with a species of plaster hard and impenetrable as marble itself, called by the ancients, *opus signenum*. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern Rome, though it contains not less than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a profusion of water superabundantly sufficient for all private as well as public purposes; what a prodigious quantity then must nine have poured continually into the ancient city.

'The number of public reservoirs of water called from their depth and extent *Lakes*, is supposed to have been more than thirteen hundred, and that of fountains scarcely credible, since

Agrippa alone opened more than one hundred in the space of one year.'

After mentioning the forums, porticos, baths and temples, in all of which the Romans eminently displayed their luxury and magnificence, the author remarks,

'that all the above-mentioned edifices were supported by pillars, and that these pillars were all of granite or marble, oftentimes of the most beautiful species, and that generally each shaft was of one single piece. When we take this latter circumstance into consideration, and combine it with the countless multitude of these columns, and add to these again the colonnades that graced the imperial palaces, and the courts and porticos of private houses, we shall be enabled to form some idea of the beauty and magnificence, that must have resulted from the frequent recurrence and ever varying combinations of such pillared perspectives.'

If we were to make the public buildings of a nation the criterion of its public spirit, we believe that, in this point of view, the public spirit of the moderns will not bear any comparison with that of the ancients. The ancients, meaning more especially the Greeks and Romans, seem to have placed their pride and their gratification in the architectural embellishments of their country. And these embellishments were combined with those of statuary and painting. Thus the public spirit not only of the people but of their respective governments took a direction favourable to the improvement of the fine arts; and the popular taste was at once delighted and refined by the utmost variety and luxuriance of beautiful forms. The ancients, both individually and collectively, often almost exhausted their revenues in augmenting the public stock of visible gratification in their porticos, temples, &c.; but, amongst the moderns there is little of this species of expence. The enlarged view of general gratification and national ornament is contracted into the petty sphere of selfish indulgence, or individual vanity. The revenues of modern states are in general much larger than those of ancient; but what works of public magnificence do modern governments erect? Their revenues are for the most part lavished in military ravage or domestic corruption; but what portion of the enormous mass of modern taxation is devoted to works of general usefulness or national ornament? If we were to compare the administration of Mr. Pitt with that of Pericles, and contrast the respective means which each possessed for the embellishment of his native land with works of the highest beauty and the greatest

usefulness, with the master-pieces of architecture, painting and sculpture, what a mean, what a pitiful figure will the Englishman make by the side of the Athenian? The revenues of Athens in the age of Pericles will bear no comparison with those of Great Britain in the ministry of Mr. Pitt; but Pericles with his comparatively slender resources, filled Athens, during his administration, with the choicest works of art, and with structures of such solidity, beauty and magnificence, that even their ruins, after more than twenty centuries of devastation or decay, are still regarded with the most lively interest and the most profound admiration. But what monument of the arts has Mr. Pitt left to eternize his name or to render it worthy to be placed on the same scroll on which Fame has inscribed that of Pericles to be read with sentiments of veneration till all human works sink in oblivion, and all human interests cease.

Even in the worst days of ancient Rome, and under some of her most depraved emperors, the attention of the sovereign was not entirely withdrawn from works of public utility and magnificence. They erected forums, porticos, baths, and temples. In order to give the reader some idea, says Mr. Eustace, of the number of porticos with which Rome was adorned,

'it will be sufficient to inform him that the approach to the Curiæ, the Basilicæ, and the Forums, was generally by porticos: that several ranges of porticos led to the capitol, and lined the sides of the declivity; that the *Campus Martius* was surrounded by an uninterrupted colonnade; that almost every emperor distinguished himself by the erection of a new edifice of the kind; and that Nero is said by Suetonius to have lined the streets of Rome (those probably which he himself had rebuilt) with a continued portico.' 'Several porticos were erected by the latter emperor of an astonishing extent. Such was that of Gallienus, extending near two miles along the Via Flaminia, that is, from the *Via Lata* to the *Pons Milvius*; that of Gordian to the *Campus Martius*, which was a mile in length, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns, opening upon plantations of box, cedar and myrtle.' * * * 'I cannot,' adds our author, 'but express both my surprise and my regret that the public portico has never been introduced into England, or employed in the decoration of the capital. If we consult utility, an edifice is better adapted to a cold and rainy climate: if magnificence, none can be more beautiful or more stately. Every square at least might be lined, and every church and theatre surrounded by porticos; the want of them around places of public

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resort is a real nuisance. But our taste in public edifices is still in its infancy.'

Mr. Eustace might have added that our public spirit is smothered under a miserable selfishness. Our national measures, even those of the greatest moment, have no other spring than that of individual interest. The public good is counted as nothing, when it comes in competition with some petty personal emolument or gratification.

Mr. Eustace again leaves Rome, which is evidently the scene of his most favourite associations, and the site on which the glow of classic enthusiasm kindles in his breast, with lingering reluctance and fond regret. After hailing once more

'the genius of Rome in the colonnade of St. Peter,' we 'retired', says our author, 'after sun-set to the gardens of the *Villa Medici* on the *Pincian Mount (Collis Hortulorum.)* There we seated ourselves under a cluster of pines and poplars that hung waving over the ancient walls of the city, and as we enjoyed the freshness of the evening air, reflected upon the glorious objects we had seen, and the many happy hours we had passed in this grand Capital of the civilized world, the seat of taste, literature, and magnificence. We were now about to take our leave for ever probably of these noble scenes.'

Before Mr. Eustace recommences his tour, he makes some remarks on the character of the Romans, ancient and modern. Amidst various sensible observations he says that, notwithstanding the arbitrary nature of the Roman government which offers no incentives to honourable ambition, and has no tendency to foster and expand any great qualities of mind or heart,

'some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman: as amid the palaces of the present there still arise many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances; in the first place as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, and as their application to it commences at a very early period, they soon become acquainted of the ancient glories of their country, and with its history imbibe a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand monuments that tower around them, and force themselves upon the observation of the most inattentive. In the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence, which while they attract strangers from the most remote countries,

must unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the capital of the empire and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedency to the first sovereign in Europe; under the second, she confers upon her bishops rank and pre-eminence above all others, even though primates and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre still unequalled, and inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity.'

From Rome Mr. Eustace proceeds to Florence. He set out at two o'clock after midnight, and the beautiful dawn which he beheld on his journey causes him to give the following discriminating sketch of the rich and varied lustre of an Italian sky.

* * * 'Aurora, such as *Guido* contemplated, and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colours, shed over the *Sabine* mountains a rich glow gradually softening as more distant into purple, lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her path and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds even in our northern climates, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined, but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendour, and produce that airy perspective, that livid atmosphere, called in painting an Italian sky. In the contemplation of this beautiful and ever varying phenomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, *La Storta*, and then enjoyed the glories of the sun, till concealing himself in a *golden fringed* cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.'

As Mr. Eustace passes by the lake Trasimenus, he presents us with a very distinct and accurate verbal map of the scene of that memorable victory which Hannibal obtained over the Romans, when fifteen thousand of their troops were slain, with the consul Flaminius at their head.

'Descending the high hill of *Magiona* we first discovered, gleaming through a wood of oaks, the lake Trasimenus, and at the village of Torricelli at the foot of the hill we found ourselves on its banks. This lake is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length and about seven in breadth.' * * * 'From Torricelli the road winds along the margin of the lake to a village called *Passignano*, which occupies a very narrow defile, closed on one side by the lake, on the other by a rocky precipice. Beyond this defile, the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and on the right by a semicircular ridge of hills and mountains. This ridge, which falls back in the centre,

advances again on the sides, and closes on the lake at *Passignano* in a precipice; and at *Borghetto* in a lofty acclivity. The plain thus enclosed is about six miles in length, that is from the former to the latter of these places, and about four in breadth from the lake to the mountains. Hannibal could not have discovered or even have desired a situation more favourable to stratagem and ambush. In the centre of this plain he encamped at the head of his African and Spanish troops; the *Baleares* and light armed forces he placed in the recesses of the mountains all around, while his cavalry were commissioned to occupy the defile on the rear of the Romans, as soon as they had passed through it. The consul entered by *Borghetto* with his characteristic rashness and impetuosity, and hastened to attack the army which he beheld in front: when a sudden shout bursting around informed him that he was beset on all sides; a thick mist arising from the lake darkened the air, noise, confusion, dismay, defeat, and slaughter followed. The return of sunshine shewed the ground strewed with the bodies of the Romans, and the lake crimsoned with their blood. A streamlet, which nearly intersects the plain in the middle, still retains the name of *Sanguineto, or Fossa del Sangue*, is supposed to water the spot where the consul fell, and is said by the peasants to have rolled a torrent of blood to the *Trasimenus*, and empurpled its waters to a considerable distance. This rill is the most popular and perhaps the most permanent memorial of this disastrous battle; it is known and pointed out by every peasant and driver, and contemplated by all with some degree of horror.'

'The modern Romans,' continues Mr. Eustace, 'are accused of habitual indolence, and a disposition to mendicancy; a reproach founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day is a custom established in all southern countries, is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome, as by sacrificing hours when exercise is dangerous or oppressive, it leaves the morning and evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, open to business and amusement. The time given to labour and rest is in quantity the same as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As for mendicancy, I have already observed, that in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicancy is not easily avoidable; in favor of Rome I must add, that the number of beggars is not greater there than in other capitals of the same population, and that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city, frequented by so many rich travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments. The extreme misery which we witnessed was owing to the entire spoliation of all the hos-

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pitals and asylums, to the ruin of public credit, the impoverishment of the clergy, nobility, and householders, by the exactions of the soldiery, and in short to the general system of plunder exercised by the French while in possession of the city.'

From the account of our traveller we infer that the morals of the Romans are not so depraved as they have been sometimes represented, and that there is altogether less room for censure in Rome than in the other cities of Italy.

* * 'Cicisbeism, which in its most qualified practice is an insult to decency, is neither so common nor so flagrant; the morals of the cardinals, prelates, and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable; and the people in general are mild, open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the most superficial observer; while the classic traveller sees, or seems to see, in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment, some traces of the majesty of the ancients, and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.'

Those who have beheld the Panorama of Florence, which is at present exhibiting in the Strand, may compare it with the description which we are going to extract; and those who have not, may, by perusing what follows, have a very correct mental picture of this celebrated city, which liberty and the arts once made their favourite haunt; but which liberty has long forsook, though the arts still remain but languishing for the support of that inspiring associate, without which they are apt to droop like the vine without the stay of the elm.

'Florence is situated in a vale, intersected by the Arno, graced by numberless hills, and bordered at no great distance by mountains of various forms, rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border the roads, and almost line the banks of the river.'

* * 'The city itself spreads along the side of the river which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. Its streets are well paved or rather flagged, wider than usual in southern climates, and its houses in general solid and rather stately. It has several squares, and many churches and palaces, so that its appearance is airy, clean, and sometimes rising towards grandeur.'

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The famous Laurentian library in the convent annexed to the church of St. Laurence, which afforded the most precious monuments of the worth, genius, and munificence of the Medicean family, had already suffered considerably from the robbery of the French when Mr. Eustace was at Florence; and he seems to think it probable that the whole would be transported to Paris, to add to the *honestly-earned* trophies of that capital.

Mr. Eustace remarks, with his usual discrimination, that the dome, which crowns the cathedral at Florence, is not so pleasing nor so grand as that of St. Peter's at Rome, as the form is octagonal, and it is closed at the top 'and consequently dark and dismal to a spectator, who recollects the soft lights that play round the vaults, and illuminate the mosaics of the Vatican.' But the circumstance which renders the cathedral of Florence, as well as the other churches in that city, most interesting to a traveller of cultivated mind, is the number of men of genius and talents, whose mortal remains are at rest under its pavement; and to many of whom we are chiefly indebted for the revival of literature. Over such remains no man can well tread, without feeling the truth of the common wish in the common expression, *sit tibi terra levis!* May the earth lie lightly on thy breast!

'A picture only records the memory of Dante, whose remains, notwithstanding the lustre which his genius reflects upon his country, slumber in exile at Ravenna, in a tomb erected and inscribed by Bernardo, father of the Cardinal Bembo.' * * *

'The Florentines have indeed at various times endeavoured to recover the relics of their illustrious citizen, and particularly during the reign of Leo X. when Michael Angelo himself is said to have exerted his influence to obtain them; but in vain: the people of Ravenna, who had the honor of affording the exiled poet an asylum when living, conceive that they have the best title to the honour of preserving his ashes when dead.—"*Exulem a Florentia excepit Ravenna,*" says the epitaph, *vivo fruens, mortuum colens,* * * * *tumulum preciosum musis. S. P. E. RAV. jure ac ære suo tanquam thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit ornavit.*"'

After mentioning the grand bronze portals, belonging to the Baptistery, adjoining the cathedral, which are adorned with basso relievos of exquisite workmanship, which Michael Angelo called the gates of Paradise, and which appear to have been executed in an early part of the fourteenth century, when the genius of the arts is supposed to have been smothered under the ignorance and barbarism of the times, Mr. Eustace remarks that

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'Our ideas of the middle ages are in many respects the mere prejudices of childhood. Europe, or at least Italy was never involved in such utter darkness as some of our modern oracles endeavour to make their unthinking readers imagine. Some of the Italian republics were then in the full enjoyment of liberty, and liberty never yet visited a country without bringing knowledge and taste, the arts and the sciences in her train. In fact, the century and the country that produced *Cimabue* and *Giotto*, *Arnolfo* and *Ugolini*, *Dante* and *Petrarcha*, could not have been deficient in genius or criticism, in painting or sculpture, in design or in architecture.'

We must not quit Florence without stopping to hear our traveller say something of its famous gallery, though it, at present, offers so many subjects of regret in the vacant frames and pedestals which were formerly occupied by the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Faun*, the *Wrestlers*, and other master-pieces of Art. Notwithstanding the dreary void, however, which has been made by the removal of the best statues and paintings, the gallery still retained many 'excellent in their kinds, and capable singly of giving reputation to any transalpine collection.' This gallery, which was built in the year 1564, is 'in the form of the Greek Π,' and is

'More than five hundred feet in length,' 'occupies the whole length of the building on both sides, and the end or space that forms the communication. Each wing of this gallery is four hundred and sixty feet in length, and the part that forms the communication is more than one hundred; it is about twenty-four in breadth, and nearly as many in heighth. The ceiling is painted in fresco, and represents in one wing various mythological subjects, in the middle and the other wing, conspicuous persons and events remarkable in the annals of *Florence*. These paintings are only interesting inasmuch as they are connected with the history of the art. Immediately under the ceiling is a line of portraits of great men, both ancient and modern; of the latter many are copied from originals. The walls are adorned with pictures, and lined with busts and statues all antique, some in marble and some in bronze. All the busts are of Roman emperors, or of persons connected with imperial families. The statues generally represent gods or heroes; of these, few are perfect, most having been damaged, and repaired with more or less felicity by modern artists. Intermingled with the statues and busts are altars and sarcophagi, shields and trophies. Above the statues the pictures are ranged in such a manner as to form the history of the art from the eleventh century down to the seventeenth.'

Hardly any city contains in its adjacent scenery a greater

variety of rural beauty than the neighbourhood of Florence. 'Of all the objects in the immediate vicinity of Florence, Fiesole is from its antiquity, its situation, and its celebrity, one of the most conspicuous and attractive.' It was 'one of the twelve Etrurian cities,' and prolonged its existence till the commencement of the eleventh century. It is 'now a lonely but beautiful village.'

'Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence, it looks down on the vale of *Arno*, and commands *Florence* with all its domes, towers, and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey, founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill at a distance swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and accordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyrized by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo. The abbey of *Fiesole* was the retreat of Picus, and governed at that time by an abbot worthy of such a guest, *Matteo Bosso*, one of the most eminent scholars of that age. The frugal table of this venerable sage united not unfrequently the three last mentioned persons with *Ficinus* and *Hermolaus Barbarus*. Such a society has been compared to Plato's repasts, and to the philosophic interviews of Cicero and his friends. In genius and eloquence, they imitated, but could not presume to rival these illustrious associations; but in virtue and in that superior wisdom which they derived from Christianity, they far surpassed their famed predecessors. Politian has celebrated Fæsulæ and the scenes which he so often contemplated with all the rapture of a poet, at the conclusion of his *Rusticus*, a subject which the genius of the place seems to have inspired.

'Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro
Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis;
Hic scatebris salit et bullentibus incita venis
Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos . . . .
Talia Fæsuleo lentus meditabar in antro
Rure sub urbano Medicum, qua mons sacer urbem
Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis.'

The excursion in the neighbourhood of Florence, which abounds most in picturesque beauty, is that to the abbey of Vallombrosa, the road to which runs for thirteen miles in the vale of Arno, along the banks of the river of that

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name. The description which Mr. Eustace has given of this journey, will, we have no doubt, be perused by the reader with a good deal of pleasure, similar to that with which it was performed by the writer. The writer has delineated the whole scene with great sensibility and taste, and the description is pervaded by a sort of devotional glow which heightens at once the beauty and the interest.

'A little beyond Pelago,' says Mr. Eustace, 'we began to ascend the Apennines, and winding along their sides enjoyed, as we advanced, many delicious views of hills crowned with villas, and mountains sometimes covered, and sometimes merely spotted with the olive, the vine, and ilex. The beauty of the scenery increased upon us at every step, and as we passed through groves of lofty chestnuts intermingled with oak, we occasionally caught the view of a torrent tumbling from the crags, a church seated on the bosom of a fertile hill, or a broken ridge of rocks and precipices. At a little distance from the abbey we observed a large stone cross placed at the entrance of a wood of firs thick and lofty, whose deep shade was lighted up by the horizontal rays of the setting sun that shot along the arcades formed by their meeting branches. As we entered, the abbey bell tolled to call the monks to the evening service, and continued tolling till we emerged from the gloom of this path to a little plain, bounded behind by a semi-circular curve of steep mountains covered to the summit with one continued forest. Here we beheld the antique towers, and pinnacles of the abbey rising full before us; and on a nearer approach heard the swell of the organ, and the voices of the choir, and instantly alighting under the archway of the gate, hastened to the church. The monks were then singing the *qui habitat* (ninety-first Psalm), which is part of the evening service. The melody was sweet and solemn; a long pause between each verse gave it time to produce its full effect; and the gloom of the church, the lights on the altar, the chant of the choir, and the tones of the organ could not fail to awaken in the mind, already prepared by the scenery, and circumstances of place and time, a strong emotion of piety, awe, and melancholy. When service was ended, the monks retired in deep silence, like so many ghosts gliding along the nave, and disappearing in the aisles; we withdrew with regret. We were then conducted by the father appointed to receive strangers to the usual apartments allotted to visitants, and treated with unaffected hospitality.'

'The little plain in which the abbey stands is imbosomed in the Apennines, open to the rays of the western sun, but enclosed on the south, east, and north, by a semicircular ridge of mountains. The steep acclivity is clothed to the summit with forests of ancient firs, oaks, and beeches, waving one above the other,

and sometimes apparently hanging from the very brows of the precipices and bending over the steep. In the upper regions an occasional glade breaks the uniformity of forest scenery, while the naked summits expand into wide grassy downs, and command a beautiful view over the *Arno* and its *storied* vale, *Florence* and all its neighbouring hills on one side, and extending on the other to the wilds of *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*. The elevation is so considerable even at the abbey, as to affect the temperature of the air, insomuch indeed that after having panted so long at Naples, Rome, and Florence, we found ourselves delightfully refreshed at *Vallombrosa* by the cool breezes of an English summer. The day after our arrival the good father, who was appointed to attend strangers, was so obliging as to defer dinner till a late hour, in order to enable us to make our intended excursion to the summit of the mountain; and after breakfast we set out, crossing first the little plain in which the abbey stands; and then passing a stream that descends from the cliff, we began the ascent by a narrow pathway which winds up the acclivity, but is yet sufficiently steep and laborious. However, as the heat was by no means oppressive, and we walked under a deep shade the whole way, the ascent was not very fatiguing. The trees that form the forest through which we passed, are generally old, shattered, and venerable, and the silence that reigned around us interrupted, perhaps I might have said heightened, by the murmurs of the wind unusually deep in such a vast mass of foliage, was extremely impressive, and gave the savage scene around us a grand, a melancholy solemnity. The channels of several torrents now dry, but encumbered with fragments of rock and trunks of trees hurled down by the fury of the mountain stream, furrowed the sides of the steep, and added to its rude magnificence. Down one of these channels a rill still continued to roll, and tumbling from rock to rock formed several cascades, whose tinklings were faintly heard amidst the hollow roar of the forests. When we reached the summit we walked up and down to enjoy the cool breezes that always fan the higher regions of the Apennines, and to contemplate at the same time the picture expanded beneath us; on one side, the declivity shagged with wood, and enclosing in an oval sweep the lawn and abbey of *Vallombrosa;* and on the other, a long ridge of bleak rugged mountains. We then reclined under a thicket on the brow of the eminence, and compared the scenery immediately under us with Milton's description, of which it is supposed by many to be the original.'

'While thus employed on the summit, we heard the bell tolling below for afternoon service, and immediately began our descent. The tolling of a church bell is one of the few sounds that disturb the silence without lessening the solemnity of solitary scenes. In our descent we stopped occasionally to listen to its deep roar, re-echoed from the opposite woods, and re-

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bellowed from steep to steep. It occurred to me as I worked my way down the dry bed of a torrent, and now and then stopped to breathe and admire the *rupes* at *vacuum nemus*: that these forests and dells that now resound with the toll of the church going bell, once perhaps repeated the screams and shouts of the Bacchanalian throng.'

Mr. Eustace mentions another excursion from the abbey which leads 'by a winding pathway, where

"the Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower"

to an hermitage, or rather a little convent, erected on the flat surface of a rock projecting from the sides of the mountain. This retreat is a very commodious house, with a little garden behind, and a fountain clear as crystal bubbling out from a cleft in the rock; it has a chapel annexed to it, and is divided into a variety of little galleries, oratories, and cells, very neatly furnished and adorned with pictures and prints, and the whole in a style totally different from every other dwelling, fancifully pretty, and peculiarly conformable to its destination. This romantic hermitage is called, partly I suppose from its situation and prospect, and partly from its internal conveniences *Paradisino*; and I must confess, that I never visited an abode better calculated to furnish the hermit with all the *aids* of meditation, and all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window he may behold the *Val d'Arno*, and the splendours of Florence, at a distance too great to dazzle: around him he sees spread all the grandeur and all the gloom of rocks, forests, and mountains; by his fountain side he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of torrents. Sometimes, too, while absorbed in meditation, the swell of the distant organ, and the voices of the choir far below may steel upon his ear, and *prompt the song of praise.*'

[To be concluded in our next.]

ART. VIII.—*Gustavus Vasa, and other Poems. By W. S. Walker.* London, Longman and Co. 1813, 8vo. pp. 270. Price 10s. 6d.

THERE are some peculiar circumstances attending the publication of this volume, on which we shall offer a few words. Public display of precocious talent is no longer interesting on the score of novelty, as the harvest of literary prodigies from six to sixteen has been of late years superabundant. It is not therefore from a reference to the age of our present author simply, (he informs us that he is only sixteen years of age), but from a view to that, combined with the circumstances under which we find him, as

also with a regard to the real merit of his volume, that we have judged him of sufficient consequence to occupy a few pages of our Review.

Mr. Walker is at present an upper boy at one of the most celebrated, if not the most celebrated school of classical learning in the kingdom,* where his taste has been formed by the purest models of ancient poetry, and his own disposition has led him in the hours, which are free from scholastic duties, to acquire an acquaintance with our own poets. It is our duty then to look to the result of these manifest advantages, not forgetting to keep them steadily in view during the exercise of critical jurisdiction. There is no possible parallel between those, who have lisped in numbers, under every unfavourable circumstance of situation in life, as a Bloomfield, or a Blackett, and who have been for years conversing with persons devoid of all mental refinement, and a young aspirant, who is enjoying the benefits of education, and sharing them with the first nobles of the land. As may be supposed then, the subjects, the ideas, the diction of this poetical essay are widely different from those of boys of uneducated talent, whose early habits have very naturally led them to pastoral and descriptive poetry. To burst upon us with four books of an epic poem, is doubtless rather bold, but this species of confidence is the effect, and the very natural effect of a consciousness of strength. It is a mere truism to observe, that youth under every circumstance will be deficient in judgment, more especially so, when hurried away by the ardour of poetical composition; but it would not be equally true, were any one to assert, that the habit of contemplating pure models, and of hearing elegant criticism from the pulpit of a scholastic instructor, were of themselves sufficient remedies against a general defect incident to a particular stage of life. In point of judgment in composition, there will be seldom much difference deducible from education, while only in progress; the educated and uneducated will both err, but they will err in a different way; for in general a certain degree of timidity in a self-taught genius, will prove as salutary a restraint to all offensive exuberances, as the critical knowledge of the boy, who has been classically instructed. Our readers see, that this is a prelude to the observation that there are some glaring deficiencies of judgment in

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* Eton college.

our author; there are so, and these deficiencies are precisely such as would naturally arise from the circumstances above cited. Mr. Walker's habitual studies have preserved him from absurdity of metaphor, and affected viciousness of style, but the 'currens calamus,' over which he has as yet acquired no controul, has led him into a reprehensible diffuseness of narrative; and the daily custom of reading and repeating classical authors, has occasionally given too strong a taint of Roman ideas and manners to modern subjects. The former of these defects is most prominent in the poem entitled 'Gustavus Vasa,' the latter in that of 'the Exile.' They are neither, however, faults, which need in any way discourage the poet; the former will by a little experience work its own cure, the latter is a failing, which we by no means regret to see at the author's present age. We look at his present volume, only as a specimen, a promise of more successful exertion in future, and the defect, which we are noticing, assures us of a good store of ideas laid up in the mind, though want of leisure to form as yet any very intimate acquaintance with English writers, and inexperience, have not afforded the means of arranging such ideas, or making any mental classification of the contents of this storehouse.

Gustavus Vasa, of which three books and a portion of a fourth are here produced as a specimen of the author's abilities, is an epic poem in rhyme, not a bad copy in point of cadence of Pope's Iliad: in the notes a plan is laid down for seven succeeding books, with a table of contents for each book; but this is not all, for having carried on his subject through ten books, the author adds rather unadvisedly,

'The remaining books, ten or fourteen in number, (making the aggregate twenty-four), will be occupied with a detail of the long and various war waged by Gustavus against Christiern, and the poem will conclude with his coronation.'

We say that this promise is an ill advised one, for as in the three complete books before us, little or no progress is made in the real business or action of the poem, unless in the sequence the work becomes 'dispar sibi,' and is most compressed, where the abundance of matter demands most dilation, there is no assignable number of books that will conduct us through the life and adventures of Gustavus—but the reasons which we have before urged, make the plan of this poem far less an object of critical remark, than the execution; it is from the latter

that we are to judge, whether Mr. Walker is likely to become conspicuous in that line of exertion, which he has selected; we are of opinion that he undoubtedly will become so, an opinion which we trust our extracts will tend to propagate. The subject too is well chosen; there is a chivalrous and romantic spirit in the hero, which excites interest; while his political foresight, patient and determined spirit, demand admiration. The vicissitudes of his fortunes give excellent scope for fable, the wild scenery of his country is a subject nearly 'unattempted yet in verse,' and lastly, the subordinate dramatis personæ, persons, who from confined means of intercourse with the more polished parts of Europe, must have preserved much originality of manner and thought, and many excrescences not worn off by the collision of society, afford an ample field for delineation of character. Nor has Mr. Walker lost sight of these advantages; though the attention of the reader is certainly slacken'd by the diffuseness of the narrative, it is very frequently recalled by pictures too strongly marked to be cursorily observed. We are not very fond of the frequent intervention of super-human agency, our young poet's taste for the introduction of a genius of Sweden, and subservient spirits is the very natural result of sitting down to write, when he has just returned from school, and thrown his Homer on the table; reflection will shew him, how much less adapted these persons are to modern than to ancient narrative poetry, for such must be the definition of all epic composition drawn from real history. As even Homer himself has been said only to allegorize, when he introduces his deities, any poet may shelter himself under a similar plea, but in what after all consists the strength of such a plea? If allegory wears so thick a cloak as not to be discernible, what matters the intention of the poet? the effect on the reader is to be the test of the experiment.

As it is not our intention to analyse that, which is only a fragment, we shall be desultory in the few extracts that we make. The following, at the commencement of book the third, is no vulgar invocation.

'Auspicious spirit, whosoe'er thou art,
Who warm, exalt, and fill the poet's heart,
Who bade young Homer pour the martial strain,
And led the Tuscan bard thro' hell's profound domain,
By whom unequal Camöens borne along
A torrent stream, majestic, wild, and strong,
Sung India's clime disclosed, and fiery showers
Bursting on Calicut's perfidious towers;

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By whom soft Maro caught Mæonian fire,
And plaintive Ossian tuned his Celtic lyre.
If still 'tis thine o'er Morven's heaths to rove,
Tajo's green bank, or Mele's hallow'd grove,
Assist me thence, command my growing song
To roll with nobler energy along.
Before me life's extended vale appears,
Onward I hasten through the gulf of years,
And soon must sink beneath them; let my name
With one bright furrow of recording fame
Mark my brief course! —if led by thee I stray'd
In youth's sweet dawn, beneath the hazel shade;
While over head clear shone the sunny beam,
And noon's weak breeze scarce curl'd the tepid stream,
Still aid me, gentle spirit, still inspire,
My *first* bold task, and add diviner fire.'—P. 82.

This reference to the poet's own situation is surely introduced in a delicate and in a feeling manner, and as classical authority is that, on which he chiefly leans at present, and that authority is not wanting to support a poet in introducing his own situation or occupations, criticism can find no sound objection. As a specimen of the author's powers in delineation of character, we shall select that of Trollio, or more properly Archbishop Trolle; it is introduced by the assembling of a state council.

'First of their order, as in rank and fame,
Superior, Upsal's haughty prelate came;
Erect in priestly pride, he stalk'd along,
And tower'd supreme o'er all the princely throng;
A soul congenial, and a mind replete
With ready artifice, and bold deceit,
To suit a tyrant's ends, however base,
In Christiern's friendship had secured his place.
His were the senator's and courtier's parts,
And all the statesman's magazine of arts;
His, each expedient, each all-powerful wile,
To thwart a foe, or win a monarch's smile;
The nicely plann'd, and well pursued intrigue,
The smooth evasion of the hollow league,
The specious argument, that subtly strays
Thro' winding sophistry's protracted maze;
The complicated, deep, immense design,
That works in darkness, like a labouring mine,
Unknown to all, till bursting into birth,
Its wide explosion shakes th' astonish'd earth;
His was the prompt invention, fruitful still
In means subservient to the varying will,

The flexible expertness, smooth, and mean,
That glides thro' obstacles, and wins unseen;
The quick discernment, that with eagle eyes
Sees distant storms in ether darkly rise,
And active vigour, that arrests their course,
Or to a different aim diverts their force.
He, in a happier land by freedom bless'd,
Had hallow'd virtue dawn'd upon his breast,
Had done some glorious deed to stamp his name,
High on the roll of ever-during fame;
Snatch'd from oppression's jaws, some victim realm,
Or fix'd in stable peace his country's wavering helm.
But baleful guilt usurp'd with fatal care
A heart, which virtue had been proud to share,
And turn'd to hateful dross the radiant ore,
Whose lustre might have gilded Sweden's shore.'

Book I. p. 7.

Nor is Mr. Walker less fortunate in landscape than in portrait, although perhaps he does not write it so much con amore. Gustavus himself does not enter into the business of the poem until the third book, the person, who finds him in his retirement in Dalecarlia, is directed by the genius of Sweden. The same extract will give us a very elegant description of the evening twilight, and introduce us to the hero himself.

'Twas now the time when sober evening sheds
Her dusky mantle o'er the grassy meads,
Nor yet the pale stars trembled thro' the trees,
Nor sparkling quiver'd on th' inconstant seas,
Nor yet the moon illumed the solemn scene,
The fields were silent, and the heavens serene—
When in a vale with shadowy firs replete,
Whose broad boughs rustled thro' the dark retreat,
Beneath a pine, that sunk to slow decay,
Unseen Gustavus pass'd the hours away.
From earliest dawn, ere day's third glass was run,
The chief had mused, nor mark'd the rising sun,
And the retiring day appear'd as just begun:
Each flattering argument his pride revolved,
Each gleam of patriot hope, yet undissolved,
Traced to its dubious source, each meteor light,
'Till the last spark went out, and all was night.
Convinc'd at length he spoke: the woods around
With solemn awe return the mournful sound,
And souls of patriots listen'd from on high,
Uncertain yet of Sweden's destiny.'

Book III. p. 87.

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A soliloquy ensues, the spirit of which combined with some very bright flashes of poetry, are insufficient to prevent the reader's mind from languishing under the inordinate length of the speech. Poetry overstepped nature a little, when she first authorized the measured soliloquy, but a very long soliloquy is too remote from nature to be even tolerable: The drama is a province of poetry in which this licence has perhaps been more frequently exercised than in any other, but even here this defect has worked its own cure; for as the drama either is, or ought to be adapted to representation, and as in representation there is a dead weight attached to a soliloquy, if it exceeds a sudden effusion of feeling, or a short flow of melancholy expression, public taste has in most ages of literature restricted this usage within moderate bounds. We think the analogy will hold in epic poetry, which either is or ought to be a representation of, certainly not real, but of heroic life, and if that heroic life approaches nearer to our own times, it must at the same time accommodate itself nearer to the habits of mankind; or in the words of Horace, 'incredulus odi.'

The Exile is the second poem in point of length, but there is an intricacy in the fable, if indeed there is a fable, which requires much labour to unravel. It is faulty from the constant recurrence of images not adapted to the present times, however applicable they may have been in the ages of classical antiquity. The expressions of 'I set my sail,' or 'I plied my oar,' so frequent in Latin poetry, the cotemporary readers of which knew of few voyages but a coasting trip, are very inapplicable to modern navigation, more especially so across oceans, which are described as agitated by furious tempests. There are however some very beautiful lines in this poem, and on the whole they are more laboured and polished than in Gustavus.

Our limits will only allow us to notice one more poem, which deserves mention, as well from the singularity of the design, as from the execution of it; it is an attempt at a version of the Iliad, in the style and measure of Scott's Marmion; the idea was suggested by a friend, who observed very sensibly, 'that Scott's circumstantial description bore much resemblance to that of Homer, and that the rapid flow of Scott's verse was happily accommodated to the swift succession of events and fiery impetuosity of the Iliad; corresponding with the dactylic hexameter of the old poet.' The specimen before us is

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really admirably done, and as a specimen fully exemplifies the truth of what Mr. Walker's friend suggested. We say, as a specimen, for we would by no means recommend a complete version of the original in this manner; our objections are too numerous to recapitulate; there is one however, which may not strike every one at first view, we mean the difficulty of divesting our minds of the idea of burlesque at seeing old Homer cut up into shreds of lines: we felt this at the first perusal of the fragment which we are about to quote, till the real merit of the passage, as an imitation of Scott, no less than as a spirited transfusion of Homer, recalled us from so unworthy a reverie. Our readers will recognize the beginning of the thirteenth Iliad.

'From Ida's peak high Jove beheld
The tumults of the battle field,
The fortune of the fight;
He mark'd, where by the ocean flood,
Stout Hector with his Trojans stood,
And mingled in the strife of blood
Achaia's stalwart might:
He saw, and turn'd his sun-bright eyes
Where Thracia's snow-capped mountains rise,
Above her pastures fair:
Where Mysians fear'd in battle-fray,
With far-famed Hippomolgians stray,
A race remote from care;
Unstained by fraud, unstained by blood,
The milk of mares their simple food,
Thither his sight the god inclines,
Nor turns to view the shifting lines,
Commix'd in fight afar;
He deem'd not, he, that heavenly might
Would swell the bands of either fight,
When he forbade the war.

2.

'Not so the monarch of the deep:
On Samothracia's topmost steep
The great earth-shaker stood,
Whose cloudy summit view'd afar
The crowded tents, the mingling war,
The navy dancing on the tide,
The leaguer'd town, the hills of Ide,
And all the scene of blood.
There stood he, and with grief survey'd
His Greeks by adverse force outweighed,
He bann'd the thunderer's partial will,
And hasten'd down the craggy hill.

3.

'Down the steep mountain-slope he sped,
The mountain rock'd beneath his tread,
And trembling wood, and echoing cave,
Sign of immortal presence gave;
Three strides athwart the plain he took,
Three times the plain beneath him shook,
The fourth reach'd Ægœ's watery strand,
Where far beneath the green sea foam,
Was built the monarch's palace home,
Distinct with golden spire and dome,
And doom'd for aye to stand.

4

'He enters; to the car he reins
His brass-hoofed steeds, whose golden manes
A stream of glory cast:
His golden lash he forward bends,
Arrayed in gold the car ascends,
And swifter than the blast
Across th' expanse of ocean wide
Untouched by waves, it passed:
The waters of the glassy tide,
Joyful before its course divide,
Nor round the axle press;
Around its wheels the dolphins play,
Attend the chariot on its way,
And their great lord confess.—P. 206.

We do not hesitate to pronounce this as happy an imitation of the style of Scott as has ever been brought before our tribunal. Some Latin poems, which have been honoured with literary premiums at school, shew Mr. W. no unworthy representative of the Grenvilles, Wellesleys, and Cannings, the classical boasts of a former day in the elmy groves of Eton. We should imagine, that in this branch of composition, he can have very few competitors indeed among his schoolfellows, who can even aspire to an equality. We must here close our article, in doing which, it may not be amiss to add, that a report has reached our ears, that the profits arising from this specimen of early talent, will, it is hoped, insure for our young aspirant, that facility of prosecuting his studies in a university, which might otherwise have been obtained not without difficulty to his relatives. If there is any truth in this report, we contemplate with a very pleasant emotion the numerous list of subscribers, (seldom equalled either in number or respectability), who have come forward on this occasion as the patrons of rising merit; and

it is our sincere wish, that the few pages, which we have dedicated to the examination of this very interesting volume, may be conducive to a call for a third edition, a second being, we understand, already in the press.

ART. IX.—*Description of the Retreat, an Institution near York, for insane Persons of the Society of Friends. Containing an Account of its Origin and Progress, the Modes of Treatment and Statement of Cases. By Samuel Tuke. With an Elevation and Plans of the Building.* London: Darton, 1813, 8vo. 7s. 6d. 4to. 12s.

THIS excellent institution, the establishment of which reflects so much honour on the Society of Friends, was first opened for the reception of patients in May, 1796. The resources of the institution were gradually increased in proportion to the conviction of its usefulness; and we find from a report of the committee of managers in the year 1812, that there were at that time 'under the care of the institution, sixty-six patients, viz. twenty-six men and forty women.' We shall select a few details from this work relative to the treatment of the insane, or to other associated circumstances. The warm bath is said to be much used; and, 'with the happiest effects.' In cases of melancholia it is considered as more efficacious than 'all the other medical means which have been employed.'

'In several cases,' (of melancholia) says Mr. Tuke, 'where the use of this means has been necessarily suspended, the patient has evidently relapsed. No advantage has been found from its use, in case of mania; indeed it has been thought rather to aggravate the symptoms. The time of the patient's continuance in the bath, and the temperature at which it is used, are gradually increased; the former from twenty minutes to nearly an hour; and the latter from eighty-five to ninety-eight degrees.'

Experiments have not been favourable to the use of the cold bath in melancholia or in mania. 'Topical bleeding has been found eminently useful, where the approach of a paroxysm was indicated by a determination of blood to the head.' Mr. Tuke informs us that the superintendent of the institution has frequently succeeded in procuring sleep during paroxysms of mania, by supplying the patient with a plentiful supper of meat, bread and cheese, and good porter, instead of having recourse to opiates. Where the patient has been averse from food the author

tells us, that 'porter alone has been used with evident advantage, always avoiding, in all cases, any degree of intoxication.'

Mr. Tuke justly says, that insanity is usually treated with too little discrimination. Pope remarks that there are as many kinds of mind as moss; and why not as many kinds of insanity, each of which requires a mode of treatment distinct from the rest? Mr. Crowther (on insanity) says, that 'the curable patients in Bethlem-hospital are *regularly bled* about the commencement of June, and the latter end of July;' and Mr. Haslam (in his Observations on Madness) tells us, that in the same hospital 'it has been for many years the practice to administer to the curable patients four or five emetics in the spring of the year.' This is generalizing the treatment, where there is probably considerable diversity in the malady; and it seems rather to force the malady to conform to the treatment, than to adapt the treatment to the malady.

Mr. Tuke says, that in 'The Retreat,' no instance of mortification of the feet has occurred from cold, and that 'the patients are never found to require such a degree of restraint as to prevent the use of considerable exercise, or to render it at all necessary to keep their feet wrapped in flannel.'

A spare regimen, which is so commonly recommended in insanity, is not much practised in 'The Retreat,' where the patients appear to enjoy a liberal and nourishing diet; and this practice has been justified by experience. We remember a remark in Don Quixote, that *madness arises from wind getting into the brain*; but many of our keepers of houses for the reception of the insane seem to adopt the contrary hypothesis, and to imagine that the flatulent regimen which is cheapest for themselves, is also best for their unfortunate guests.

The author thinks that a malevolent disposition, which is usually supposed a characteristic of madness, does not naturally belong to the malady, but is superinduced by circumstances; and particularly by injudicious management, and unnecessary coercion, or cruelty on the part of relatives, connections or superintendents.—Cases, indeed, occur in which the vindictive passions may be so strong as to induce mania. If a fit of anger, as Horace says, be a brief paroxysm of insanity, anger, often indulged and suffered to rage without controul, may terminate in permanent derangement of mind. But it is still a certain fact that madmen as well as other persons, are very sensible

of kind treatment; and that kind treatment alone will often mitigate the malady where it would be aggravated by severity. Those mischievous propensities which are sometimes found to belong to deranged persons, are often in their origin, the product of the rigorous and cruel treatment which the unfortunate patient has experienced. There is in human nature a strong repugnance to oppression, and an innate desire to counteract it; and this desire may be susceptible of stronger excitement in the insane than in more reasonable individuals. But if oppression will make even a wise man mad, how is it ever likely to make a mad man wise?

No stripes, no barbarities of any kind appear to be practised in 'The Retreat,' to the great honour of the Society of Friends, who have wisely reflected that there is hardly any disorder or alienation of mind in which the individual can be insensible of injuries. And, how are we ever likely to tranquillize a perturbed mind, if we repeatedly excite the idea of injury by a series of unnecessary severities? This is not to extinguish the flame but to throw oil into the fire. 'The superintendent of this institution,' says Mr. Tuke, 'is fully of opinion, that a state of furious mania is very often excited by the mode of management.' But furious mania appears 'almost a stranger in the Retreat,' from the constant tenderness which the patients experience. The following is an instance which Mr. Tuke gives of the efficacy of mild treatment.

'Some years ago a man, about thirty-four years of age of almost Herculean size and frame, was brought to the house. He had been afflicted several times before; and so constantly, during the present attack, had he been kept chained, that his clothes were contrived to be taken off and put on by means of strings, without removing his manacles. They were, however, taken off when he entered the Retreat, and he was ushered into the apartment where the superintendents were supping. He was calm; his attention appeared to be arrested by his new situation. He was desired to join in the repast, during which he behaved with tolerable propriety. After it was concluded, the superintendent conducted him to his apartment, and told him the circumstances on which his treatment would depend; that it was his anxious wish to make every inhabitant in the house as comfortable as possible; and that he sincerely hoped the patient's conduct would render it unnecessary for him to have recourse to coercion. The maniac was sensible of the kindness of his treatment. He promised to restrain himself; and he so

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completely succeeded, that during his stay, no coercive means were ever employed towards him.'

Though *fear* is allowed to operate in the production of self-restraint in this institution, yet great pains are taken to excite the *desire of esteem*, which has been found more powerful in its agency and more salutary in its effects.

'It is probably,' says Mr. Tuke, 'from encouraging the action of this principle, that so much advantage has been found in this Institution, from *treating the patient as much in the manner of a rational being, as the state of his mind will possibly allow.* The superintendent is particularly attentive on this point in his conversation with the patients.'

This appears a very important consideration; for it seems a very strange method indeed to endeavour to restore men to reason by treating them like brutes. To treat men in this manner seems the most ready and efficacious way not only of increasing but of perpetuating derangement of mind, and particularly of that species which originates in depression of spirits, blighted hopes, wounded sensibility, and the too keen sense of previous injuries or misfortunes.

Where an insane patient is treated, according to the judicious plan practised in 'The Retreat,' as much like a rational being as the nature of his case will admit, he will endeavour to rise rather than to fall in the estimation of his companions and attendants. In the language of Mr. Tuke, he will endeavour to restrain 'those dispositions which if indulged would lessen the respectful treatment he receives.' In the treatment of insanity the object should be rather to elevate than to degrade the intellectual being. Moral remedies are often efficacious where physical are of no avail. Where the insanity is not of such a nature as totally to extinguish the moral sense, the remaining light of that sense should be fondly cherished and assiduously watched.

'Even,' says Mr. Tuke, 'when it is absolutely necessary to employ coercion, if the patient promises to controul himself on its removal, great confidence is generally placed upon his word. I have known patients, such is their sense of honour and moral obligation under this kind of engagement, hold, for a long time, a successful struggle with the violent propensities of their disorder; and *such attempts ought to be sedulously encouraged by the attendants.*'

We hope that institutions similar to the present will be established in other places. We are obliged to Mr. Tuke for making us acquainted with the sensible and humane

mode of treating the insane which is practised at 'The Retreat.'

ART. X.—*Speech of the Hon. Josiah Quincey, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, Jan. 5. 1813, on a Bill for raising an additional Military Force, wherein the Causes and Effects of the present War are particularly developed.* London: Richardson, 2s.

THERE is much forcible reasoning in this speech, and it furnishes a favourable specimen of the manly eloquence which is displayed in the House of Representatives of the United States. The author is of the pacific, which is at present in opposition to the ruling, party in the republic of the United States, which is in favour of the war; and adverse to any accommodation with this country, except on such terms as the British government is not soon likely to admit. Mr. Quincey speaks in strong terms of indignation of the invasion of Canada, which he reprobates as highly impolitic; and represents it only as a trick of the government party in the republic, to promote certain electioneering views. Canada was invaded, that Mr. Maddison might again be chosen president. We do not clearly discern how one of these events was to cause the accomplishment of the other; but those who were on the spot and could see and feel the different interests which were striving for the mastery in the United States, might observe a close connection between them, which would escape the notice of an European with the wide Atlantic rolled between him and the rival factions of the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists. The following is a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Quincey inveighs against the invasion of Canada by the troops of the United States.

'Our armies were on their march for their frontier, while yet peace existed between this country and the parent state—and the invasion was obstinately pursued, after a knowledge that the chief ground of controversy was settled, by the abandonment of the British orders in council; and after nothing remained but a stale ground of dispute, which, however important in itself, was of a nature for which no man has ever yet pretended that for it alone war would have been declared. Did ever one government exhibit, towards any people, a more bloody and relentless spirit of rancour? Tell me not of petty advantages, of remote and possibly useless contingencies which might arise

from the devastation of those colonies.—Show any advantages which justify that dreadful phial of wrath, which, if the intention of the American cabinet had been fulfilled, would at this day have been poured out upon the heads of the Canadians. It is not owing to the tender mercies of the American administration, if the bones of the Canadians are not at this hour mingled with the ashes of their habitations. It is easy enough to make an excuse for any purpose. When a victim is destined to be immolated, every hedge presents sticks for the sacrifice. The lamb who stands at the mouth of the stream will always trouble the water, if you take the account of the wolf, who stands at the source of it. But shew a good to us bearing any proportion to the multiplied evils proposed to be visited upon them. There is none. Never was there an invasion of any country worse than this, in point of moral principles, since the invasion of the West Indies by the buccaneers, or that of these United States by Captain Kidd. Indeed both Kidd and the buccaneers had more apology for their deed than the American cabinet—they had at least the hope of plunder. But in this case there is not even the poor refuge of cupidity. We have heard great lamentations about the disgrace of our arms on the frontiers. Why, Sir, the disgrace of our arms on the frontier, is terrestial glory in comparison of the disgrace of the attempt. The whole atmosphere rings with the utterance from the other side of the house of this word—"glory"—"glory," in connection with this invasion. What glory? Is it the glory of the tiger, which lifts his jaws, all foul and bloody, from the bowels of his victim, and roars for his companions of the wood to come and witness his prowess and his spoils? Such is the glory of Ginghis Khan and of Bonaparte. Be such glory far, very far, from my country. Never—never, may it be accursed with such fame.'

The above exhibits the sentiments of an enlightened mind and the feelings of a virtuous heart. Mr. Quincey thinks that the conquest of Canada would be very unfavourable to the liberty of the Americans.

'A body,' says he, 'of thirty or fifty thousand such men, combined, armed, and under a popular leader, is a very formidable force.—They want only discipline and service to make them veterans. Opportunity to acquire these, Canada will afford. The army which advances to the walls of Quebec, in the present condition of Canadian preparation, must be veteran. And a veteran army, under a popular leader, flushed with victory, each individual realizing, that while the body remains combined, he may be something, and possibly very great: that if dissolved, he sinks into insignificance, will not be disbanded by vote. They will consult with one another, and with their beloved chieftain, upon this subject; and not trouble themselves about

the advice of the old people who are knitting and weaving in the chimney corners of Washington. Let the American people receive this as an undoubted truth, which experience will verify. —*Whoever plants the American standard on the walls of Quebec, conquers it for himself, and not for the people of these United States.*—Whoever lives to see that event—may my head be low in the dust before it happen!—will witness a dynasty established in that country by the sword. He will see a king or an emperor, dukedoms and earldoms, and baronies distributed to the officers, and knight's fees bestowed on the soldiery. Such an army will not trouble itself about geographical lines in partitioning out the divisions of its new empire, and will run the parallels of its power by other steel than that of the compass.—When that event happens, the people of New England, if they mean to be free, must have a force equal to defend themselves against such an army. And a military force equal to this object will itself be able to enslave the country.'

From the moment that the government of the United States proceeded to a declaration of war against Great Britain and set an army on foot to conquer Canada, she began to enter on that career of military folly and extravagance, which the governments of the old world have so long run; by which the progress of civilization and of intellectual and moral improvement has been kept back for centuries; and by which the stock of human happiness has been diminished beyond all possible calculation. For who can calculate the mass of misery, of every species, which has been inflicted upon individuals and nations only by the wars which have taken place in Europe since the period of the reformation? And, how different would have been the face of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and England, both in a physical, an intellectual and a moral point of view, if the active powers of these nations, instead of being constantly occupied in mutual butchery and destruction, had been confined to the more pacific pursuits of agriculture, of commerce, and the arts; and if the same resources had been expended and the same pains been employed in the moral and intellectual culture of the youth of nations, as in disciplining them to cut each other's throats!—Who that, for a moment, balances the advantages of peace against the calamities of war can hesitate to prefer even the worst peace to the best war which was ever waged? But the American republic, which ought, from the nature of its constitution, and a wise prospective view of the dangers of war to every free government, to have been uniformly pacific, has, in the present instance, rushed into war with as much temerity as any of the mo-

narchies of Europe, which are more warlike both in constitution and in principle, and which seem to consider war as the best means of augmenting their own influence and of keeping their people dependent and enslaved. The people of the United States will find that this war, in which they have so improvidently engaged, will be very adverse to their liberties. It must greatly augment the patronage and power of the executive; and may ultimately lead to the establishment of a standing army, which was formerly an object of such constant jealousy in this country; and though that jealousy has been, in some degree, extinguished by the new state of things which has been produced by the French revolution, yet we trust that this good old English feeling will again revive; and that even the steel of the sword, sharp as it is, will be blunted and rendered harmless by the parchment of the law. Where any country is covered by a standing army, civil liberty can exist only by sufferance; and the liberties of America can be no more safe against its inroads than those of Europe in ancient or in modern times.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*Evangelical Principles of Religion vindicated, and the Inconsistency and dangerous Tendency of the Unitarian Scheme exposed; in a Series of Letters, addressed to the Rev. T. Watson: in reply to his Book, intitled "A Plain Statement of some of the most important Principles of Religion, as a Preservative against Infidelity, Enthusiasm, and Immorality." By George Young, Minister of the Associate Congregation in Cliff Lane, Whitby.* London: Williams, 1812, 8vo. 6s.

THOUGH our opinions do not accord with those of the author on the principles of evangelical religion, yet, as we feel it a duty to deal out impartial justice to religionists of all denominations, we have no hesitation in acknowledging that Mr. Young has defended his peculiar tenets with more learning and acuteness, and, where he does not lose his way in the intricate labyrinth of predestination and other mysteries, with more show of reason than we have usuallyfound in persons of the sect to which he belongs. The Calvinistic system has not often had an abler advocate. We are only sorry that this ability has been employed in defending doctrines which are irrational in themselves; and, therefore,

cannot have proceeded from the Divine Mind; and which, moreover, if they were made rules of conduct, would infallibly lead to every species of depravity. We have no doubt that Mr. Young, and many other persons of the same persuasion, are good and exemplary characters. But then this exemplary goodness is not the effect of their belief in the doctrines of original sin, predestination, &c., but of habits of moral obedience formed in spite of that belief. He, who really believes that his will and affections, and in short his whole moral nature, are so thoroughly vitiated and corrupt that he can do nothing good, will not make the attempt: for in the first place he would know it to be impossible; and in the next place he could not make it for want of the previous will, which would irresistibly incline him the other way. A man cannot will two totally different things at one and the same time; and accordingly he, whose will is radically depraved and corrupt, according to the partizans of original sin, must will corruption and depravity, for he can will nothing else. And it requires no great depth of philosophy to shew, that where there is no will to do good, no good can be done. Now we have little doubt but that great good is often done by those who believe in this total repugnance of the will to do it; and this proves, first, that they act in opposition to their belief, and next, that that innate disinclination of the will to do good, which is an article of their belief, is a mere chimera of the brain, and has no real existence in the constitution of man. If the nature of man were so thoroughly vitiated, so morbid and rotten to the very core, as our worthy friends, the Calvinists, pretend, all virtuous actions would be impossible, without a perpetual repetition of miracles. For it would be quite as much a miracle for a man to act against his nature as it would for a stone, of its own motion, to mount up into the air instead of gravitating towards the earth. If a man had an *innate* disposition to lying, he would be as forcibly impelled to tell lies in any given circumstances, as he now is, when there is no obstruction in the way of the act, to eat when he is hungry, or drink when he is dry. —No man, therefore, acording to the Calvinistic system, could speak truth or perform any other virtuous action without a constraint being exerted upon his nature, which comes as near to the idea of a miracle as the counteraction of the law of gravitation, or any other established process in the physical constitution of the world.———We are moreover to consider that, if any individual were thoroughly and practically impressed with the truth of the Calvinistic hypothesis that, his nature is so entirely vitiated that he can do nothing but what is evil, he would not even attempt to do what is good. For no one attempts to do what he knows and feels to be impossible. No man in his senses attempts to push St. Paul's church into the Thames.

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ART. 12.—*Universal and saving Grace asserted and demonstrated, or a Scriptural Refutation of the Doctrines of absolute and unconditional Predestination, in Letters to the Proprietors of the Gospel Magazine. Letter the First. In which are noticed, chiefly, some of the Arguments, Inconsistencies, and Contradictions, contained in a Treatise on the Subject. By the late A. Toplady, A. B. Vicar of Hembury, Devon.* London: Longman, 1813. 12mo.

SOME plain and useful remarks are here made on the doctrines which are mentioned in the title.

ART. 13.—*The Protestant's Manual, or Popery unveiled. Being a brief Exposition of the Doctrines and Errors of the Church of Rome. By a Member of the Church of England.* London: Sharpe, 1813, 1s. 12mo.

THIS may be 'a brief exposition' of what the doctrines and errors of the church of Rome have been at particular periods; but it is a gross misrepresentation of what they are at present; and if all churches are to be loaded with the opprobrium of any corruptions either in doctrine or in practice which they have ever sanctioned, we fear that the Protestant will have little more occasion to triumph than the Catholic. All churches have erred at different times and in various points, both speculative and practical; and therefore, instead of reviling each other with malignity and intolerance, they should unite in the sentiment of mutual charity and forbearance.

ART. 14.—*An Inquiry into the Evidence of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion.* London: Bickerstaff, 1813.

THE author strongly inculcates this position, that '*if Christianity be of divine origin, we are incompetent to decide on its good or bad effects, because we are unable, from the very nature of our faculties, to ascertain its whole effects.*' But how is the divine origin of the religion itself to be determined except by investigation? The divine origin of the religion is not an innate idea; nor is the conviction of it produced in the mind by any supernatural means. We come to the conclusion that the religion is divine in the same manner as we do to other reasonable conclusions, by the previous process of intellectual research, unless we choose to take our faith upon trust, and believe through another's conviction rather than our own. But, if we are competent to decide on the divine origin of the Christian religion, we are surely qualified to form an opinion of its good or bad effects. If we cannot 'decide on its good or bad effects, because,' according to the author, 'we are unable from the very nature of our faculties, to ascertain its *whole* effects,' by which we suppose he means its operations in another world, he might as well have said that we are incompetent to decide on the good or bad effects of virtue or of vice, which probably

extend into a very remote futurity, as far as they are the acts of accountable agents; but yet we can judge with great truth of the present effects both of virtue and of vice; and so we can with equal truth of the present effects of the Christian religion, whether good or bad, notwithstanding the contraction of our views and the limitation of our faculties. What is essentially good or bad must be good or bad in the present as well as in the future; and there is no more occasion for a knowledge of what will follow the day of judgment to determine whether the effects of the religion be good or bad, than whether in itself it be of divine or of human origin. The right use of the reason is sufficient in both cases. The writer, p. 11. admits that 'to prove a miracle there must be miraculous evidence, because no fact or event can be proved without tantamount evidence, or evidence of equal degree.' After this admission, which seemed not a little perilous, the author next attempts to shew with respect to the Christian religion, that 'there is miraculous proof in its support.' For this purpose he quotes what he deems some prophetic passages from the Old Testament, relative to the dispersion and restoration of the Jews; and he asks with respect to the fulfilment of the prophecies relative to the dispersion, 'What stronger miracle can be conceived than this?'

ART. 15.—*A Tenet of the Millennium; or of the first Resurrection to the Reign of Christ upon Earth for a thousand Years. By E. L.* London: Rees, 1813, 12mo. 3s.

THE writer of this little tract appears to be a person of unaffected piety, and a sincere believer in the divine authority of the apocalypse; and consequently in the tenet of the millennium, which has its principal support in that book. The author in his diffusive benevolence is anxious that others should participate, as well as himself, in the pleasurable expectation of a thousand years of peace and bliss, such as the world has never before seen, nor is likely to see till the prediction, which the writer of this tract so warmly espouses, is accomplished.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*A Series of Letters, with Editorial Remarks on the existing Differences between England and America. Inscribed to the Earl of Darnley. By Captain Fairman, Aid-de-Camp and military Secretary to the late Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Curacoa, and its Dependencies, &c.* London: Williams, 1813, 8vo. 3s.

THE letters mentioned in the title-page, which throw some light on the present contest between Great Britain and the United States, were originally written for the Military Magazine. But Captain Fairman, who was the proprietor of that magazine, thought them of sufficient importance to merit a se-

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parate publication. To this publication, besides a dedication to the Earl of Darnley, he has subjoined some sensible observations of his own.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*The Wanderings of Woe, or Conjugal Affection, a Tribute to the Memory of a beloved Wife; with an Appendix, containing the Wrongs of the Academical Clergy, &c. &c. By the Rev. James Cox, D. D. of Wadham College, Oxford, and Master of Gainsborough School.* London: Mawman, 1813. price 5s.

THESE verses were written, at a time of very great distress, occasioned by the loss of a tenderly beloved wife. The first piece, called the Dirge, was composed by the author during the week that the object of his affections lay unburied; and was consequently written in all the bitterness of woe. Under such circumstances criticism is disarmed. We respect and venerate the author's griefs too much, wantonly to cavil at any defects in the composition. It is sufficient that he found some relief under the pressure of affliction in the indulgence of his muse on the melancholy occasion.—We shall therefore pass on to the poem, called the Wanderings of Woe, which was written when some little time had elapsed since the death of his wife; and when, we presume, that his griefs had become more calm. Dr. Cox appears to have had his share of the toils, disappointments and mortifications of this mortal life; but his griefs and anxieties were, he tells us, so softened by his amiable partner, that he seems to have enjoyed a greater share of domestic comfort than is usually experienced.

The poem is written in the style of Cowper; and many of the lines are by no means unworthy of that great poet. The story of Ophelia is pathetically told. The author deplores the hardships to which women are often reduced by the want of employments, which are well suited to them, but which are engrossed by the other sex. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the style of this poem.

> Woman, thy lot I oft commiserate,
> For thou hast not the many paths, which lead
> To comfort, open to thy steps, as has
> Thy brother, man; but, like his moon, art doom'd
> To draw thy all from him. Should fortune look
> Unkindly on thy birth, then must thou learn
> Each art to catch the eye, and thou must frame
> Those arts to thy society: if gay,
> The waltz, the song, the harp, the tambourine
> Must show thy graces, half denude thy form,
> In wanton innocence.—* * * *

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I would not take
Thee, woman, to the bar, the senate house,
The 'Change, yet are there walks, to thy soft feet
Well suited. Nature gave thee gentleness,
To rear and train the tender mind, and pour
The waters of instruction on its buds
And opening leaves, as Eve in Paradise
The shrubs and flowers nurs'd up whilst Adam prun'd
The statelier trees. And are not thy fine limbs
Furnish'd with more elastic grace than man's?
Thy fingers with more delicacy turn'd?
I cannot bear to see my daughter's limbs
The foreign coxcomb seize with his rude hand
Hang o'er her rising bosom, and entomb
The virgin's blush, best mark of innocence,
In custom's charnel house.'

Dr. Cox's indignation rises as he proceeds, and he warmly asks

'Want ye, rulers, food,
For gunpowder? Here, then, supply your wants.
Ye press-gangs and recruiting serjeants, lead
Them to the Frenchman's maw, instead of frogs.
Thus many a female will be sav'd from vice,
Whom shame and want compel to take her hire.'

In canto the fifth Dr. Cox in describing his methods to dissipate his grief, pays a very just compliment to Miss Hawkins, the authoress of the excellent novel called the Countess and Gertrude.

'To books I fled,
Or classic lore, or witching ravishment
Of gentle poesy, or well-wrought tale
Of moral truth, to steal me from myself.
Such as thy hands, high-gifted Hawkins, wove,
Admir'd unknown! who, like a giant mound,
To stop the down-hill ruin of thy sex,
Nor less of mine, hast interpos'd thy arm.'

Dr. Cox, like every other thinking man, judges that righteousness is the best passport to heaven, without distinction of churches or creeds, and takes an opportunity of mentioning with well merited praise the amiable and enlightened Bishop of Norwich.

'Presumptuous man! heaven's keys
Are not to thee confided, nor that church,
Which bars out all except its own. The mind
Upright and pure, admission there shall find,
Or Protestant or Papist, or whose faith
Socinus' self and persecuted Priestley teach,
If pure, sincere conviction stamp that creed.
I would not lay a tributary straw

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On modes of keeping man's account with God.
Alone the sword of argument I'd wield,
Nor dare to wrest the sceptre from his hand.
Thee mitred Bathurst, he, whose mild rebuke
The fiery zealots check'd, beholds well-pleased.
And, in the book of life thy name enroll'd,
A higher throne for thy translation builds
Than kings or courts can give. Thee, history's pen
Shall on her adamantine tablet grave,
Glorious exception! when thy dust and mine
Shall undistinguish'd mix, there thou shalt live.'

We shall now take leave of Dr. Cox, and trust that time, the great soother of all woes, and resignation to the Divine will, the best of all cordials for low spirits, will dispel the cloud by which his mind is at present oppressed, and again make him behold the sunshine of pleasurable existence.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Aretas, a Novel, in 4 Vols. By Emma Parker, Author of Elfrida, Heiress of Belgrove; and Virginia, or the Peace of Amiens.* London: Crosby, 1813: price 24s.

THE fair authoress of Aretas assures the public that there is no one so well aware as herself, of the difficulty of writing a good novel. Indeed so difficult does it appear, and so difficult does Miss Parker represent it, that we marvel how she came to venture on so arduous an undertaking. In Miss Parker's opinion almost avery other species of composition is trifling, compared to the Herculean labour of bringing a novel out of the brain. Miss Parker says that the historian has nothing more to do than to 'state facts and quote authorities in pleasing language.' The biographer has nothing else to mind but not to tell fibs. As to the composition of what are called periodical papers, Miss Parker requests the public to believe that there is nothing so easy under the sun. In fact it is a mere bagatelle affair.—Such are the *funny ideas* which our fair authoress entertains of the marvellous facility with which historians, biographers, and periodical writers may produce their respective works. We forbear making any remarks upon this flippant prating;—for such it really is. If Miss Parker is so well aware of the difficulties of novel writing as she pretends, we would advise her for the future not to *talk so much about it*; but to set to work in right earnest, and endeavour to surmount them if she is determined to write novels; and she certainly seems tolerably persevering in her vocation of a novelist.——Aretas, the novel now before us, is not the best which Miss Parker has written—nor is it quite the worst—for Virginia was very bad indeed.—Elfrida, which, we believe, was her first, was infinitely a better produc-

tion than the present. There was something singular in the idea of Elfrida, a young, elegant and rich heiress, taking a fancy to bring up a youth according to her romantic notions of perfection; and when he was completed to her mind to make him her husband. We not only give her credit for this odd idea, but the tale itself was very well managed altogether. The characters which compose the present work, are quite every day ones; and we know not how Miss Parker could have managed to complete four good stout volumes, had she not had recourse to the hackneyed expedient of transporting her hero into Italy. This convenient method of travelling answers more purposes than one; for the author can with the utmost ease introduce the assassin, the jealous lover, the maiden devoted to a monastic life, and the artful priest;—and in doing all this she has a great variety of characters placed instantly before her view. Miss Parker has had all her wits about her in this respect, and she has likewise availed herself of the intelligent and agreeable traveller, Mr. Brydone, &c. in her descriptions of Italian skies and Italian scenery—so that what with a little of one and a little of the other, she has eked out 4 vols. of very decent bulk. Miss Parker expatiates in her preface upon the difficulties of novel-writing; and these difficulties we think she has increased by making one of her principal characters a political one. This is Sir Henry Mansfield; represented as a strong *party man*.—And this affords Miss Parker a happy opportunity of convincing the world that she is, what she calls, a *regular Pittite*. The following may serve as a specimen of Miss Parker's political sentiments, and her style of writing; for speaking of Mr. Fox she says,

'Scarcely had the *smile of triumph* on the features of those who had so long vainly panted for distinction, subsided into complacency of confident security, when the basis of their new found honours was hurled to the dust, and the successor to that elevated situation, (ambition's favourite aim) in the course of a few short months followed to the grave, him, who in life it had been his constant destiny to oppose! Like the sickly moon deprived of the glorious orb from which it had borrowed lustre, the lesser light faded away, and the political world seemed for a while in total darkness, *save* where some glimmering stars emitted a faint ray, and to whose uncertain gleam time and experience alone could reconcile us.'

So much for the 'glorious orb,' and the 'sickly moon.' We should however very much like to know who are these *twinkling stars*, which time and experience might, with great good luck, reconcile to Miss Emma Parker as tolerable statesmen. We presume that these *little twinklers* will not feel themselves much flattered by our fair authoress's comparison, which indicates a hardly perceptible ray of intellectual light. However they may

comfort themselves that, if Mr. Fox was only a *sickly moon shining with borrowed lustre*, they were not compared to *farthing rushlights*, intead of tiny *stars*. But Miss Parker, not content with *just touching* upon politics, enters knee deep into the business; and proceeds heart and soul together to inform us how very capable she is of conducting a contested election; for proof of which she very obligingly exemplifies the management of the whole in the character of Mr. Anthony Greaves, who is represented as a violent supporter of Sir Francis Burdett, and into whose vulgar mouth Miss Parker has put all the shreds and patches of the very worst parts of the baronet's harangues.

With respect to the story of the novel before us, it is very poor indeed.—A young lad falls in love with a young lady some years older than himself; and determines *never, no never* to marry any one else. The result of the business is shown in a very few chapters. The young gentleman soon tumbles into a much deeper pit of love with the very lady upon whom his parents had wished him to have fixed his choice. The lady, who was his first and boyish *penchant*, consoles herself with a baronet of good fortune, who is of a much more suitable age, and with whom, in a short fortnight, Miss finds herself more in love than she did with the Adonis, Aretas Mansfield.——— With such a meagre plot and, as we said before, such every day characters, it is wonderful how Miss Parker could make out four volumes;—but with the help of inveighing against Sir Francis Burdett, of a malignant Italian, a four in hand driver, some dissipated military personages, and the agreeable traveller Brydone, she has managed the affair as well as any *book-maker* could do in his Majesty's United Kingdoms, take them where you will. We presume that this has been a very hasty production; for very numerous are its faults;—and still more numerous are its typographical errors;—which are quite unpardonable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*Correspondence on the Formation, Objects, and Plan of the Roman Catholic Foreign Bible Society; including Letters from the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Clifford, Right Rev. Bishop Poynter, Rev. Peter Gandolphy, Ant. Rich. Blake, and Charles Butler, Esqrs. With Notes and Observations exhibiting the genuine Principles of Roman Catholics.* London: Seeley, 2s. 6d.

THE result which we collect from the perusal of the present correspondence is that the Roman Catholics are not willing to circulate any translation of the scriptures amongst the members of their communion without accompanying it with such notes as seem to them most expedient to preserve the ignorant from those errors and delusions, which might tempt them to wander out of the pale of their ancient faith; and to set up for independent

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expositors of the holy text. Messrs. Blair and Lefroy on the part of the Bible Society, appear to have laboured very strenuously to convince the Rev. Peter Gandolphy and the members of the Catholic Board that it behoved them to unite with that society in circulating the scriptures without note or commentary. For this purpose the Bible Society offered to print 'the Rhenish version' of the New Testament, which is what the Roman Catholics approve; and to distribute it amongst the indigent part of the Catholic body; but this offer does not appear to have been received with much complacency by the Catholics, as the version was to be unaccompanied with notes, without which the Catholics do not seem to think it expedient to let the scriptures be perused by the less enlightened part of their communion. —In one of his letters to the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, Mr. Blair said,

'It is a painful and humiliating reflection to me, that Roman Catholic principles, even in this enlightened age and country, do not allow the clergy to circulate God's unerring word with freedom and sincere confidence; as if that, which Divine wisdom has mercifully condescended to dictate, were not sufficiently intelligible, nor free from mischievous obscurity, and not efficacious to save souls, without our conceited interpretations! I well know the arguments by which you defend yourselves, in restraining the use of the Bible unfettered by notes; but they appear to me lighter than vanity, and totally fail in producing any conviction.'

To the above the Rev. Peter Gandolphy replied:

'Sir, I do not see that I can begin my letter more properly than as you have concluded your's. It is a painful and humiliating reflection, that the principles of a surgeon, even in this enlightened age and country, do not allow surgeons to put the knife into every body's hands, with freedom and sincere confidence; as if that which Divine wisdom has mercifully condescended to provide for the benefit of man, were not sufficiently manageable, and safe from mischievous accidents, and not efficacious to cure, without the conceited directions of experience.' —'I well know,' exclaims the impudent mountebank, 'the arguments by which you surgeons and physicians defend yourselves in restraining the use of the knife from those who have not had surgical education. But they appear to us lighter than vanity, and totally fail in producing conviction.'

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

ART. 20.—*The Nursery Companion; or, the Rules of English Grammar in Verse. By a Lady.* London: Crosby, 1813.

GREAT and learned authorities may be produced for teaching the rules of grammar in verse rather than in prose. The versification of the rules certainly assists the memory; but does it equally assist the understanding?

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ART. 21.—*The Elements of Arithmetic, being a full, clear, and comprehensive Introduction to the Science of Numbers, for the Use of Schools and private Tuition. In Five Parts, each published separately.* London: Wilkie, part 1st. 10d. part 2d. 1s. 3d.

ONLY two parts of these Elements are before us. The first contains the requisite tables and the simple rules, with examples and questions. The second contains the compound rules, with examples, &c. No author publishes a book on any subject which he does not deem, at least in some respects, better than the performances of his predecessors. Mr. Ward seems to think that he has rendered the acquisition of the Elements of Arithmetic more cheap and easy by publishing this work in detached parts, so that the scholar, who does not wish to proceed beyond the simple or the compound rules, need not purchase what he does not want, or will never use. So far so good;—but he, who means to continue his progress in the science of numbers till he arrives at the extraction of the square and cube roots, will probably find it more convenient and more economical to purchase a treatise on arithmetic in one volume rather than in the separate parts of Mr. Ward.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in July, 1813.

A VIEW of the French Campaign in Russia in 1812, 7s.

A Letter to Wm. Cobbett on his Article "The Trinity," by a Friend to Christianity, 2s.

A Correspondence of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox and the late Gilbert Wakefield, B. A., in the Year 1796—1801, chiefly on Subjects of Classical Literature.

A Brief Sketch of the Services of Sir G. H. Barlow, Bart. and K. B. Governor of Madrass, 2s. 6d.

Allston W.--The Sylphs of the Seasons, 8vo. 6s.

Bruce J. Esq., M. P.—Substance of his Speech respecting India Affairs, 8vo. 2s.

Buchanan Rev. Claud, Letter to the East India Company concerning the Idol Juggernaut, 1s.

Bramwell G.—An Analytical Table of the private Statutes passed between 1st. Geo. 2d. A. D. 1727 and the 52d. Geo. 3d. A. D. 1812.

Boxiana, or Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism, 12s.

Bliss Philip, Esq.—Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, Augmented in Text and Notes, and continued to the Year 1800. 4to. Vol. 1st. £3. 13s. 6d.

Cave Henry.—Antiquities of York, illustrated by Forty-one Etchings, £2. 12s. 6d.

Childe Alarique.—A Poet's Reverie, 4to. 15s.

Colman G.—Vagaries vindicated; Hypocritical Hypercriticks, a Poem addressed to the Reviewers, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Carpenter J.—An English Vocabulary, 12mo. 2s.

Cumberland Richard, Esq.—The posthumous Dramatic Works of, 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 4s.

Edgeworth Lovell, Esq. F. R. S.—An Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages, 8vo. 14s.

Faber Rev. G. S. B. D.—A Practical Treatise on the ordinary Operations of the Holy Spirit, 8vo. 7s.

Ferrier J. M. D.—An Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions, 4s. 6d.

Grant Robert, Esq.—A Sketch of the History of the East India Company from its first Formation to the passing of the Regulating Act of 1773, 8vo. 15s.

Gabbett Joseph, Esq.— A digested Index and comparative View of the Statute Law of England and Ireland to the Year 1811, 3 Vols. £3. 12s. 6d.

Gibbs G. S. M. D.—A Treatise on the Bath Waters, 3s. 6d.

Hartstronge M. W., Esq. — The Minstrelsy of Erin, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Hewlett Rev. John. — A concise History of the Jews from their re-establishment by Ezra and Nehemiah to the destruction of Jerusalem, 12mo. 6s.

Hoare Prince, Esq. — Epochs of the Arts; 8vo. 15s.

Herbert Sir T. — Memoirs of the two last Years of the Reign of Charles the First, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Historical Sketches of Politics and public Men for the Year 1812, 8vo. 7s.

Hoare R. Esq. — Further Observations on the Increase of Population and high Price of Grain, 1s. 6d.

Institutes of the Christian Religion by John Calvin: a New Translation of, 3 Vols. £2. 5s.

Kerr R. H., D. D. — Sermon to commemorate the Virtues of the late Rev. Mr. Schwartz, 2s. 6d.

Kelsall C., Esq. — The two last Pleadings of Cicero against Verres. Translated from the Original with Notes, 15s.

Levis M. le Duc de.—Souvenir et Portraits, 8vo.

Leslie John, F. R. S. G.—A short Account of Experiments and Instruments depending on the relations of Air to Heat and Moisture, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Lockhart James.—A Method of approximating towards the Roots of cubic Equations belonging to the Irreducible Case with a Diagram of the Case, &c. 8vo. 7s 6d.

Luders A., Esq.—An Essay on the Character of Henry the Fifth when Prince of Wales, 5s.

Le Grice C. Val. — Indifference not Christian Charity.

Memoires Historiques, Litteraire, et Anecdotiques tirés de la Correspondence &c. de Grimm et Diderot, 2 Vols. 8vo.

Musgrave T. M. — The Re-establishment of an effective Balance of Power the only solid Basis of a general and permanent Peace, 2s. 6d.

Mac-floggem Peter, Esq., M. D. —Æsculapian Secrets revealed, 6s.

Northcote James, Esq.—Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 4to.

O'Beirne T., L. D. D., Bishop of Meath.—Sermons on important Subjects, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Parkes S.—The Rudiments of Chemistry illustrated by Experiments, 5s.

Potter Matilda. — Mount Erin, an Irish Tale, 10s. 6d.

Perpetual War the Policy of Mr. Maddison, by a New England Farmer, 8vo. 5s.

Ryder Hon. and Rev. H. — A Sermon for the Benefit of St. Mary's, Leicester, 2s.

Representations of the Brazilian Merchants against the Insults offered to the Portuguese Flag, 4s.

Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Harrowby on the Stipendary Curate's Bill, 2s.

Strictures on that part of the Diversions of Purley, which professes to give the true Account of the Words OF and FOR, 2s.

Stael Madame de—Reflections on Suicide, 12mo. 5s.

Stewart Professor. — A History of Bengal, compiled principally from the Native Historians, 4to.

Sinclair Sir John.—An Account of the Highland Society of London, 3s.

Thorn W.— Pedestrianism, or an Account of the Performances during the last and present Century, 8vo 10s. 6d.

T. Livii Patavini Historiarum libri qui supersunt. Recensuit et notis ad usum Scholarum, accommodatis instruxit, J. B. L. Crevier, 8vo. 6 Vols. £2. 2s. large Paper £3. 3s.

The Life of Pill Garlick, 8s.

The Rival Chiefs, or the Battle of the Boyne, 12mo. 8s.

The Adventures of a Hackney Coach, 3s.

The Rival Roses, or Wars of York and Lancaster, a Metrical Tale, 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 1s.

Transubstantiation; or the Catholic Art of converting Opposition Rats into Treasury Moles, 5s.

The Shannon and the Chesapeake, a Poem, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Wilkins W. M. A. F. A. S.—The Civil Architecture of Vitruvius, 4to. £3. 3s. Royal folio, £6. 6s. part 1st.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV. AUGUST, 1813. *No. II.*

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from the Accession of Philip the Fifth to the Death of Charles the Third*, 1700—1788. *Drawn from original and unpublished Documents. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts, &c. &c.* 3 *Vols. 4to.* Longman, 1813, £6. 6s.

IT would not be easy to name any writer to whom the future historian of the 18th century will be so deeply indebted as to Mr. Coxe for the stores of original and authentic information which he has collected and arranged for his service. His Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole and those of the house of Austria, are invaluable repositories of knowledge; but he has perhaps never had access to so interesting a variety of documents, and has never employed the resources which he could command to so great advantage, as on the occasion of the publication which it is now our duty to notice. He does not appear to us at all to over-estimate those resources, when he says,

'With respect to manuscript authorities, I trust, without incurring the imputation of vanity, I may boast, that for number, authenticity, and interest, they yield to none ever committed to the inspection of any individual writer.'

They are thus enumerated: the diplomatic correspondence of the British government with the courts of Europe in general during the greater part of the last century—the correspondence and papers of our ministers and agents in Spain—and a great variety of plans, reports, and commu-

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nications, from numerous individuals, either directly or indirectly connected with the British Government. We shall content ourselves with particularly noticing some of the most remarkable of these documents, referring our readers to the author's preface for the remainder.

The letters from Torcy and Harcourt, the one secretary of state and the other minister at Madrid, relative to the testament of Charles the Second and the Bourbon succession, possess the inestimable merit of unfolding the views and conduct of Louis the Fourteenth with regard to those extraordinary and momentous transactions so fully as to leave, in our opinion, no room for any future doubt or controversy on the subject. It is indeed rendered most manifest, by Torcy's own share in this correspondence, and directly in contradiction to the repeated asseverations made by him in his published memoirs, that the French king was really at the bottom of all the intrigues which led to the nomination of his grandson. To enable our readers to judge more correctly of the value of these papers, and at the same time spare ourselves the trouble of recurring to the subject, we shall in this place present them with the grounds on which Mr. Coxe has drawn the conclusion, in which we fully agree with him.

'A few remarks,' he says, 'will shew that the French secretary contradicts himself, and that he is involved in the embarrassment of a man who is conscious of the truth, but unwilling to avow it.

'1. He describes Portocarrero as principally instrumental in extorting the will from Charles.

'2. He owns that Portocarrero had zealously devoted himself to France, even before the death of the Bavarian prince, and mentions his repeated professions of attachment to that cause, which he (the cardinal) called the cause of truth and justice.

'3. That Harcourt exactly informed the king of the state of the Spanish court and nation.

'4. That Harcourt maintained a constant communication with Portocarrero, and among other instances in which he referred to the approbation or advice of the cardinal, mentions the celebrated memorial in favour of the Bourbon claims.

'5. That after the departure of Harcourt, Portocarrero promised to communicate to Blécourt every thing which might contribute to facilitate the nomination of a French prince.

'6. That Louis was acquainted with the intentions of Charles in favour of his family, by means of Cardinal Janem, who was charged with the affairs of France at Rome.

'7. That Blécourt wrote to his court, "that, *according to*

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the reports at Madrid, a son of the dauphin was called to the throne, and that Portocarrero had constantly and usefully laboured for this end."

'Without adverting to other facts of a similar nature, which it would be easy to adduce, we may from these avowals appeal to the impartial judgment of the reader, whether Louis could be ignorant of the machinations at Madrid, in favour of his grandson; whether he could be unacquainted with the execution and contents of the will; and lastly, whether the transfer of the crown to a Bourbon prince, can be said to have been effected by intrigues and without human intervention.

'Indeed, since this transaction has ceased to have a national and personal interest, the authority of Torcy has chiefly weighed with those English authors who still make it a question of party; for the most intelligent foreign writers, not excepting even the French themselves, admit the intrigues of Louis, and describe his conduct as the result of a systematic design to raise a prince of his own blood to the Spanish throne.'—Note, p. 69, vol. I.

These letters are preserved in the Hardwicke papers, which also contain those of Sir Luke Schaub and Earl Stanhope in the years 1717 and 1718.

The correspondence of Bubb Dodington, who was envoy in Spain from 1714 to 1716, is principally interesting, from the insight which it gives into the character of Alberoni, and of his short but brilliant administration, as that of Sir William Stanhope and of the Sicilian abbots Platania and Caraccioli is with regard to the administration of Ripperda.

Two very considerable and important periods in this history, viz. from 1723 to 1742, and from 1749 to 1757, were filled by the residence of Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid, in the respective characters of consul, envoy plenipotentiary, and ambassador. Of this personage and his valuable correspondence, the following is the character drawn by Mr. Coxe himself, who has added to it the opinion of one who must be considered as no incompetent judge.

'It would be needless to enlarge on the advantage I have derived from this unrivalled collection in regard to the administrations of La Paz and Patiño; the causes of the war in 1742, and above all in narrating the life and reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, which are comparatively little known even to the Spaniards themselves. Lastly, this collection has furnished the interesting correspondence with Mr. Pitt, on the attempt to implicate Spain in the war against France by the cession of Gibraltar. It has seldom been the lot of a public minister to fill

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so important a post as Sir Benjamin Keene, for so long a period of time, and with such general success; or to enjoy the honour of so intimate an intercourse with the sovereigns at whose court he resided.

'The late Earl of Hardwicke, who was an accurate judge of diplomatic merit, once purposed to publish an analysis of so valuable a portion of our diplomatic treasures; and thus spoke of Sir Benjamin Keene and his correspondence in his intended preface:

"Sir Benjamin Keene was remarkable for a thorough knowledge of the secret springs of the Spanish cabinet. The portraits he has drawn are singularly striking and descriptive; and the sketch he has left of Ferdinand the Sixth and his queen Barbara; of the discordant characters of Carvajal and Ensenada; of the means which he employed to procure the disgrace of Ensenada, and the appointment of Wall, is the most interesting narrative of secret history that ever was given in the dispatches of any ambassador. He was a perfect master of the forms of business in Spain, and always negociated with temper, firmness, and address. He never miscarried for want of laying his stress on the proper argument, or misapplying the means of enforcing it. His skill in the Spanish language contributed greatly to the success of his negociations. He knew how to accommodate himself to the circumstances of the times, and to adapt his conduct to the temper of the court in which he resided, and of the ministers with whom he negociated. Such justice is now done to the memory of Sir Benjamin Keene, that a comparison with him carries with it the eulogium of any foreign minister."—Preface, p. xvi.

The correspondence of Lord Rochford from 1763 to 1767, of Lord Malmesbury, in 1770, relative to the dispute concerning the Falkland islands, of Lord Grantham from 1771 to 1779, and of Lord Auckland during the administration of Florida Blanca, are among the most important of Mr. Coxe's remaining diplomatic treasures. We cannot now stop to particularize the several other documents for which he expresses his obligations to the late Earl of Orford, and shall merely mention the statement of Florida Blanca's administration written by himself, and the statistical account of the Spanish monarchy, of both which entire translations are subjoined by the author to his first volume. We have shewn enough of the materials for the volumes to answer our purpose of conveying a suitable impression to our readers of their importance, and shall now proceed to bestow upon them some of the amusement and gratification which we have ourselves derived from the perusal of their contents. In

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doing this, we shall designedly pass over many events and anecdotes, which, however interesting in themselves, are here communicated to us upon the authority of already published works, for the purpose of devoting a larger space to selections from the unpublished documents. Yet, notwithstanding this general intention, we shall be excused for bringing our readers in some measure acquainted with a few of the principal actors in the drama of the succession, and the celebrated war to which it gave rise, through the medium of the lively St. Simon, St. Philippe, and Noailles.

The indolent character of Philip, when not roused by the immediate pressure of circumstances to personal exertion, is well known, and is placed in the strongest light by the perpetual anxiety and uneasiness in which it involved the French monarch, and his constant intermeddling with the minutest concerns of his grandson's government which that anxiety naturally produced, and perhaps in some measure justified.

'I humbly request your majesty,' writes the young queen (Maria Louisa of Savoy) in a letter to Louis bearing date only a twelvemonth from the time of their marriage, 'to employ all the authority which you have, from so many motives, over the king your grandson, that he may accustom himself to say with a firm tone, *I will*, or *I will not*; finally, that he may endeavour to imitate you. He would be a perfect prince if he could attain this. I see in that case only one thing which ought to give me pain; it is that I should love him too much, for you know even in things the most allowable, there ought to be moderation.'

But the infirmity of Philip's mind arose from the constitutional defects of his body, and was not to be removed either by the spirited though affectionate exhortations of a beloved wife, or by the persecuting remonstrances of a parent, whom from early habit, joined to the necessities of his situation at first assuming the crown of Spain, he could never learn to consider in any other light than that of a sovereign. A fine contrast, however, to this constitutional imbecility is afforded by many parts of his conduct when under the influence of strong excitement; and scarcely any hero of antiquity deserves more admiration and higher praise either for personal valour or mental constancy and endurance than the first Bourbon monarch of Spain during the whole of the arduous contest which followed so close on his accession to 'the polished perturbation, golden care,' of his disputed diadem. Even in

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the peaceful administration of his government, much as the reader of his history is disgusted with the pervading fault of his character, he will yet be divided between contempt and pity for his weakness, while in the natural simplicity and rectitude of his heart and principles, and the soundness of his understanding, there is enough to excite his esteem and even his love for the individual. Of all the remarkable circumstances of the times, one which reflects the greatest honour both on his own, and the national character of the people committed to his charge, is that, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudice of Spaniards against the French, aggravated as it had been by the general conviction of the fraudulent intrigues employed by Louis to bring about the succession, and exasperated by the continual and injudicious interference of that king and his ministers in the internal administration of Spain, so great was their enthusiasm in favour of a prince who was now *de facto* their sovereign, and who had exhibited proofs of a courage and firmness always dear to the chivalrous feelings of the nation, that they bore him at last successfully through the struggle against forces decidedly superior, and obstacles apparently insurmountable. Both the political and military history of this memorable war deserve to be closely studied by the statesmen and generals of the present day; and the Spanish character as displayed in its various and shifting scenes, serves on more than one occasion to illustrate that of their descendants, the victors of Baylen, the defenders of Saragossa, the thousand times beaten, routed, dispersed, but ever unconquered and unconquerable people. Could ambition ever stop while pursuing its purposes for reflection on the lessons of past experience, Bonaparte might have read the history of the succession, and been taught by it to retain as allies those whom he would never have hoped to reduce to subjects.

To return from this digression. If Philip could at times assume the hero, his first queen, to whom we have already introduced our readers, was fitted as much as the most heroic female we read of in history, to stimulate and exalt his latent energy. She is thus described at the period of her first meeting with her husband.

'Maria Louisa had scarcely entered her fourteenth year, and appeared still more youthful from the smallness of her stature; but her spirit and understanding partook of the early maturity of her native climate, and to exquisite beauty of person and countenance she united the most captivating manners and

graceful deportment. Her character and disposition had been keenly scrutinized, and as her father's (the Duke of Savoy's) wily and ambitious spirit had become proverbial, Louis dreaded lest a court, the most adroit, refined, and enterprising in Italy, should attempt to rule by her agency. To prevent therefore the effects which might result from a confidential intercourse with Turin, the strictest (though secret) orders were given to dismiss all her Piedmontese attendants when she reached the Spanish frontier, and to place her under the direction of her camerara-mayor, the princess Orsini, who had previously joined her on board the galley in which she had sailed from the coast of Genoa. The execution of this unwelcome order made a deep impression on the mind of the young princess, who was sensibly affected by the sorrow of her attendants, and gave way to the most bitter lamentations. Her excessive grief confirmed the vigilant jealousy of the French court; in conformity with their previous orders, the princess and Marsin restrained the impatience of the youthful bridegroom; and even after the solemnization of the nuptials extorted from him his consent to a temporary separation till the spirit of the queen had been subdued. The expedient produced its effect; and Louville was dispatched to France to announce the marriage as well as the victory which was thus supposed to have been gained over the machinations of the court of Turin.'

In reply to this communication, Louis sent to his grandson a series of instructions by way of advice, to strengthen him against the ascendency which he apprehended; and this letter, preserved by Noailles, is extremely curious, from the strong light that it reflects on the character both of the writer and of him to whom it is addressed.

'The court of France, however, and its agents soon discovered that all their suspicions were groundless; and that the grief of the queen, far from being an artifice of studied policy, was the sorrow natural to her youth and lively temper on being separated from her early associates. But they were soon equally convinced that no expedient could prevent her amiable qualities from gaining an uncontrollable ascendency over the mind of her doting and pliant husband; and their next care was employed to manage Philip by her agency, and direct her conduct by means of the princess Orsini, of whose zeal and attachment they were well assured.'—Vol. I. p. 45, &c.

The character and history of the very extraordinary woman last mentioned are, from the influence which she possessed in the administration of the Spanish monarchy during the first fourteen years of the reign of Philip, objects of no inconsiderable curiosity and importance; and in the memoirs now before us, they also are placed in the strongest light by the frequent extracts from her own cor-

respondence. But as these extracts, amusing as they are, are drawn from no original or unpublished sources, we pass them by and hasten to a more advanced period of our annals. The queen, Maria Louisa, died in the year 1714, and on her death, her poor husband abandoned himself to the excess of grief and despondency, from which nothing could recall him, but the project immediately set on foot by his courtiers (who knew and understood his real character *) of marrying him again. For this purpose various schemes were formed, as suited the respective views of each individual projector; and among the rest, the princess Orsini has been very commonly charged, notwithstanding her being far advanced in life at the time of the queen's death, with having entertained designs of securing for herself the vacant place.

'Such a project is necessarily involved in impenetrable mystery, but if we may attach credit to the assertion of Alberoni and Elizabeth Farnese, and even the avowal of Philip himself, the design was certainly formed, and perhaps frustrated only by a sense of shame, which the well-timed sarcasms of the confessor excited in the mind of Philip †.

At all events, the poor princess was in the end outwitted by a more able intriguer than herself. In the hopes of securing a continuance of at least the same degree of influence as she had enjoyed during the life of her first mistress, she now cast her eyes on the courts of the petty princes of Europe for a match suitable to her purpose.

'In this search, a casual suggestion of Alberoni, the subtle agent of the duke of Parma, induced her to fix her choice on a princess of the house of Farnese. Being engaged in conversation with Alberoni, while the funeral procession of the late queen was passing, she remarked, "We must provide a new wife for the king, and added the names of different princesses. The wily Italian raised objections to each, and penetrating her design, observed, "You must find one quiet and docile, and not likely to interfere in state affairs." The princess asking, "Where shall we discover such a person?" he rapidly recapitulated the princely families of Europe; and then, as if by accident recollecting himself, carelessly mentioned Elizabeth Far-

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* 'A man whom Alberoni coarsely characterized by the phrase, "he needs only a wife and a prayer-book."

† 'Le roi, says Duclos, aimant a s'entretenir des nouvelles de France avec son confesseur, lui demanda un jour ce qui se disoit de nouveau à Paris: *Sire*, repondit Robinat, *on y dit* que V. M. va épouser Madame des Ursins. *Oh! pour cela, non*, dit le Roi sechement, et passa.' Mem. Secrets, t. I. p. 74.

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nese, daughter of Edward, deceased duke of Parma, adding with the same tone of simplicity and indifference, "She is a good girl, plump, healthy, and well-fed, brought up in the petty court of her uncle, duke Francis, and accustomed to hear of nothing but needle-work and embroidery *." '

Such was the origin of the elevation of Elizabeth Farnese to the throne of Spain, which in the event was destined to involve all Europe in wars as obstinate and bloody as that which had signalized the accession of her husband to the monarchy. Its immediate effect as to the fate of its principal contriver and dupe, the princess Orsini, however tragical to herself, presents to our readers at this distance of time a broad and amusing piece of comedy. In the midst of her exultation at the success of her scheme,

' she discovered with indignation and alarm that she had been grossly deceived in the character of the future queen; who, instead of a simple and pliant girl, was of a temper and genius which scorned controul; and though apparently obedient to the mandates of a severe mother and rigorous step-father, possessed a spirit and understanding far above her age and sex. The information was not lost; for the jealous favourite instantly dispatched the most pressing orders to suspend the conclusion of the match. Her messenger arrived at Parma on the very morning of the ceremony; but as the object of his commission was suspected, he was stopped at the entrance of the city, and by bribes and threats induced to delay his appearance till the ensuing day.' Vol. ii. p. 86, 89, &c.

The dramatic effect of what follows is so admirable that, although the narrative is adopted from Duclos and St. Simon, we must in part repeat it. The princess having failed in her attempt to defeat the match she had herself made, was driven to put the best face upon the unavoidable calamity, and set out from Madrid in company with Philip to meet the bride.

' On the evening of the first day they reached Alcala; and here the princess, who had resumed her office of Camerara Mayor, quitted him to meet her new mistress. She passed on to Xadraca, a small village four miles beyond Guadalaxara, where the queen arrived while she was taking some refreshment. She instantly quitted the table, met the queen at the foot of the stairs, and, kneeling, kissed her hand. She was received with

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* ' Era una buona Lombarda, impastata da buttero e formaggio Picentino, elevata alla casalinga, et avezza di non sentirsi di altro parlare che di mertelli, ricami, e tele.' Poggiali: Memoire Storiche di Piacenza, p. 279.

apparent complacency, and in virtue of her office conducted her royal mistress to her apartment.

'She began to express the usual compliments, and to hint at the impatience of the royal bridegroom. But she was thunderstruck when the queen interrupted her with bitter reproaches, and affected to consider her dress and deportment as equally disrespectful. A mild apology served only to rouse new fury; the queen haughtily silenced her remonstrances, and exclaimed to the guard, "Turn out that mad-woman, who has dared to insult me." She even assisted in pushing her out of the apartment.

'She called the officer in waiting, and commanded him to arrest the princess and convey her to the frontier. The officer, hesitating and astonished, represented that the king alone had power to give such an order. "Have you not," she indignantly exclaimed, "his majesty's order to obey me without reserve?" On his replying in the affirmative, she impatiently rejoined, "Then obey me." As he still persisted in requiring a written authority, she called for pen and ink, and wrote the order on her knee!

'The princess was instantly placed in a coach, with only one female attendant, and two officers, without being permitted to change her dress. In this manner, and under an escort of fifty dragoons, she was conveyed during the whole night, which was so severe that the hand of the coachman was frost-bitten and mortified; and so dark that they were guided by the light of the snow. Astonishment and consternation at first benumbed her senses and suspended her faculties. But this state of sullenness gave place to indignation and despair, and these passions were succeeded by deep and bitter reflections on such unexpected, such violent, and unjustifiable treatment.'

For some time she supported herself by imagining that the king would interfere in her favour; but

'as she proceeded on her journey, and no news arrived, her hopes became fainter and fainter, and at length gradually vanished. Circumstances, which in the first emotion had not touched, now began to affect her. No bed, no provisions, no change of dress, nor even of linen; no defence against the severity of the weather, was to be expected till she arrived at St. Jean de Luz. These multiplied inconveniences excited the most violent transports of rage in a woman so imperious and ambitious, so long accustomed to unbounded power and public consideration, so long habituated to the servility of a court, and the luxuries and indulgencies of authority and affluence.'

At length an account reached her which extinguished all remaining hope.

'She became suddenly resigned; she shed no tears; she uttered no sigh; she expressed neither regret nor reproach; she shewed no symptom of feminine weakness. She supported

without complaint the extreme cold, the want of common necessaries, and the fatigue of her journey, and by her patience and fortitude excited the admiration of her guards and attendants.' Vol. ii. p. 90, &c.

Such is the account of a transaction seldom paralleled even in the capricious annals of the most despotic court; and such was the first act of this 'buona Lombarda, impastata da buttero e formaggio Picentino,' on entering a kingdom to which she was an entire stranger, to marry a man whom she had never seen. The character of Elizabeth Farnese requires no farther illustration than in this simple anecdote. Her marriage was almost immediately followed by the elevation of Alberoni to the principal management of affairs which, however, he was prudent enough for some time to execute with the title merely of envoy from the court of Parma.

The early history, and first rise at court, of this fortunate and enterprising adventurer, are known to the world through the medium of several different publications. But, owing to national prejudices and the misrepresentations of party spirit, no writer, either French or English, has left us the means of duly appreciating the greatness of his real character and the important services which it enabled him to render to his adopted country. The attention which he paid to the views and interests of his royal patroness, was but the means by which he proposed to himself to attain the ends of a more laudable ambition; and the following *exposé* of his designs which is drawn from the authentic correspondence of the Sicilian abbots before mentioned, appears to us to assist materially in fixing a proper estimate of his political character.

'Perfectly acquainted with the ruling passions of Philip and the queen, he knew that his hopes of advancement depended on holding forth the prospect of realizing their respective designs. He found, indeed, the nation exhausted by the recent contest, by a defective system of government, and by an endless series of abuses; but he won the royal ear while tracing remedies and improvements; and he calculated on the native energy of the Spanish character and the vast resources of the monarchy. Aware, however, that a period of tranquillity was necessary to give effect to his measures and accumulate the means for future enterprize, he does not appear to have flattered the passion of Philip for war; but according to his own avowal, which is corroborated by the tenour of his discourses with the British envoy, he invariably inculcated the maxim, "If your majesty will maintain your country in peace for five years, I will pledge myself to render you the most powerful monarch in Europe." To

prove the truth of his promises he employed the able assistance of his friend Baron Ripperda, in tracing a new system of political economy, for improving the finances, reducing the expenditure, correcting abuses, reviving trade, raising a navy and army, and restoring Spain to its former ascendency in the civilized world. This plan, presented and supported by the queen, captivated the sanguine imagination of Philip, who was fond of splendid designs, and conscious of the mismanagement which pervaded every department of the state.'

The first public act accomplished by Alberoni in futherance of this system of policy was the signature of the commercial treaty with England, than which, perhaps, the relative situation of the two countries with each other and with France at that time considered, a bolder operation scarcely occurs in all the annals of courts and cabinets. The correspondence of Mr. Dodington sets this business in a correct light, and throws over it much of very valuable political instruction. The further advancement and consummation of his plan by a close alliance with the English court was unexpectedly frustrated by the triple league; and nothing more strongly proves the strength of his genius than his rising superior to a disappointment so severe and a danger so imminent. The 25th and 26th chapters of Mr. Coxe's History, which are full of extracts from Dodington's Correspondence, set all these matters in the clearest light, and completely contradict the charge of his having been the cause of the war in 1717.

'It is singular,' observes our author in a note, 'that almost every writer, whether domestic or foreign, has accused Alberoni as the only cause of the aggression, and St. Philippe, whose judgment in other instances we have found reason to approve, considers the correspondence through the duke of Popoli as a mere political farce. We feel it, however, necessary to differ from such respectable authorities. The characters of Philip and his queen, as drawn by those who most accurately observed them, shew that they wanted no foreign stimulus to excite their ambition; while the situation of the two courts of Madrid and Vienna, and the known reluctance with which Philip abandoned Italy, render it as little necessary to argue that Alberoni was not the original projector, but merely the able executor of their hostile designs. We may refer to the very letter of the minister himself, which we have given in the text, and appeal with confidence to every impartial judge, whether it was possible to use such cogent arguments, without feeling their force, and as a mere blind to the purpose which he was determined to execute.

'The two Sicilian abbots, Platania and Caraccioli, who pos-

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sessed the most accurate knowledge of the court and cabinet, exculpate Alberoni from the charges of being the instigator and prime mover of the war. The whole correspondence of the British envoy, Mr. Dodington, who was in almost daily intercourse with this great statesman, evinces his anxiety to avert a rupture in the early stages of the dispute. The mighty preparations, yet only commenced in Spain, as well as the imperfect state in which the expeditions both against Sicily and Sardinia were sent out, fully demonstrate, that it was his interest rather to temporize than to hurry into a war. Lastly, to these decisive proofs, we may add his own solemn, invariable, and frequent asseverations, both in public and private, both during his ministry and after his fall, and the virtual acknowledgment in the answer to his celebrated apology, which reluctantly admits his justification.' p. 162. n.

No minister ever so fully imbibed the spirit of Polonius's instructions to his son as Alberoni.

'Beware
Of entrance into quarrel, but being urged,
Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.'

Whatever misrepresentation there may have been as to his conduct previous to the commencement of hostilities, the subsequent operations of the war speak for themselves; and never did Spain, in the full plenitude of her power, present so imposing an aspect to the world as now that she was weakened and exhausted both in finance and population, from the effects of that severe internal contest which had been only five years before brought to its termination. Our limits will not admit of our entering more at large into the history of these transactions, or the more sad detail of the ultimate disappointment of all his magnificent plans and aspiring hopes, or of the intrigues which at length paved the way to his downfall. That event, though scarcely less sudden and mysterious than the disgrace of the princess Orsini, was marked by one circumstance which speaks more than volumes in the fallen statesman's favour.

'Before he withdrew from the political scene, he experienced a revulsion of the public sentiment, which has seldom occurred in the history of disgraced ministers. Detested as a foreigner and an upstart, and loaded with popular execration, while in power, the moment of disgrace became the signal of a triumph as flattering as it was unexpected. A chivalrous and high spirited nation overlooked his errors, his faults, and his misfortunes, in the recollection of his superior talents and meritorious services: at his last levee, such a croud of nobles, gentry, and clergy flocked to pay their final respects, and condole with him in his disgrace, as he had never witnessed even in the height of

power. The king was alarmed and chagrined by this proof of public esteem, and ordered him to take his departure a day before the term originally prescribed.

'If the circumstances of his fall were honourable to the minister himself, they were degrading to his sovereigns. Philip and the queen had scarcely dismissed him, before they imputed the whole blame of the war to his turbulent spirit. With equal want of dignity and generosity, they lamented his ascendency, loaded him with unmerited accusations, and meanly joined in the persecution of a minister, whose principal crime was the zeal and fidelity with which he had laboured to realize their vast designs. In the second audience which they granted to the British embassador, they declared that Alberoni had invariably deceived them, and prostituted their royal names to others; that his impostures tended no less to the detriment of the public, than to that of individuals; that he employed a secretary who could imitate every hand; and had shewn them forged letters for the purpose of ruining in their opinion and removing those whom he suspected; that his suspicions usually fell on persons of character; and that there was no crime of which he was not capable, even of poisoning and assassination. For these reasons they intreated the king of England to employ his interest with the regent and emperor, for the purpose of prevailing on the pope to deprive him of the purple, and retain him in perpetual confinement. These cruel accusations were the prelude to the most bitter persecutions. Spain even vied with the allied powers in pursuing Alberoni with a virulence and vengeance of which recent periods have seldom shewn an example, in regard to a minister charged with no specific and heinous crime.

'It is gratifying to contemplate the behaviour of extraordinary men in those trying situations which shake the firmest mind; and fortunately, the general interest attached to the character and habits of Alberoni, enables us to indulge this curiosity. In the struggle of contending passions, which followed his disgrace, the exiled minister sought consolation in a work, which is calculated to inspire contempt for the delusive vanities of a transitory world. A copy of Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione Christi, is preserved in the ducal library at Parma with marginal remarks in his own hand, recording the ordinary events of his journey, and other occurrences, which shew it to have been his daily companion. The bitterness of adversity was, however, no sooner past, than the deep rooted habits of the scholar and the statesman again predominated. The anecdotes preserved of his late conversations, prove that in the tranquil portion of his varied life, he again recurred to the cultivation of classic literature, and, over the pages of Tacitus and Livy, revived the memory of former greatness and past enterprises.' II. 233, 235, &c.

For the details of his domestic government, the outline of those important plans which he formed for the restoration of the Spanish monarchy to internal health and strength, as well as for the description of his person, manners, and private qualities, we must be content to refer only to our author, assuring the reader, who has hitherto learned to contemplate this extraordinary person only as an instance of fortunate and splendid ambition, that they will here be taught to form a very different and a much more just as well as favourable estimate of one of the greatest characters that adorn the page of Spanish political history.

One of the principal instruments of his fall was a personage no less extraordinary, but possessing very inferior claims to the admiration of posterity than himself,—the famous Ripperda; but it was several years later, not till after the strange act of his sovereign's abdication, the death of Louis, and Philip's consequent resumption of the crown in 1725, that his well known and extravagant plan for an Austrian alliance and a consequent establishment for the children of Elizabeth Farnese, raised him through the medium of court favour to the pinnacle of his short-lived greatness. The account of his memorable intrigues at the court of Vienna, which is here given on the authority of the Sicilian abbots above-mentioned and of several other MSS. in the Walpole papers, is calculated to throw much historical light on his character and transactions. Subtle as he was, he did not trust for success to his talents for negociation. Speaking of his intrigues for concluding a marriage between the Arch-Duchess Maria Theresa (the heiress of the Austrian dominions) and Don Carlos, the historian adds,

'The design encountered the strongest opposition from the empress, from the arch-duchess herself, who was attached to the duke of Lorraine, and the ministers, who were devoted to the ancient system of Austrian policy. But the agent of Spain, supplied with immense sums, did not spare his largesses. *Even the emperor himself did not blush to encourage this venal traffic by his own example.* Of all the Austrian ministers, Eugene alone maintained his integrity, and every obstacle seemed to be gradually diminishing under the powerful influence of money.' p. 331.

And he informs us in a note, on the authority of Mr. Stanhope's dispatches, that the sums distributed by Ripperda in the interval from July to September amounted to no less than 570,000 pistoles.

About this same period occurred an incident which

'swept away all the remaining objections of the Spanish court, and precipitated the conclusion of this singular and mysterious transaction.' This incident was no other than the precipitate and shameful dismission of the infanta the intended wife of Louis the Fifteenth, by the regent duke of Bourbon. The insult itself, as well as the impression it made on the Spanish court, have been recorded by every historian; but it is amusing to see the curtain withdrawn upon such occasions, and the following description of the manner in which the intelligence was received by Elizabeth Farnese gives us as lively a representation as the best finished portrait. The authorities for it are our ministers, Stanhope and Keene, and the Sicilian abbots.

'The plan being matured, Tessé was recalled, and the communication of the unwelcome intelligence intrusted to an humbler agent, the abbot de Livry, who was detached from his embassy of Portugal, as a minister well qualified by sedateness of temper and acquaintance with the court of Madrid for so delicate a commission. He reached Madrid, ignorant of the real motive of his appointment, and was overwhelmed with concern and terror at the communication of the orders with which he was charged. He was directed to demand an audience, and deliver the letters of excuse from the king and the duke, without any previous hint of their contents, that a pretext might not be found to refuse receiving them. But his mind was too deeply agitated to fulfil the injunction. When presented, he fell on his knees, burst into tears, and betrayed his errand by a confused apology. The effect was such as might have been expected from sovereigns so ardent in their temper and so affectionately attached to their children. The letters were indignantly rejected, and the queen, tearing a picture of Louis the Fifteenth from her bracelet, trampled it under foot, exclaiming, "All the Bourbons are a race of devils!" But recollecting the relationship of her husband, she turned to him, and added, "Except your majesty." The minister, confounded and dispirited, was dismissed from the royal presence with ignominy and contempt.' p. 332.

'In the first burst of resentment, the violence of the queen extorted from Philip a decree for the departure of every Frenchman, without exception. On reflection, however, he became sensible of the injustice and even impracticability of this order, and adopted a whimsical expedient to pacify his imperious consort. Calling his valets, he made them open his wardrobes and prepare his trunks as if for a journey. The queen entering amidst this bustle, demanded the cause of such preparations. "Is it not decreed," asked Philip, "that all the French should leave Spain? I am a Frenchman, and therefore am preparing for my journey." This ludicrous expedient was more effectual than serious remonstrances; the queen smiled, and the order

was countermanded. Philip and the queen immediately sent for the English embassador, Mr. Stanhope. They recapitulated all the irritating circumstances of the indignity they had suffered, and inveighed against the Duke of Bourbon, for aggravating the outrage by his duplicity. Though in the presence of a public minister, the queen could not restrain her natural impetuosity. "This one-eyed scoundrel," she exclaimed, "has sent back my daughter because the king would not create the husband of his harlot a grandee of Spain!" Philip, with more decorum, added, "I am resolved to separate myself for ever from France," &c. &c. p. 324.

Diplomatic correspondence is oftentimes extremely amusing to us inhabitants of the lower world. But we do not know that it is altogether for the interest of the gods above that the curtain should be withdrawn which veils the cabinet councils of Olympus from the eyes of profane mortals.

Ripperda owed his ruin to the indulgence of the same sanguine spirit which had helped him in his ascension to power. A well-drawn comparison between this extraordinary adventurer and his predecessor, Alberoni, to which we can only refer our reader, sets the talents and character of each in a stronger light by opposition. It concludes thus.

'But while we place Alberoni in a rank far superior, it would be unjust to withhold from Ripperda the merit of having suggested many useful schemes which were executed by other ministers. He evidently projected most of the commercial regulations adopted by Alberoni; and the bare outline of the plans sketched in a preceding chapter will suffice to prove how greatly his successor, Patiño, profited by his ideas and designs. Indeed Ripperda may justly be regarded as one of the principal authors of the new commercial system established in Spain, since the commencement of the last century.' p. 361.

Our limits forbid our entering at all into the many original and interesting details of the characters and successive administrations of Grimaldo, Patiño, and others who sat at the helm of affairs till the conclusion of the reign of Philip, or of the wars of the Polish and Austrian succession, the conquest of Naples, the naval operations in the West Indies, or the many other transactions foreign and domestic which occupied the remainder of his life, and of which, as we have already stated, the volumes now before us afford such particulars as are no where else to be met with.

The following sketch of the character of the monarch

himself, and of the long and eventful period during which he filled the Spanish throne, is all that we can find room for at present. In a future number we shall resume the subject and conduct our readers through the reigns of his two sons, Ferdinand the Sixth and Charles the Third.

'It would be difficult to select a period within the last two centuries in which the interests and welfare of the nation were so frequently sacrificed to the private views, passions, and prejudices of the sovereigns. Yet, when we consider how frequently Philip was misled by his artful queen, and the ministers of her choice, it would be unjust to attribute to him alone the machinations and troubles which the restless court of Madrid excited in Europe, from the period when he was left in tranquil possession of the throne. With regard, however, to the beneficial regulations which mark his reign, his eager desire of information, and the pleasure with which he invariably listened to projects of reform and details of improvement, prove that if he had not himself talents to invent, he had at least the merit of approving and sanctioning the plans of others. To this solicitude, Spain owes many advantages. On his accession, the country was totally exhausted; without a marine or efficient army, without industry or manufactures, with scarcely a remnant of her ancient power, wealth, and grandeur. He left an army which, though reduced by the Italian war, had vindicated the national honour in many a well-fought field, a marine which once more awakened the attention of Europe, and establishments which proved the revival of industry, trade, and the arts. But even in this branch of government, we observe the same inconsistency as in the other parts of his conduct. After the ministry of Alberoni, we no longer witness the same zeal and activity for internal amelioration. Few efficient measures were adopted to introduce into the general system of taxation that improvement which Orri had effected in the mode of collection; or to prosecute the projects begun by Alberoni, for facilitating internal communications, and freeing trade and industry from the trammels imposed by interest and ignorance. On the contrary, the resources which might have been effectually applied to such beneficial purposes, were squandered in splendid and too frequently unprofitable enterprizes. Indeed the general principle of his political economy appears rather to have been an inveterate prejudice against England, than the rules of sound and liberal policy. Instead of calling into action the inexhaustible riches which nature has lavished on the peninsula, instead of establishing his plans of improvement on the extensive and stable basis of agriculture, he scorned to minister to the skill and industry of a less favoured climate, and hurried into a premature competition with the trade and marine of England, as dangerous in it-

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self as it was contrary to the habits and prejudices, and incompatible with the situation, of his subjects.' p. 61. Vol. iii.

As a counterpoise to this summary of ruinous faults must be set the many excellent and benevolent national establishments of the reign of Philip. He added, it is said, 45,000,000 piastres to the debts of his predecessors; 'a sum not large in itself, but too great for the limited resources of the monarchy.'

His restless, ambitious, and overbearing consort, survived him 20 years.

'An intelligent traveller, (Clarke) thus describes her in the decline of life. Though she is now seventy years of age, she keeps the same hours that Philip did, and turns night into day. When she gives audience, she is held by two supporters, being unable to stand long; and, though almost blind, retains her ancient spirit and vivacity.'

ART. II.—*The Beauties of Christianity; by F. A. de Chateaubriand. Author of Travels in Greece and Palestine, Atala, &c. Translated from the French by Frederic Shoberl. With a Preface and Notes by the Rev. Henry Kett, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.* London: Colburn. 3 vols 8vo. 1813.

THE following are the titles of the different parts and books into which this work is divided.

'Part I. Book I. Tenets and Doctrine. II. Virtuous and Moral Laws. III. The Truths of the Scriptures; the Fall of Man. IV. Continuation of the Truths of Scripture. Objections against the System of Moses. V. The Existence of God demonstrated by the Wonders of Nature. VI. The Immortality of the Soul proved by Morals and by the Feelings.

Part II. The Poetry of Christianity. Book I. General survey of Christian epic Poems. II. Of Poetry considered in its Relations to Man. Characters. III. Of Poetry considered in its Relations to Man. The subject continued. The Passions. IV. Of the Marvellous; of Poetry in its Relations to Supernatural Beings. V. The Bible and Homer.

Part III. The Fine Arts and Literature. Book I. The Fine Arts. II. Philosophy. III. History. IV. Eloquence. V. The Harmonies of the Christian Religion with the Scenes of Nature and the Passions of the human Heart.

Part IV. Worship. Book I. Churches, Ornaments, Singing, Prayers, &c. II. Tombs. III. General View of the Clergy. IV. Missions. V. Military Orders. VI. Of the Services rendered to Mankind by the Clergy, and by the Christian Religion in general.'

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The contents of this work will be sufficient to advertise the reader that it is, like the mind of the author, a desultory and rather an incongruous composition.—M. de Chateaubriand is certainly a man of genius; but a genius of very irregular and eccentric movements. His imagination is often stronger than his reason; and, amidst some specimens of nice observation, recondite remark, and elegant taste, we often discern a lamentable want of judgment and a total sterility of argument. His mind is one of that description which is often found to belong to men of genius. It is at once luminous and opaque, barren and luxuriant. It is both sublime and grovelling, profound and puerile. It sometimes expands before our view a garden of sweets;—but in this garden we discover no inconsiderable spaces destitute of rational culture, or overgrown with rubbish and weeds. We by no means think the present one of his happiest performances. It has not the attraction of his Martyrs, or of his Travels; the last of which we noticed in our number for December 1811, p. 365; and the first in Vol. XVII, p. 489 of the third series of our Review.

We shall now proceed to point out some of the defects as well as some of the beauties of the present work. The first is always a painful task; but, though it excites our repugnance, we feel it a duty on this as well as on other occasions not to shrink from the performance. M. Chateaubriand has acquired, and in many respects deservedly acquired, considerable celebrity as an author; and it is therefore the more incumbent on us to prevent the unwary from being misled by his errors, perverted by his sophistry, or deluded by the fascinations of his eloquence.

Chapter 2nd. of Part 1st. Book I., is entitled, 'Of the Nature of Mysteries.' This strikes us at the outset as a strange title. For what is a mystery, according to the meaning usually affixed to it by religionists, but something incomprehensible? Suppose then that M. Chateaubriand had placed the following words at the head of this chapter, *Of the Nature of Incomprehensibles*; who would expect much illumination from the attempt of an author to explain that which he himself does not comprehend and which is incomprehensible?

We will quote the first paragraph of this wonderful chapter, 'Of the Nature of Mysteries,' and we will afterwards endeavour to analyze the several parts in order to see how much sense, or non-sense it may contain.

'No circumstance of life,' says M. Chateaubriand, is pleas-

ing, beautiful, or grand, except mysterious things. The most wonderful sentiments are those which produce impressions difficult to be explained. Modesty, chaste love, and virtuous friendship, are replete with secrets. It might be said, that hearts united by mutual affection, understand each other with half a word, and that they are never more than half disclosed. Again, is not innocence, which is no other than holy ignorance, the most ineffable of mysteries? If infancy is so happy, it is because it knows nothing, and if, old age is so wretched, it is because it has nothing to learn; but fortunately for the latter, when the mysteries of life are at an end, those of death commence.'

When the author says in the above that 'no circumstance of life is pleasing, beautiful, or grand, *except mysterious things*,' he appears to assert what, as far as it is intelligible, is not true; and, as far as it is unintelligible, we shall not spend our labour in vain in endeavouring to make out whether it be true or false. If, according to M. Chateaubriand, nothing be beautiful '*except mysterious things*,' then nothing is beautiful but what is incomprehensible. Now let us take any thing which is universally allowed to be beautiful, and see whether it is beautiful because it is incomprehensible! The statue of the Venus di Medicis is universally allowed to be in the highest degree beautiful; but what is there in it which is incomprehensible? Is it covered with a cloud so as to be rendered invisible? If it were invisible, or in other words, one of the '*mysterious things*' of which M. Chateaubriand speaks, how could we know whether it were ugly or beautiful? The fourth book of Virgil's Æneid is full of the most exquisite delineations of poetical beauty; but what would become of this beauty, if the descriptions and sentiments which are now so luminously distinct, were in the language of our author full of 'mysterious things?' If every word, in which Virgil has described the passion of Dido, were incomprehensible, or according to our author, 'replete with secrets,' how could it excite the sensation of beauty in the mind?

'The most wonderful sentiments,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'are those which produce impressions difficult to be explained.' The physiological operation of the sentiment may be 'difficult to be explained;' because the internal process is not an object of sense; but the external effects are sufficiently visible; and no moral agency can well operate latently within, which is not palpably conspicuous without. The strongest sentiments produce the strongest excitement; and this excitement, though com-

mencing in the mind and heart, will subsequently develop its effects in the features and the conduct. 'Modesty, chaste love, and virtuous friendship, are replete with secrets;' This is vaguely and indefinitely expressed; nor is it true that 'modesty, chaste love, and virtuous friendship, are replete with secrets;' or, in other words, are unintelligible to those by whom it is most requisite that they should be understood. The language of the affections may and ought to be concealed from those, for whom it is not designed, or to whom it is not addressed; but the curtain of mystery is withdrawn from those who are admitted within the sanctuary.

'Is not *innocence*,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'which is no other than *holy ignorance*, the *most ineffable of mysteries?*' Here we are again astounded; and we flounder about in the midst of words, to which we in vain endeavour to affix any precise signification. '*Innocence—holy ignorance—ineffable mysteries*'—what can all this mean? If ignorance be the absence of knowledge, how can this be holy? How can a mere privation constitute holiness? Innocence, as applied to the mind, does not consist in the absence of knowledge, but of all vicious taint proceeding from vicious conduct. It hurts us to be compelled to give a positive contradiction to a man of M. Chateaubriand's urbanity, but we must assert, with all due deference to him, that innocence is not the most ineffable of mysteries; because we do not know what a mystery is; or it would otherwise be no mystery; but we do know what innocence is, and therefore it is no mystery.

M. Chateaubriand says, 'if infancy is so happy, it is because it knows nothing; and, if old age is so wretched, it is because it has nothing to learn.' Now, according to our notions, to know nothing is to have no perception; for to perceive is to know as far as the perception extends; and, accordingly, if the happiness of infancy consisted in knowing nothing, it could have no perception even of its own happiness. But, if we separate happiness from all perception of the enjoyment in the individual, we might as well predicate happiness of a block of marble, or the stump of a tree, as of a sensitive and smiling babe.

Infancy is happy from the abundance of pleasurable sensation which the bounty of nature, or rather of the author of nature, has provided for all young animals. But infancy is so far from knowing nothing of this pleasure, or from having no perception of it, that it has as vivid, and, probably, a more vivid sense of the enjoyment than any other person of stouter growth or more matured

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experience. Look at the infant revelling at the bosom of its mother as at a fountain of delight; and then tell us whether the child does not exhibit a more apparent consciousness of happiness than the lord mayor and aldermen at a city feast.

According to M. Chateaubriand, 'infancy is happy because it knows nothing; and old age is wretched because it has nothing to learn.' We have proved the first part of this assertion to be false; and it requires but little sagacity to discern that the other is not true. He supposes the happiness of the early period of life to be owing to its ignorance, and the wretchedness of the latter stage of existence to its having nothing more to learn. But, when was it ever known to happen in any country in the world, or in any period of time, that the wretchedness of a single individual was produced by such an overstock of knowledge, that nothing remained for him to know? Did any individual ever so far exhaust the universal repository of physical and moral information, that nothing was left for him to learn? The wretchedness of age may arise from various causes, as from moral regret, or from physical infirmity; but we do not believe that it was ever occasioned by the kind of omniscience which M. Chateaubriand assumes as the cause of its wo.

Mystery seems so highly agreeable to M. Chateaubriand that he speaks of it with as much rapture as any Egyptian priest, amidst the temples of ancient Thebes, would have done of the most obscure hieroglyphic which was ever employed to hide the treasures of sacerdotal imposition. The following is as lofty a specimen of rodomontade in favour of the 'ineffable' charms of mystery as we ever remember to have perused.

'Mystery is of a nature so divine, that the early inhabitants of Asia conversed only by symbols. To what science do we continually recur, unless to that which always leaves something to be divined, and which sets before our eyes an unbounded prospect? If we wander in the desert, a kind of instinct impels us to avoid the plains, where we can embrace every object at a single glance; we repair to those forests, the cradles of religion;—those forests whose shades, whose sounds, and whose silence, are full of wonders; those solitudes to which the first fathers of the church retired, and where those holy men tasted inexpressible delight. We do not pause at the foot of a modern monument; but if in a desert island, in the midst of the wide ocean, we come all at once to a statue of bronze, whose extended arm points to the regions to which the sun retires after he has finished his daily course, and whose base, covered with hieroglyphics, attests the united ravages of the billows and of

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time—what a fertile source of meditation is here opened to the traveller! There is nothing in the universe but what is hidden, but what is unknown. Is not man himself an inexplicable mystery? Whence proceeds that flash of lightning which we call existence, and in what night is it about to be extinguished? The Almighty has placed birth and death, under the form of veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the incomprehensible moment of life, which the other uses every exertion to destroy.'

In the first sentence of the above 'mystery is of a nature so divine, that the early inhabitants of Asia conversed only by symbols,' M. Chateaubriand makes *mystery* and *symbol* synonimous, when they are as different as that of which we know not what it means, and that of which the meaning is known. If the inhabitants of Asia conversed by symbols, those symbols must have had a conventional signification amongst the parties; for, how could they otherwise have answered the purposes, or served as the means of conversation? When two people converse the object is to be reciprocally understood; but how could there be any reciprocal understanding if both parties were to use symbols which neither could comprehend? When people talk with their fingers, is not that a kind of symbolical language, which is understood by those by whom it is used? A mystery is a secret, or something unknown, or above human capacity to comprehend; but a symbol always supposes an annexed, or associated signification.

When M. Chateaubriand talks in the passage, which we have just quoted, of instinct impelling us 'to avoid the plains,' and of repairing for our religion to the shades of the forests 'whose sounds and whose silence are full of wonders,' &c. what he says appears to us mere *verbiage*, and totally unworthy a man of his intelligence and information. But M. Chateaubriand, who, in one period of his life, passed from the depths of credulity into those of skepticism, seems now to be anxious to atone for his transient interval of apostacy, by migrating from the confines of doubt to the farthest recesses of unhesitating belief; and to exchange the cold apathy of philosophical pyrrhonism for the warm fervours of enthusiastic faith. It is said that to him who believes all things are possible; and M. Chateaubriand, who once believed so little, now believes so much, that he can swallow a mystery, even though it may happen to be as big as a mountain.

When our worthy author says that 'there is nothing

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in the universe but what is hidden, but what is unknown,' he must surely entertain but very contemptuous notions of the human understanding; and have formed the lowest possible estimate of the intellectual labours of man. We might refer him for a refutation of his theory to the libraries of the Vatican, the Thuilleries, or the Bodleian, or to the works of Bacon, Newton, or Locke.

M. Chateaubriand talks of 'the natural partiality of mankind for mysteries.' We are not willing to allow this *natural partiality*. M. Chateaubriand seems to confound the natural desire of discovering what is hidden and laying open what is obscure with a sort of innate instinctive fondness for the hidden and obscure. A mystery is a secret; and though mankind have a strong propensity to detect what is secret, particularly when they imagine it likely to disclose truths of great magnitude, or interests of high moment, yet who would set much value upon a secret, which he knew that, with all his sagacity or diligence, he could never disclose? For to prize such a secret would, in fact, be to prize something of the nature of a non-entity, a mere breath of air, a phantom, or a shade. To say that mankind are naturally partial to mysteries, is to say that they are naturally partial to what they do not understand. But, we should be glad to know how a partiality is to arise for that of which people cannot form a single idea of the nature or the properties, any more than of that which was never known to exist? From the continual stimulus of that curiosity, which is certainly natural to the constitution of man, we are fond of penetrating the meaning of what we do not understand; yet are we ever fond of that which we do not understand, merely because it is unintelligible, or because we are incapable of understanding it? Men are ever eager to undraw the curtain of mystery, whatever may be the secret which it may hide; but they are not fond of a mystery merely because it is a mystery. If this had been the case, why should so many volumes have been written, and so much learned pains taken to explain the mystery of the Trinity? If there be in mankind any thing like 'a natural partiality for mysteries,' why have divines, who cannot be supposed to have been wanting in their due share of this extraordinary passion, laboured so strenuously to prove and to explain a doctrine which, according to the theory of M. Chateaubriand, must have been more agreeable to their instinctive propensities, without either proof or explanation? The natural tendency of that curiosity, which belongs to the

human mind, is not patiently to acquiesce in what is intricate or obscure, but to make the one plain, and the other clear. But, if there had been 'a natural partiality for mysteries,' this would, in fact, have amounted to the same thing as a natural partiality for dearth of information; and, what is now an insatiable appetite for knowledge, would have been an invincible avidity for ignorance.

Our worthy author tells us, vol. 1. 19, that there is 'no religion without mysteries,' which is the same as to say that there is no religion without a portion of unintelligible ingredients. This may, for aught we know, be true with respect to the mass of subsisting religions; but the question is, whether it be true independently of the fictions of weak and superstitious men? According to our notions, Religion is a reasonable service; but *a reasonable service*, and *a mysterious religion*, are two incompatible things. What is reasonable is that, the object and nature of which are evident to the understanding of the inquiring individual; but what is mysterious, as long as we adhere to the true meaning of the word mystery, which is an impenetrable secret, baffles all inquiry, and eludes all comprehension. That religion, which is suited for an intellectual nature, must be an intelligible thing; and consequently it must be without unintelligible mysteries. This is one of the great beauties of Christianity, though it is not one of those on which M. Chateaubriand has yet cast his eyes. The religion of Jesus is a religion void of mystery. Mysteries have been fabricated out of it, and incorporated with it; but there is no mystery in the system itself as it came from the Father of light. It was ushered into the world with these words, in which there is certainly no mystery, Peace on earth, and Good-Will towards men; and when the founder was about to quit the world, and terminate his ministry, his parting injunction to his disciples was, Love one another; in which words there is certainly no mystery. But mysteries will spring up in the area of religion, as docks and nettles and thistles in a piece of neglected land, where religion itself is considered in any other light than a reasonable service; and where Ignorance ministers at the altar, with her ordinary associates Bigotry and Intolerance.

In his love of mystery M. Chateaubriand expatiates upon what he calls '*the Christian mysteries*,' and, amongst the rest, on that of the Trinity; which, however, he is not at all more happy in explaining than his predecessors.

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In another place he says, that 'the Trinity comprehends secrets of the metaphysical kind.' If they are *secrets* at all, how came M. Chateaubriand to know of what kind they are? M. Chateaubriand uses the word *mystery*, or *secret*, in an ambiguous sense, sometimes as denoting what is inexplicable; and, at other times, what is susceptible of explanation. But that which is explained is no longer a secret; and, where there is no secret, there can be no mystery. For a mystery, used in a religious sense, is either a secret or a tissue of secrets which no human intelligence can unravel or reveal.

M. Chateaubriand tells us, V. I. p. 27, that 'the redemption contains the wonders of man and the *inexplicable history* of his destination and his heart.' Now we must beg leave to ask M. Chateaubriand, what sort of *history* that is which is *inexplicable*? And we should moreover wish to know how this *inexplicable history* is to enlighten the understanding? And yet we find the author in the succeeding paragraph talking of 'the doctrine of original sin, *which*,' he says, '*explains the whole nature of man*,' as '*springing from this mystery*.'—Now to assert that a mystery, which is inexplicable, gives birth to something '*which explains the whole nature of man*,' is to us a much greater mystery than any which we have hitherto found in the whole course of our theological research. M. Chateaubriand, of whose character, as a *rational* Catholic divine, we have now had a tolerable specimen, goes on to tell us, that '*unless we admit this truth*,' (videlicet that of original sin) '*we shall be involved in impenetrable darkness*.' This is as much as to tell us the *comfortable* truth that, we can make no progress in intellectual improvement unless we first renounce the use of the understanding; or, that the best way of seeing clearly and distinctly is to shut our eyes and exclude the light. M. Chateaubriand's process for preventing us from being '*involved in impenetrable darkness*,' and making us deep divines, indeed so deep as to know '*the whole nature of man*, is the following.—We must first assent to an *inexplicable* mystery, a secret too profound to be fathomed by the human understanding;—we must next admit another mystery, arising out of the first, and equally impenetrable and obscure, but notwithstanding this, *explaining the whole nature of man*!!—What would the Royal College of Physicians, or the worshipful company of apothecaries say of this delightful method of learning, in the compendious way of mystery, all that is, or can be, known, respecting the human

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form?——In short this said M. Chateaubriand has, occasionally, as happy a knack at talking nonsense, as any gentleman of our acquaintance.

At p. 29, V. 1, M. Chateaubriand discourses with very commendable gravity on 'the two great destinations of man in the labour of his mother.' Now, according to our plain notions, man has but one destination in the labour of his mother; and that is to be born into the world. In the same page M. Chateaubriand says, 'Let us ask not our understandings but our hearts how a God can die.' If, in religious questions, we abandon the use of the understanding, what benefit are we likely to derive from consulting any other part of our frame? If the understanding tell us that a God cannot die, how is the heart, any more than the foot or the great toe to prove that he can? But we leave this question to be solved by M. Chateaubriand and his followers; but before he, or they, sit down to the examination of the problem, we would simply request them to consider how impossible it is for the cause of causation, the great *Ens Entium* for one single moment to cease to be.

M. Chateaubriand appears to think it so practicable a thing for a *God* to *die*, that he says to his readers, who may chance to be a little skeptical on this point, that 'if God, expiring for sinners, can neither enrapture your heart, nor inflame your understanding, it is greatly to be feared that you will never be distinguished by what a poet would call the brilliant miracles of action.' Here again we have much cry and little wool. We have fine phrases; but what have we else?

'In order,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'to suppose a redemption, the price must be at least equivalent to the thing to be redeemed.' This by no means follows: for the price depends not on the actual value of the thing, but on the mercy of him to whom it is to be paid. The ransom of a king's son may not amount to more than that of a common man, or may be entirely gratuitous, according to the clemency of the captor. It was God's love, and his love alone, which redeemed man; it was not man who paid an equivalent for his love. The redemption of man was not the effect of a tribute, but the work of grace. It was God reconciling man to himself, not by any sophistical contrivance, but as the all-bounteous father of the world.

Vol. I. p. 35, the author talks of Christ as experiencing *moral anguish.* We are anxious to know how perfect in-

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nocence can feel the pangs of guilt? Guilt is the effect of criminal transgression; and cannot be separated from the criminal individual. In a physical sense, one man may carry another man's burthen, as C may become a porter for D; but he cannot bear his burthen in a moral sense; for morality is not an article of transfer, nor of bargain and sale.

At p. 36, Vol. I, Christianity is called 'the plainest book that exists;' and yet you, M. Chateaubriand, have filled it with *inexplicable mysteries*; and though these mysteries are so inexplicable, you yet make an assent to them, in spite of all the resistance of the understanding, of such infinite moment that he, who denies even the mystery of original sin, is precipitated 'into the abyss of atheism.'

We select the following as a specimen of the style of these volumes, which is generally more vague and florid than we approve; but M. Chateaubriand, occasionally, displays both imagery and sentiment which have a just claim to the title of beautiful.

'*The Death of the Christian.*—But it is in sight of this tomb, the awful approach to another world, that Christianity displays all its sublimity. If most of the ancient religions consecrated the ashes of the dead, none of them ever thought of preparing the soul for that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

"Come and witness the most interesting sight that earth can exhibit; come and see the Christian expire. He hath ceased to be a creature of this world: he hath ceased to belong to his native country; all connexion between him and society is at an end. For him the calculation by time is closed; and he has now begun to date from the grand æra of eternity. A priest seated by his pillow administers consolation. This servant of God cheers him with the prospect of immortality; and the sublime scene which all antiquity exhibited but once in the greatest of its dying philosophers, is daily renewed on the humble pallet of the meanest Christian who expires. At length the decisive moment arrives; a sacrament opened for this just man the gates of the world, a sacrament closes them. Religion rocked him in the cradle of life; her soothing voice and her maternal hand shall also lull him to sleep on the couch of death. His soul, nearly set free from his body, becomes almost visible in his face. Already he hears the concerts of the seraphim; already he prepares to speed his flight from the world to the regions whether Hope, the daughter of virtue and of death, invites him. Meanwhile the Angel of Peace descending towards this righteous man, with his golden sceptre touches his weary eyes, and

you are admiring the sun sinking beneath the western waves, another person should perceive him rising from the regions of Aurora? By what inconceivable magic is this ancient luminary which retires to rest weary and glowing in the evening, the same youthful orb that awakes bathed in dew, and rises from behind the grey curtains of the dawn? Every moment of the day, the sun is rising, glowing at his zenith, and setting on the world; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is no real sun-rise, noon, or sun-set.'

We have not the French edition of this work before us, or we should have been happy to have compared the above passage with the original.

The force of the patriotic feeling is well delineated in the following.

'A savage is more powerfully attached to his hut than a prince to his palace, and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks, than the inhabitant of the plain with his golden corn-fields. Ask a Scotch Highlander if he would exchange his lot with the first potentate of the earth. When far removed from his beloved mountains, he carries with him the recollection of them whithersoever he goes; he sighs for his flocks, his torrents, and his clouds. He longs to eat again his barley bread, to drink goat's milk, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung by his forefathers. He pines if he is prevented from returning to his native clime. It is a mountain plant which must be rooted among rocks; it cannot thrive unless it be assailed by the winds and the rain; in the soil, the shelter, and the sun-shine of the plain, it quickly droops and dies.

'With what joy will he again fly to his roof of furze! with what delight will he visit all the sacred relics of his indigence! And who can be more happy than the Esquimaux, in his frightful country? What to him are all the flowers of our climates compared to the snows of Labrador, and all our palaces to his smoky cabin? He embarks in spring with his wife on a fragment of floating ice. Hurried along by the currents, he advances into the open sea on this frozen mass. The mountain waves over the deep its trees of snow, and the whales accompany it on the dark bosom of Ocean. The hardy savage, covered with the spray of the billows, amid tempestuous whirlwinds and driving snows, presses to his heart the wife whom God has given him, and finds with her unknown joys in this mixture of perils and of pleasures.'

'It is when we are at a distance from our country that we feel the full force of the instinct by which we are attached to it. For want of the reality, we seek to feed ourselves with dreams; for the heart is expert in deception, and there is not one who has sucked the breast of woman, but has drunk of the cup of illu-

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sions. Sometimes it is a cottage which is situated like the paternal habitation; sometimes it is a wood, a valley, a hill, on which we bestow some of the sweet appellations of our native land. Andromache gives the name of Simois to a brook. And what an affecting object is this little rill, which recalls the idea of a mighty river of her native country! Remote from the soil which gave us birth all nature is diminished, and is but the shadow of that which we have lost.

'Another artifice of the love of country, is to attach a great value to an object of little intrinsic worth, but which comes from our native land, and which we have brought with us into exile. The soul seems to cherish even the inanimate things which have shared our destiny: a portion of life remains attached to the down on which our prosperity slumbered, and still more to the straw which counted the vigils of our adversity: the wounds of the soul, like those of the body, leave their impression upon whatever they touch. The vulgar have an energetic expression to describe that languor which oppresses the soul, when away from our country. "That man," say they, "is home-sick." A sickness it really is, and there is no cure for it but returning. If, however, we have been absent a few years, what do we find in the place of our nativity? How few of those whom we left behind in the vigor of health are still alive? Here are tombs where once stood palaces; there rise palaces where we left tombs; the paternal field is overgrown with briars, or cultivated by the plough of a stranger: and the tree beneath which we frolicked in our boyish days is cut down.'

'It is said that a Frenchman, who was obliged to withdraw during the reign of terror, purchased with the little he had left, a boat upon the Rhine. Here he lived with his wife and two children. Having no money there was no hospitality for him. When he was driven from one shore he passed without complaining to the other: and frequently driven from both banks, he was obliged to cast anchor in the middle of the river. He fished for the support of his family; but men disputed with him the relief sent by Providence, and grudged him a few little fishes which had fed his hungry children. At night he went to collect dry grass to make a fire, and his wife remained in cruel anxiety till he returned. This family, which could be reproached with nothing but their misfortunes, had not on the vast globe a single spot of ground on which they durst set their feet. Obliged to lead the life of outcasts, among four great civilized nations, their only consolation was, that while they wandered in the vicinity of France, they could sometimes inhale the breeze which had passed over their native land.

If it were to be asked: What are then those powerful ties by which we are bound to the place of our nativity; those ties, which are such a strong proof of the goodness of God, and con-

sequently of his existence? we confess we should be at a loss for a reply. It is, perhaps, the smile of a mother, of a father, of a sister; it is, perhaps, the recollection of the old preceptor who instructed us, and of the young companions of our childhood; it is, perhaps, the care bestowed upon us by a tender nurse, by an aged servant; finally, it is by circumstances the most simple, or, if you please, the most trivial; a dog that barked at night in the fields; a nightingale that returned every year to the orchard; the nest of the swallow over the window; the village clock that appeared above the trees, the church-yard yew, or the Gothic tomb. Yet the insignificance of these means demonstrates so much the more clearly the reality of a Providence, as they could not possibly be the source of great patriotic virtues, unless by the appointment of the Almighty himself.'

We have now, we trust, not been wanting in strict distributive justice to M. Chateaubriand, as we have pointed out both his beauties and his defects. The former, are, sometimes, brilliant and striking; but the latter are more numerous and more repulsive than his friends could wish. As we have not the French work before us we cannot specify which of these defects belong to the original, and which are the effect of negligence or of haste in the translation. M. Chateaubriand is, as we have before confessed, a man of genius; but, like other men of genius, he sometimes deviates far and wide from the luminous point of common sense into the bewildering paths of absurdity and extravagance. His imagination operates on his understanding like a *will-with-a-wisp* on a traveller by night. As an author he would be more extensively useful, and merit a much higher degree of praise if he possessed only a moderate share of judgment to restrain the wild luxuriance of ideas by which he is distinguished. But the judgment of M. Chateaubriand has no more power over his fancy than Phaeton had over the horses of the sun.

M. Chateaubriand's partiality for the mysterious has not tended much to enlighten his mind in a theological point of view. It has indeed often led him to talk sheer nonsense; for what else can any man, even of M. Chateaubriand's intellectual powers, talk, when he will attempt to explain what he not only does not understand, but what is placed beyond the reach of the Human Understanding?— But with all his blemishes, which are neither few in number nor small in size, the pages of M. Chateaubriand, particularly in his Martyrs and his Travels, are richly sprinkled with flowers of seductive sweets and of various hues;

and, even in the same paragraph, in which we find cause of decided reprehension, we are sometimes struck with such rays of excellence, either in the sentiment or the imagery, as excite our admiration.

ART. III.—*An Historical and Topographical Account of Fulham; including the Hamlet of Hammersmith. By T. Faulkner, Author of "The Historical Description of Chelsea."* London: Egerton, 1813. 8vo. £1. 1s.

THE following are the contents of this work.

'Chap. I.—Etymology, Situation, Boundaries and Extent, River Thames, Fishery, Bridge, Roads and Ways, Population, Poor's Rate, Land Tax, Agriculture and Soil, Botanic Gardens and Nurseries, Commons, Manufactories, West Middlesex Water Works, Grand Junction Canal. Rectory and Vicarage, Parish Church, Tombs, and Monumental Inscriptions, Chapel of St. Paul at Hammersmith. Extracts from the Churchwardens' and Overseers' Books, Parish Register, Benefactions, Charity Schools. Historical Account of the Manor of Fulham. Fulham Palace and Gardens. Biographical Notices of the Bishops of London. Historical Events, Fulham, Ancient Houses. Parson's Green, Peterborough House, Ancient Houses and Families, Purser's Cross. Walham Green, North End, No Man's Land; Ancient Houses and Inhabitants. Hammersmith, General Description, Ancient Houses and Inhabitants. Manor of Pallenswick, Pallenswick Green, Shepherd's Bush, Brook Green. Brandenburgh House, Craven Cottage. Crab Tree, Earl of Cholmondeley's Villa, Grove House, Sandy End, Sandford Manor. Bishops of London from the Foundation of the See. Funeral Certificate of J. Tamworth Esq. of Parson's Green. Funeral Certificate of Bishop Aylmer. Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners for dividing the Parish. Bishop Bonner's Ghost, a Poem. Two Assessments in 1625, extracted from the Parish Books. Prayer used by Bishop Laud at the Consecration of Hammersmith Chapel. Index of Names and Titles. General Index.'

We shall select a little of the miscellaneous information which is contained under some of the above heads, though it will not be found very curious or recondite. Most of the materials out of which this volume is made, are derived from sources of very common occurrence, particularly the historical part of the narrative, and the biographical notices, a large portion of which has been supplied from newspapers, magazines, tomb-stones, or books of easy access and ordinary perusal. We do not blame Mr. Faulk-

ner for this; for as he had undertaken to write a book of pretty portly dimensions respecting the parish of Fulham, we do not know how he could possibly have accomplished the work if he had not been contented with detailing a good deal of stale and rather insipid information. But perhaps many of the good people of Fulham may never before have seen the multiplicity of biographical particulars, &c. which Mr. Faulkner has brought together for their edification; and, therefore, as persons, who reside at a considerable distance from the sea-side, eat fish which have been long caught with as much *gout* as if they were just out of the water, the reading part of the *Fulhamites*, of whom we have spoken, may peruse the old news of Mr. Faulkner with as much avidity of curiosity as if it were fresh out of the mint.—Parochial history will seldom afford much matter to interest the general reader, though the most insignificant particulars may appear matters of high moment to those who reside within the precincts of the parish which is described. But parishes in the vicinity of the metropolis, from their large population, their wealthy inhabitants, their frequent changes of proprietors, the works of art, manufactories and public establishments of different kinds, which they contain, are more likely to afford an abundance and a diversity of interesting topics than villages in more remote parts of the kingdom. The parish of Fulham appears, at first view, likely to supply a considerable variety of particulars worthy of communication from its vicinity to the capital, and from its being the seat of the Bishops of London; a scrutiny into whose lives would seem not ill calculated to repay the labours of biographical research, and to afford room for pleasing narrative and useful remark. To a cultivated mind local interest is in a great degree the result of historical association, or of an acquaintance with the important events which have occurred in particular places, or with the distinguished persons whose familiar haunts they have been. These are amongst the seductive but invisible charms of local situation; these powerfully attach us to particular buildings or scenes, to particular fields or woods or streams; and where these charms abound, the place or prospect may be said to possess great capabilities for exciting the mind or heart, or for awakening thoughts or feelings which cause the objects, by which they are produced, to be doubly interesting to the beholder.

We shall not stop on the threshold of our author's work to cavil with him or with Camden and Norden about the

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etymology of Fulham. This is a matter of little moment; and, of the conjectures which have hitherto been produced on the subject, one does not seem much less probable than the other.

We, poor devils of reviewers, who cannot afford to purchase turbot, must often be content, when we are in a fish-eating mood, to buy flounders, and are therefore not over-well-pleased to learn from this work, that a cause has occurred which must diminish our chance of obtaining that cheap substitute for the nobler tenant of the ocean-stream, which solicits the lips of bishops and aldermen.

'Flounders are taken here all the year, and used to be caught in great abundance, but since the completion of the new docks below London Bridge, they have almost disappeared, owing to the spawn being carried by the tide into the docks, where it is destroyed, from the water being impregnated by the copper-bottomed vessels.'

'Salmon fishing begins on the 1st of January, and ends on the 4th of September. The salmon caught here are highly esteemed, and sell from five to twelve shillings per pound. Only one was caught here during the last season; they have abandoned the Thames since the opening of the docks, and now frequent the Medway, where they are considered merely as salt water fish.'

The bridge over the Thames at Fulham was begun and finished in the year 1729. 'Mr. Philips, carpenter to King George II., executed the work at the expence of £23,075.' It is said, that

'His Majesty, for the passage of himself and his household, pays annually £100. The greatest sum of money taken at this bridge in one day, was on the 10th June, 1811, when his Royal Highness the Prince Regent reviewed the regulars and volunteers, in number 28,000 men, on Wimbledon Common.'

Nothing marks the improved state of a country and the progress of civilization more than the goodness of the roads and the consequently increased facility of communication between one place and another. If we adopt this criterion and apply it to a particular case, how great must we deem the change between the present civilization of Fulham and that about fifty years ago, from the following circumstance, that in this parish, owing to the badness of the roads, which were nearly impassable,

'it required two teams of horses to draw one cart; and it was usual for the gardeners to assist each other on the road to or from London. It appears from the parish books, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that the highway-rate amount-

ed to nearly the same sum as the poor's-rate, a proof of their then wretched condition.'

If the poor's-rate be regarded as an exact measure of the degree of pauperism in this country, it will afford, in this respect, no very agreeable contrast between the present state of the kingdom and the past. General conclusions must not, indeed, be drawn from particular examples; but in many cases particular examples, as they bring the fact more distinctly before the mind, are better calculated to impress conviction than a multiplicity of instances.

'In the year 1627 the poor's-rates for the Fulham side,' (that is not comprehending the hamlet of Hammersmith) including legacies and donations, amounted only to the sum of £30. 11s. 8d., and the disbursements for the same year amounted to £29. 17s. 8d., as appears from the account taken from the parish books.'

But in the year 1811 the poor's-rates 'on the Fulham side,' amounted to £2059. 16s. 0d.

Fulham, says the author, may 'justly be denominated the great fruit and kitchen garden, north of the Thames for the supply of the London market,' as the greater part of the land is employed in the production of fruit and vegetables.

'The orchards or fruit grounds were first stocked with apples, pears, cherries, plums, walnuts, &c. which are called the upper crop; and secondly, with raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and all such fruits, shrubs, and herbs as will sustain the wet with the least injury; this is called the under crop. This mode, however, which has prevailed a long time, is on the decline; and in new plantations the gardeners prefer placing their fruit-trees in rows, leaving an open space for what was usually before denominated the under crop, by which means the cultivation is more open to the sun and air, and can be varied by the occasional introduction of vegetables.' 'About twenty-five acres in the parish are sown with radishes, which is the first crop of consequence; with these are sown carrots, onions, or parsley, &c. which is called the under crop; or the land is planted with potatoes, peas or beans, the latter not so frequently as the former. In February the first land, as cleared from the winter, is planted successively with cabbages and lettuces, to be succeeded with Prussian peas or spinach, or it is sown with peas, onions, &c. When the ground is stocked with cabbages, one row in seven is often cleared in May and June, and then planted with cucumbers, which spread themselves under the cabbages and succeed them. These have been known to have been succeeded, in favourable years, by two crops of coleworts, or green cabbages which are calculated before the

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ensuing February; thus making four complete crops within the year.'

A great many pages of this work are occupied with an account of the tombs, and copies of the inscriptions in the church and church-yard of Fulham, and in the chapel of St. Paul at Hammersmith. Few of these inscriptions would interest the general reader.

From the extracts from the churchwardens' and overseers' books, &c. we will select one or two particulars.

'1598, Paid for the discharge of the parish for wearinge of hats contrary to the statute * 5s. 2d.' '1662, Paid 1 C of paving tiles to pave the church, and for carriage 7s. 1d.' 'Paid for five daies work to set up seates in the church and for nayles' 7s. 1d.' '1623, Paid to a bricklayer and his labourer for one dayes work 1s. 2d.' 'Payed to the ringers upon the king's rout through to Hamptom Court 1s. 6d.' 'Paid for a prayer-book for the 5th of November 6d.'

Under the year 1639 we have an account of payments made by the overseers during the plague. Some of these payments are for 'warding' or guarding the houses of the persons who had caught the infection, and were shut up, that they might have no communication whatever with their neighbours. The watchmen were relieved every twelve hours; and it was only through them that the persons *warded* could obtain provisions and other necessaries.

'1639, Paid Osborne for two daies warding at Lady Grivill's 2s. 4d.' Paid Young for watching three weeks and five daies £1. 8s.' 'Paid Kelly for watching two nights 2s.' '1640, Paid to James Francis Smyth, for a bar of iron, wht. 9½lb. at 3d. per pound, to close upp Powell's house-doore 2s. 4½d. Item, for Brade and his man's labour to set on the barr 6d. Item, to Goodman Burre for one week's wardinge 5s. Item, for one bushel of coles for the visit house 1s. 3d. Item, for the reliefe of Elizabeth Ivanes being shut upp in a visited house at Waudon's Greene from the 15th of April 1641 to the 24th of May, 16s. Item, for a trusse of straw for her to lie on, 3d.'

Some of these and other particulars, mentioned in that part of the work from which we have quoted the above, are curious, as furnishing data for the comparison of the prices of labour, &c. in those times and the present.

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* By an Act of Parliament passed 13 Eliz. every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain rank was obliged to wear on Sundays and holidays a woollen cap, made in England or finished by some of the trade of cappers, under the penalty of paying 3s. 4d. for every day's omission. This act was repealed 39 Eliz.

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We will make a few extracts from the biographical notices of the Bishops of London, though we have not met with any which are likely to recommend themselves by the interest of novelty. But what some of our readers will deem stale and vapid, others may find lively and piquant from not having read before, or from not recollecting what they had read. Of Bishop Aylmer we learn that his enemies accused him of violating the sabbath, and that they grounded their charge

'on his playing bowls on Sunday; with regard to which Strype says, this was a recreation he delighted in and used for the diversion of his cares and the preservation of his health at Fulham; that he alleged, that he never withdrew himself from the service, or the sermon, on the Lord's day; that Christ, the best expositor of the Sabbath, said, that the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; that man might have his meat dressed for his health on the Sabbath, and why might he not have some convenient exercise of his body for the health thereof on that day. Indeed it was the general custom in those days, both in Geneva and in all other places where Protestants inhabited, after the service of the Lord's days was over, to refresh themselves with bowling, walking abroad, and other innocent recreations; and the bishop followed that which in his travels abroad, he had seen ordinarily practised among them.'

The practice of Bishop Aylmer in having recourse to some innocent recreation for the diversion of his cares or the preservation of his health after the service of the Lord's day was over, ought to be recommended in the present period where there seems an increasing propensity to revive the Puritanical observance of the Sabbath, to the total exclusion of that harmless gaiety and that social mirth which are in the highest degree conducive to the health both of the body and the mind.

Under the account of Dr. Richard Fletcher we find the following trait of Queen Elizabeth's leaning to the tenet of the Romish church with respect to the celibacy of the clergy. Bishop Fletcher had married

'the widow of Sir John Baker of Sisinghurst in Kent, and sister of Sir George Gifford, which brought him into disgrace with the queen, *who disapproved of all marriage in the clergy*, especially in a bishop, who was a widower and no very young man. He was banished from court, and suspended from the exercise of his ecclesiastical functions; the latter, however, was withdrawn after six months by the intercession of friends, but he was not permitted to appear at court for a twelvemonth, where for twenty years past, he had been a constant attendant. It is doubted if he ever perfectly recovered the queen's favour;

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and the anxiety arising from this disgrace is thought to have shortened his life, for he died suddenly on the 15th of June, 1596, while sitting in his chair, and smoaking tobacco, which was not usually taken in those days, unless by way of physic, or to divert melancholy.'

Bishop Compton, who had a taste for botanical pursuits, enriched the garden of the episcopal mansion at Fulham with a variety of exotic trees and shrubs. This bishop used to say that 'the church was for the living, and the church-yard for the dead.' The practice of burying in churches is a sort of profanation, and ought to be totally discontinued. It has a tendency injurious to health; and the idea itself is not agreeable to the minds of those who reflect that the lower part of the building, where they are assembled, is filled with putrid carcases. Who would eat his meals with so much satisfaction if he knew that a number of dead bodies were dissolving into worms, or mouldering into dust under his parlour floor? But, if we would wish to encourage the feeling of devotion in the sanctuary, why should we couple it with one of disgust? If we study the feeling of neatness and comfort in a dining room, why should we neglect it in a church? According to our notions, no pains should be spared to render the house of God delightful both to the senses and to the mind, that the devotion of the worshipper may be aided by external excitements, and that the feeling of gratitude and of reverence may be accompanied by pleasurable associations. Let not religious adoration be a dull, cold service, producing torpor, or exciting repugnance. Let it not be a gloomy and depressing, but a cheerful and a cheering service, such as is best suited to the Christian character of the benevolent father of the universe.

On the mention of a house in the occupation of Mrs. Batsford, Mr. Faulkner tells us that

'It was built by the late Mr. Skelton, a person formerly of some consequence in this parish, who owed his rise to the following singular circumstance. Being in the service of Bishop Compton as foot-boy, he was the means of detecting a cook who had mixed poison in some broth for the bishop's table, in order to obtain the sooner a legacy which he had learned the bishop had bequeathed to him. The fact being discovered, the cook was discharged, and young Skelton was placed with an attorney as a reward for his fidelity; and by diligence and good fortune, subsequently arrived at considerable property in this parish.'

One of the most celebrated amongst the former residents at Fulham, is Charles, Earl of Peterborough, of

travelling notoriety, who had seen more kings and post-boys than any other man in Europe, but who also displayed the qualities of a great commander in the war of succession in Spain. His house in this parish was the resort of the principal literati of the time, and Pope, Swift, and Locke, partook of the hospitality of his table. His second wife was Anastasia Robinson, the daughter of a painter, and one of the singers at the Opera. She had long resisted all the overtures of the earl for a less honourable connection before he made her his wife, and he had married her some time before he thought proper to make his marriage known. His way of making that event known at last was the following:

'He went one evening to the rooms at Bath, where a servant was ordered distinctly and audibly to announce "Lady Peterborough's carriage waits." Every lady of rank and fashion immediately rose, and congratulated the declared countess.'

There are some particulars worth notice in the following:

'*South Field Farm*, near Parson's Green, has been in the possession of the family of Rench upwards of two centuries; and during the whole of that time has been occupied as a nursery and garden-ground. The father of the late Mr. Rench produced in this garden the first pine strawberry and Chinese strawberry, and also the first auricula ever blown in this country. He also instituted the first annual exhibition of flowers, and died at the age of ninety-nine years, having had thirty-three children. The late Mr. Rench reared here the largest arbutus trees ever grown in England, several of which were fifty feet high, and was a successful cultivator of variegated hollies, and gave premiums for the discovery of new varieties. He was the first who introduced the moss rose-tree into this country, the original plant of which is supposed to have been brought from Holland. This circumstance appears to have been hitherto unknown to any of our botanical writers. Gerard in his "Herbal," makes no mention of the moss-rose, hence may be inferred its introduction was of a later date than his work; Linnæus considers it as a variety only of centifolia; Miller is of opinion that the moss-rose, or moss-province, as it is often called, is a perfectly distinct species; which seems to be confirmed from the moss-rose being found in its complete single state in the nursery of Messrs. Lee and Kennedy. Mr. Rench planted the elm-trees now growing in the Bird-cage Walk, St. James's Park; the plants of which were reared in this nursery. He married two wives, and had twenty-three children by the first, and twelve by the second; and was able to walk sixteen miles in one day, after having attained the age

of one hundred years. He died in the year 1783, in the same room of the same house in which he was born, and was buried in Fulham church-yard.'

It is not often that we hear of similar instances of longevity with the preceding, where the father has lived to the age of ninety-nine years, and the son to that of one hundred and one, and where the one had thirty-three children, and the other thirty-five. Are we hence to infer the healthiness of horticulture?

The following is another example of family longevity. Sir Philip Meadows, who had been sent by Oliver Cromwell as an envoy to Denmark in 1657, and who

'Published a narrative of the principal actions in the wars between Sweden and Denmark in 1677,' died in 1718, at the age of ninety-four, and was buried at Hammersmith; his son also reached the age of eighty-seven, and his grandson ninety-three.'

The fatalities, which attended the fiction of the Hammersmith ghost, in January, 1804, will, we trust, deter any other person from attempting a similar frolic, or from sporting with the fears of his neighbours. A poor woman, far advanced in her pregnancy, passing near the church-yard about ten o'clock at night, saw something which appeared to rise from the tomb-stones.

'She attempted to run, but the supposed ghost soon overtook her; and pressing her in his arms she fainted; in which situation she remained some hours, till discovered by the neighbours, who kindly led her home, when she took to her bed, from which, alas! she never rose.'

Our readers will remember that a person at Hammersmith of the name of Francis Smith, who had conceived a great antipathy against this mischievous apparition, determined to try whether it could stand powder and shot, and placed himself in ambush for that purpose, when a poor bricklayer in a white dress accidentally passing by at the time, he shot him instead of the supposed ghost. Smith was tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and received sentence of death, 'but was afterwards pardoned on condition of being imprisoned one year.'

This historical and topographical account of Fulham, will probably be very gratifying to those who reside in that parish and neighbourhood; and to them we recommend it when they feel the heavy weight of their own listlessness, and are in want of entertainment.

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ART. IV.—*Observations in Illustration of Virgil's celebrated fourth Eclogue.* London: Murray, 1810, 8vo. pp. 450. 15s.

BY some accident, not necessary to be accounted for here, this volume, though nearly three years from the press, did not, until very lately, fall into our hands.

There are few, if any of the literary world, who have not heard or read that the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, has at intervals for more than fifteen centuries puzzled the brains of the learned of different ages, not by difficulties occurring in the exposition of the language, but by doubts concerning the true import, and purpose of such a composition. Many have been the explanations attempted, and we so far agree with the author of the present essay, that there is something unsatisfactory in every one of them. The question seems indeed rather to have been dropped than decided, until our present author roused it again, and passed a definitive sentence upon it. It remains to be seen whether such a sentence will be convincing to the literary public. Dr. Henley is the last writer on the subject that we recollect to have seen, about five-and twenty years since. Whatever way our own faith may incline, it would be an act of presumption, if, in a very few pages, all that we can afford to devote to the subject, we should affect to pronounce a decree of summary rejection on the theories of either old or modern critics, who have exhausted their ingenuity and much time on an occasion, for which we candidly own, that, as so much has been already said, we have not much time to spare; and we are fully aware that invention and conjecture, notwithstanding the elastic materials, which constitute those faculties, have in the volume before us reached their ne plus ultra: after reading this essay of our author's, it will, we should imagine, be allowed on all hands, that the Virgilian prophecies, if Virgil ever was a prophet, or even a vice-prophet to the Cumæan Sibyl, have been applied to every one who possessed even a plausible pretext for the application. It will be sufficient for us, if we simply state the opinions previous to that promulged by the writer, whom we now examine, if we shew by what line of reasoning he supports the theory that he wishes to establish, and as demonstration is so wholly out of the question, venture to add, to what side, in our judgment, probability inclines.

It has been generally allowed that the Eclogue in question is prophetical, it foretels that in the consulate of

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Pollio, a male child shall be born, who shall not only be the wonder of the age, in which he shall be produced, but shall restore to the world all those blessings of peace, innocence, and plenty, which the heathen poets have often figured in their imaginary golden age, as introductory to this prophecy. Virgil uses the remarkable, but very plainly significant words,

'Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.—l. 4.

by which we can surely understand nothing else, but that this birth shall complete the prophecies of the Cumæan Sibyl.* Now as this poem was composed within half a century of the birth of the Messiah, it will not appear wonderful, that a description, which, making due allowances for poetical exaggeration, corresponds so closely with the benefits which might be supposed to result to mankind from revelation, with a view to its visible effect on society, should have been applied in after times to the birth of our Saviour. Lactantius, in the early part of the fourth century, in his zeal for Christianity, which he must have thought would be strengthened by this argument, was the first, as far as we know, who embraced this opinion. He was followed, a very few years after, by Constantine the Great, and as Lactantius declared the fourth Eclogue of Virgil to be the *prophecy of the Sibyl*, on the birth of Jesus Christ, Constantine was of the same opinion, or perhaps even went farther, and considered Virgil as himself an inspired writer. Of all the opinions urged respecting this singular composition, those just mentioned appear to have been most generally received in later days; they are certainly the opinions on which a very large proportion of the learned heads, who have turned to this question, have exercised their acumen. As far indeed as these decisions regard the identity of our Saviour, with the description of the male child whose birth is predicted in the Eclogue, there would be little difficulty, did no other obstacle intervene, of giving an unqualified assent: but Constantine troubled himself but

* When we use the expression that this Eclogue is at all events *prophetical*, we do not by any means wish to be considered as prejudging a point, which is one of the most material of those in dispute. We use the word *prophetical*, in the widest possible sense, which, independent of the general acceptation of the word prophecy, comprehends the two species of *poetical prophecy* so common in heathen writers. The one, where they prophecy what has already happened, and thus are guilty of a forgery in antedating their own writings. The other where they evidently prophecy at random, making it merely a poetical figure, and rather expressing a wish, than a belief in the completion of what they say.

little with the great obstacle, viz. how can we allow the Sibylline oracles to be inspired writings, or even if they were so, how are we to understand Virgil to be so initiated as to comprehend their latent prophecy? These difficulties have of course not been so easily overlooked by those later Christian writers, who having adopted the general idea that our Saviour is the person pointed out in the Eclogue, have found it very necessary to notice these particular objections to the doctrine they have embraced. Professor Heyne is very flippant and self-sufficient on the occasion, nor is his opinion on the subject worth referring to, but when discussing the merits of the opinions, of which we have been speaking, he refers us to Chandler's Vindication of the Defence of Christianity, lib. II. ch. 2, sect. 2, and v. II. postscript, p. 44—to Whiston's Supplement to the literal Accomplishment of Scriptural Prophecy, p. 94—and to Cudworth's System. Intellect. c. iv. 16, as passages containing the modes by which their respective authors accounted for the possibility of Virgil's uttering a prophecy respecting the Messiah. The professor, who only rejects the idea of any reference whatever to such an event being traceable in the Eclogue, nevertheless supplies us with an argument in favour of Virgil's pretensions to true prophecy, amounting nearly to this. We find in Josephus that Herod had been received in hospitality by Pollio—Virgil might have been present at these meetings, and thus become acquainted with Jewish prophecy. There is very little in this, for it is more than probable that without such an acquaintance, Virgil must have seen the Jewish prophetic writings. The difficulty remains, why he should make use of materials drawn from such a source. Notwithstanding all these objections, the opinion of Constantine, who, had no less a patron than Bishop Lowth, who caught with the very extraordinary similarity which there undoubtedly does exist between the circumstances of the birth of the Messiah, and the predictions of Virgil, in guarded language, apparently displays his belief in that prophecy, for the existence of which he confesses himself wholly unable to account. A writer of so different a cast and character as Mr. Gibbon, gives the same application to the Eclogue in question: will the religious and the learned agree in the sentiment?

'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.'*

* The productions now entitled 'Sibyllina Oracula' are generally allowed to be spurious; could they be supposed genuine, the whole difficulty respecting Virgil's predictions of our Saviour would vanish, for undoubtedly the

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The other opinion which has heretofore divided the learned world, and which extends into many ramifications, was promulged by Servius, the commentator on Virgil, who flourished in the fifth century. Whether this writer was, as well as the emperor Theodosius the younger, under whom he lived, a Christian, we do not recollect to have read, at all events he never considered this eclogue as having any reference to our religion. Our author gives the opinion of Servius; we will quote it from him.

'Servius supposed that Virgil introduced into this Eclogue *a fictitious prophecy* in which he undertook *to determine the sex and fortune* of SOME ROMAN INFANT, whose birth was in expectation at the time that he wrote the poem. To ascertain the person of that infant, Servius set himself to search into the time immediately following the date which he assigned to the poem, namely, some part of the year of Pollios' consulate. Influenced by the apostrophe to Pollio, contained in the prophecy, he produced the names of two sons of Pollio, Asinius Gallus, and Saloninus, as rival pretenders to the honours of the poem, with a positive decision, however, in favour of the pretensions of the latter. At the same time he plainly betrayed the embarrassment under which his judgment laboured in making that decision, from a conviction, that all the great features of the prophecy were properly ascribable to OCTAVIUS himself. From hence Servius was led to devise the whimsical conjecture, that the praises of Octavius were in some way or other, which he was unable to detect, interwoven with those of the infant Saloninus throughout the poem. Thus on verse 6 he observes, "*permixcet laudes tam pueri Pollionis, quam Augusti,*" &c.'

To this interpretation, and to others which applied the prophecy to children about to be born at the same period, although it is an interpretation not to be treated slightly, from the great authorities by which it has been patronized, the general objection does in truth seem a very satisfactory one, and sufficient to destroy the whole theory,

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Sibyllina Oracula, which we now have on our shelves, do predict the coming of the Messiah, as clearly as the Jewish prophetic writings, and have therefore been very fairly supposed to be a forgery in the early ages of Christianity, which is strengthened by the internal evidence that they were drawn from Isaiah. It appears therefore to have been a pious fraud to convert Gentiles. But might not this very Eclogue be adduced as an argument in support of the authenticity of this book? The prophecies of Isaiah and the building of Rome, are nearly co-temporaneous events; now the Sibyl, who offered her book for sale, did so in the reign of Tarquin, more than 200 years afterwards —Qu. Is it not then possible that the real Sibylline writings were drawn from Isaiah? and that the book, we now have, is a fragment of the genuine Sibyllina Oracula?

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viz. that all these children were infinitely too unimportant to be the subjects of a poem evidently prophetical, evidently written with all the force and all the care that a mind like that of Virgil's could command. The minor objections to the accomplishment of the predictions in the persons of various Roman infants, who have been named, although none of them are without their force, are too numerous to find a place here. We will only add a strong interrogative of our author's. M. de Nauze (1762) having shewn from Dio, that Scribonia, whom Octavius espoused at the beginning of Pollio's consulate, was shortly after pregnant, conjectured that Virgil upon that doubtful occasion, had ventured to deliver a specific prophecy. Here our author steps in, and enquires whether it was probable

'that while the womb of Scribonia teemed with its uncertain fruit, that great poet had dared at once assume it for *a boy*, and at the risk of all his grave reputation to predict of that equivocal offspring, the splendid and *masculine* career described in the Eclogue. Unfortunately Scribonia was delivered of a daughter, whose sex and depravity belied in every particular the magnificent predictions of the poem.'

After this recapitulation of the two great lines of opinion which have divided the literary world, though each line has contained many shades of difference in its supporters, and a statement of the chief obstacle to the reception of either of those expositions, those of our readers, who have not seen the work before us, are doubtless anxious to behold the new light which is to burst upon them. In few words then, our author considers this fourth Eclogue of Virgil, as a GENETHLIACON, OR A BIRTH-DAY POEM, COMPOSED IN HONOUR OF OCTAVIUS. And before he enters on the arguments, by which he proposes to support this novel hypothesis, he warns us that his evidence will chiefly be internal. He has already disposed of the two leading opinions which preceded his own discovery, by a very modest but manly display of the objections to them, and indeed, as we observed in the beginning of this article, there is so much obstacle to the reception of any solution proposed as yet, that we are still in the wide ocean. Our readers shall now see whether the present author brings them nearer to the shore. This hypothesis is supported by a line of reasoning drawn on through six chapters, the arguments chiefly resting on the internal evidence of the poem, with illustrations from other parts of Virgil, and other Latin poets. Our readers will

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anticipate that a pretty strong literary paradox must be the foundation stone, and this is the case. Our author begins by condemning the *two assumptions*, which have grown out of the opinions of Servius. First, *the assumption* 'that Virgil speaks in this Eclogue of a child who, should be born in the consulate of Pollio.' Secondly, 'that he undertakes to foretel the future fortune of the child, *who should then be born.*' We cannot but allow from the general character of the poets of the Augustan age, and more especially from that of Virgil as displayed in various parts of his writings, where he is never ashamed to stoop to the most fulsome flattery of the emperor, that Augustus is of all mankind the most likely to have been the subject of such overstrained eulogium, and that it is perfectly consonant with the hyperbolical style of praise in use among the Latin poets, that the career of the extraordinary person described in this eclogue, should be intended to represent the really splendid and useful, however immoral, life of the emperor. Now allowing all this to its fullest extent, any argument that could be founded upon it will be light as straw, unless we get rid of what our author terms the assumptions of Servius, unless we prove that those passages, which give rise to these assumptions, *neither are nor were intended to be prophetical.* The first point to be disproved is that this child was to be born in the consulate of Pollio. The lines are,

> 'Tu modo nascenti puero, *(quo* ferrea primum
> Desinet, et toto surget gens aurea mundo)
> Casta fave Lucina—tuus jam regnat Apollo,
> Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te consule, inibit
> Pollio!'——Line 12.

a great point here turns on the word QUO. The universal interpretation has been *quo nascente;* it originated in Servius, but our author by supplying *a, sub* or *cum* QUO, that there is no prediction relative to any extraordinary circumstances attending *the birth of this child,* or any time specified, but that this golden age should arrive, and this *man's* career should be so glorious during the consulate of Pollio. The word QUO may undoubtedly be thus interpreted, and fairly, but the invocation '*Casta fave Lucina,*' is much more difficult to be made subservient to the new hypothesis. 'Lucina is invoked,' says our author, 'not because the moment of the birth was to be also the first moment of a new age, but in conformity to the order of things and of the subject; because a hero must first be safely born into the world, before he can perform the task

assigned:' this is all very true, but, according to our author, this hero is born at the time the poem is written, and his career, not his birth, is the object of prophecy. Why then call on Lucina? This is a point on which some ingenious criticism is employed, but which, we confess, is by no means controverted in a manner to satisfy us. The second general assumption is that Virgil did undertake to prophecy the sex as well as course of a child, yet to be born. Our author lays a great stress on the character of Virgil for prudence to disprove this point, observing that Virgil would by no means have subjected himself to the charge of intellectual weakness, by the very probable failure of rash predictions. We do not deny Virgil's prudence, but neither is this evidence internal or is it satisfactory. Why does our author only refer to those whom he considers the followers of Servius, and neglect those who think the Sibylline writings were the foundation of Virgil's poem, and that those writings did predict the birth of a boy? If so, and if Virgil, as is very natural, believed in those oracles, as his countrymen did, can it be any impeachment of his sense, that he ventured to versify them? It is clear therefore that we do not consider these two assumptions as controverted, the superstructure of argument in the ensuing chapter is elegant, ingenious, and entertaining, evidently the work of a scholar and a gentleman; but as we are not satisfied with the solidity of the base, we confess that this volume, which promises to set the question to rest, has not, as far as we are concerned, had that desired effect. We cannot get over the prophecy as relating to a child unborn at the time of writing the poem. To any one who has been in the habits of reading the Roman poets, there is something certainly very plausible in a remark of Professor Heyne's in his fourteenth excursus on the 6th book of the Æneid: our author translates the passage.

'Such (says he) is the nature of the human mind, that poets who are desirous of working upon our feelings, have found it an effectual means for alluring and fixing our attention, to make choice of events that have already come to pass, and to mould them up into the form of a prophecy.'

This is very true, and an hypothesis of *probabilities* might be raised upon it; but even in admitting these, we must recollect that these pseudo-prophecies seldom proceed from the mouth of the poet himself: a man who places his fable, and the action of his poem, in times prior to his own, may very fairly introduce any persons prophecying

those things, which have happened in his (the poet's) time, without even a shadow of anachronism.

It may now be expected that we should say to which side our own faith inclines, for *inclination* is the strongest term we can use. With respect to Servius and his followers, the perfect insignificance of all the persons, to whom they have applied the prophecy, is to us an insurmountable objection to the reception of any of their applications. With respect to our author's ingenious theory, we do not wish to influence our readers, wishing them to form their judgment from the work itself; we have already said that we cannot get rid of the invocation to Lucina, and although the words are but three in number, they are of vital importance to the point, whether the person alluded to was born or was to be born. One exposition only remains, and it is to that which our opinion inclines, viz. that Virgil did predict the birth of our Saviour, but that in this prediction he merely followed the Sibylline writings, from which he learned that a male child would be born about the time specified, whose career would be as extraordinary as that predicted in the poem. We by no means conceive it necessary to suppose either the Cumæan Sibyl, or Virgil to have been inspired writers, but merely that the former was a decided plagiarist from Isaiah. As to the books to which we referred in a note, there can, we fear, be little hesitation in pronouncing them spurious, their style carries in it a host of evidence against their due antiquity; although we should at the same time recollect that Constantine, who quotes the passage, from which he conceives Virgil to have drawn the Eclogue, and who acknowledges, that the book, from which he took them, was of suspected authority, tries to establish its authenticity by declaring that these very lines had been translated by Cicero. Certainly no such lines are now extant; on which Martyn observes, that it is hardly to be imagined, that Constantine would so openly have appealed to them, if they had not been extant in his time. We do not however see that the authenticity of the work quoted by Constantine is very material. We commit no offence against chronology, and but little, we imagine, against probability, in supposing that the real Sibylline writings may have been drawn from Isaiah, for do we not see that much of the earlier fabulous history of the world, is a confused and garbled copy of what we learn from the books of Moses? We wholly reject the idea, that Virgil himself drew from the Jewish prophet;

the assumption wears a crowd of improbabilities on the face of it; that Virgil should have read Isaiah is very probable, as we have before said, but that he should esteem him a writer, whose predictions were worthy of a Roman muse, we cannot believe. We have thus briefly stated our reasons why this latter solution of the Eclogue pleases us best; but even here we do not feel a sufficient confidence in the cause to be quite at ease.

Some apology may seem necessary to our author for not having proceeded farther with him in his line of reasoning, for not accompanying him beyond the outset; the fact is, we have found it impossible to combine our wish of giving a general view of the question, with a regular detail of his arguments, without carrying our article to an unreasonable length; and as our incredulity was roused at an early period, on a point which no subsequent chapters could or did remove. We had only our private amusement to consult in the succeeding part of the work. As to the internal evidence of the *individual poem* in question, that the complimentary effusion will apply to Augustus, and that the cap will fit him very well, considering the summary method of deification in use among the Romans is very clear, but it applies in a manner much closer to the sacred person whom it is also said to typify, in addition to which we must observe, that if the prediction of birth was removed, which we do not think it has been, the poem, from the sixteenth to the thirtieth line, relates so evidently to the rise from childhood to manhood, which from the date of the poem it would be difficult to apply to Augustus, that notwithstanding the specious explanations of our author, we are certainly more inclined to refer all to a quarter, where the application of it is less equivocal.

ART. V.—*The Re-establishment of an effective Balance of Power, stated to be the only solid Basis of a general and permanent Peace. By Thomas Moore Musgrave, Esq.* London: Hatchard, 1813. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE continental powers certainly have at present, and have long had, a strong common interest in opposing the overgrown power of France. Almost ever since the establishment of the French republic, France has threatened the independence of the different European states, and even the existence of their governments. If any co-

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alliance of different powers, in order to oppose, or to vanquish a common foe, has ever been embodied with a common interest, that invigorating principle must certainly have pervaded the several coalitions against France, which were formed during the ministry of Mr. Pitt. Nor was this common interest unfelt or unseen by the potentates who entered into these coalitions. It was not a mysterious proposition or a shadowy phantom; but a solid and tangible reality. The power of France was not the mere apparition of a giant wielding the sword of death. It was the giant himself armed with every possible instrument of destruction, and animated by the will, or rather infuriated by the passion, to destroy. The coalesced powers saw this mighty Colossus of cruelty and injustice, trampling on one of the European states after another, and menacing the total subjugation of all; yet they never acted with that perfect unity of council or of strength which is seen among men who are bound together by the strongest ties of a common interest. They suffered the little contemptible jealousies of each other to prevail over their apprehensions of the common foe; and thus their distracted councils and their imbecile policy gave up the world to be ravaged by a monster of iniquity such as was never before seen.

Individuals sometimes grow wise by experience; but we much doubt whether this be ever the case with states. At least the conduct of the different European powers, in opposing the mighty strides of French domination in successive coalitions, is far from proving that misconduct ever made them politic, or misfortune wise. The same acts of folly have been repeated over and over again by the old dynasties, confederated against the ambition of France, notwithstanding the dreadful reverses and accumulated calamities of which they have uniformly been productive. A wise man may occasionally exhibit some of the indiscretions of the fool; but the fool, particularly if he be a fool of rank, and have a sceptre in his hand, hardly ever becomes wise. The unfortunate circumstances, by which he is encompassed, oppose an insuperable obstacle to the illumination of the mind. The profligates, who always surround the throne of every weak or vicious prince, never want arguments to persuade him that all his habits are virtuous, and that all his acts are wise.

If Erasmus were to be born again, in order to write another panegyric upon folly, he could not find more abundant topics for his pen in any events than in the con-

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duct of the different sovereigns who have in various ways, either by force or by art, either in the cabinet or in the field, attempted to suppress the growing power of revolutionary France. But France has, notwithstanding, been continually aggrandized by the hostility which was intended for her destruction. This hostility was indeed always rather that of swaggering cowardice, or of impotent rage, than of that considerate kind, which does not engage in a contest, before it has measured its own strength, as well as that of its enemy; and is dependent for success less upon contingencies than upon a well combined plan of operation. Where there is wisdom and foresight in the cabinets of princes, and the commanders of armies, victory and defeat are not fortuitous events; but matters of as much moral certainty as there can be in the adaptation of any human means to a particular end. This has been admirably proved by the conduct of Lord Wellington in the Peninsula, which has been in the highest degree a tissue of deliberate wisdom, promptitude, and skill. He has neither been froward nor rash, neither tardy nor precipitate, neither wanting in impetuosity nor in caution. In short he has, in all his combinations, left as little to chance as any general ever did; and, of course, he has been favoured by fortune. For the true way to be favoured by fortune is to leave nothing to chance.

In the affairs of this world there is nothing so fortuitous which does not come under the relation of cause and effect. The wise man sees the agency of causation before it is developed in its effects; but the fool sees nothing till the full grown evil, which he might have crushed in the bud, stares him in the face. Before the battle of Jena the King of Prussia was as confident of victory as if he had seen the French driven across the Rhine. The signal overthrow which he experienced, is that which awaits infatuation, improvidence, temerity, and indolence, when they are opposed to sober reflection, deliberate foresight, and unintermitting activity. The most favourable moment which ever occurred for crippling the power of revolutionary France, was that when Suwarrow had driven the enemy out of Italy, when he was descending from the Alps with an invincible army into France, and when the whole French nation, weary of the iniquity and folly of the directory, would have hailed him as their deliverer from the worst of ills. But, at this juncture, the destiny of France to be soon after governed by the iron rod of Bonaparte, was accomplished by the petty jealousy of

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Austria. Austria, jealous of the glory of the Russian chief, or of the power of her generous ally, withdrew her troops from the point where they were most needed and would have been of most avail; and left Suwarrow to contend with a force so superior, that he had no other alternative but to retire without accomplishing the great work which he had so auspiciously begun.

Mr. Musgrave thinks that, notwithstanding all the weakness or the jealousies which have paralysed the efforts, or prevented the success of former coalitions, a new confederacy might be formed against France on such principles as would ensure its success. Such a coalition should have for its object an 'unity of political design.' But, how is this to be produced? By an identity of interest. Yes certainly. But, how can you convince governments, who are always more prone to be influenced by petty, selfish considerations, than by comprehensive views, that they have a common interest in any common object which has no immediate connection with their little contemptible policy, or their individual vanity and ambition? We hold it to be so improbable as to be almost impossible to unite the present governments of Europe in any 'unity of political design,' which has the good of mankind for its object and its end. Every government, which is formed on the basis of individual gratification or aggrandizement, like most of the old governments in Europe, or the new government in France, has its own good in view; that is, the good of the particular individuals of which it is composed; but the good of the community forms no part of the consideration, except as far as it may conduce to the gratification or the aggrandizement of the sovereign or his ministers. When the sovereign and his ministers have the wisdom to see or the virtue to feel that the two goods, the good of the people and their own, are completely in unison, that state is for the time well governed; as the happiness of the people, the only legitimate end of government, becomes a primary consideration.

Mr. Musgrave allows, p. 8, that no continental war can be successfully conducted to a general issue, unless '*the co-operation is so complete as to be undisturbed by any jealous or selfish consideration.*' But how can we but despair of such a co-operation, when most of the governments themselves, which are thus expected to co-operate without jealousy or selfishness, have no other principle of action than that of selfishness; and when the most potent stimulus to their activity is that of individual jealousy? Mr.

Pitt in vain endeavoured to get rid of this selfishness and jealousy amongst the different powers of Europe in order to unite them in one great and consistent plan of action against France. Now have we any reason to expect that his successors in office will be able to effect what he himself could never accomplish? Mr. Musgrave, however, is somewhat more sanguine on this subject than we can profess ourselves to be.

We should think it as fortunate a circumstance, as Mr. Musgrave, if an effectual balance of power could be re-established. Nor do we see how this balance is to be restored, except by reducing the inordinate power of France. But as France is not likely voluntarily to consent to this reduction, it can be effected only by force. But force has been tried in vain. Mr. Musgrave, however, thinks that it should be tried once more; and that success will be the result.

'The only practicable mode,' says Mr. Musgrave, 'of repressing the inordinate ambition of France is, to restrain it by the very means which she herself employs for its indulgence. Force, absolute force, superior to the collective military power of France, either in numbers or in equipment, in skill or in valour, and enthusiastically animated by the justice of their cause, can alone be relied upon for the accomplishment of these salutary views. Upon this alone depends the practicability of opposing France with effect.'

Now if the only chance of restoring the balance of power, or in other words, of reducing the power and repressing the ambition of France depends, in the words of Mr. Musgrave, upon '*force, absolute force, superior to the collective military power of France, either in number or equipment, in skill or in valour, and enthusiastically* animated by the justice of their cause,' we fear that it is small indeed. For nothing can more strongly show the incapacity of the allies to procure a force superior to that of France in numbers only. to say at present nothing of equipment, skill, valour, and enthusiasm, than the present campaign in Germany from its commencement to the late armistice. In the campaign of the former year in Russia it seems no exaggeration to say that at least five-sixths of the then existing military power of the French emperor were annihilated by the frost; but, notwithstanding this destruction, which was more complete than any army ever before experienced, Bonaparte was enabled with only a few months preparation to collect an army almost twice as numerous as that of the allies, and certainly not inferior to them in equip-

ment, skill, valour, and enthusiasm. This specimen of the military resources of France may well diminish any hope which we might otherwise entertain that the allies would be able to furnish a force superior to that of the Emperor Napoleon in numbers, equipment, skill, valour, and enthusiasm. And if therefore, according to Mr. Musgrave, we can *alone rely* on this numerical and moral superiority of force as the mean of restoring the balance of power, or the independence of the different European states, it appears that we must rely on that which, according to past experience, it is impossible to accomplish; and the accomplishment of which is certainly not favoured by present appearances. (Written in the end of July, 1813.)

Mr. Musgrave does not compute the 'resources of the French empire,' 'at much more than one-third of the whole resources of the European states.' *Resources* here is too indefinite a term. Mr. Musgrave should have mentioned the particulars which he meant to include under it. If by *resources* he means the power of furnishing men for military purposes, we believe the power of France, according to her present extended limits and including the territories of her allies, to be equal, if not superior, to all the rest of the European states. And whatever may be the resources of France in this, or in other respects, we should consider that her system, which is essentially despotic, and, at present, of too recent existence to be restrained by custom, enables her to avail herself to the utmost of all the resources she possesses; and that instantaneously, and without the smallest hesitation or delay. The Emperor of Russia may be a despot, as well as Napoleon; but the despotism of the former is restrained by custom; which, even in the most despotic countries, is apt to acquire the force of law; and he is moreover, as we sincerely believe, swayed by moral considerations, at which Napoleon spurns as the lion at the fluttering breeze. Napoleon has no other law to restrain him than his own will; and he never fails to will whatever his ambition prompts. And, what his ambition prompts, his hand will attempt to execute, regardless of every tie, either human or divine. Experience has proved this; and who, that knows what human nature is, and how perpetually corrupting is the influence of power, will expect that Bonaparte will, in his future conduct, show more scrupulosity of principle, or more delicacy of conscience, than he has in his past? No peace, which we can make with him, is likely to be binding upon his mind from any sense of moral obligation; from

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any sentiment of duty in adhering to treaties, or any feeling of humanity which might deter a sovereign of a different temperament from again letting slip the dogs of war, as the greatest scourge which can befall the human race.—But, though Bonaparte is not likely to shew much regard for the sanctity of any pacific bond, into which we might enter with him, still we see no chance of reducing his power, or setting any limits to his domination by the continuance of war. And we think, on the whole, that peace with all its contingent ills, is preferable to protracted warfare with all its certain woes.

It would give us great pleasure to see Mr. Musgrave, or any other gentleman, organize such a coalition amongst the powers of Europe as might reduce the power of Napoleon, or raise a hurricane in the physical and moral world which might sweep such a monster of iniquity from the face of the earth. But, as we have said above, we have no hope of any success in any project of this kind, without the intervention of a miracle; and, whatever age this may be, we fear that it is not the age of miracles.

As a specimen of Mr. Musgrave's pamphlet, and of his political sentiments, we will produce what he says about a congress of the European powers, and of the objects which it ought to keep in view and endeavour to accomplish.

'A congress of the different states of Europe, convened, not for peace, (except eventually), but for the solemn purpose of recovering and securing their national independence, would, in the present posture of European affairs, contribute, more perhaps than any other proceeding, to restore the lost equipoise of the continental powers. A declaratory act of such a convention would give renewed validity to the force of international law. It would be the first effectual step towards the restoration of the balance of power, without which there can be no peace with any chance of duration. Occasional truces might possibly precede the utter extinction of the liberties of the Continent; but the peace that would follow, would be stripped of all the blessings that endear it to mankind. It would be a state of repose founded on a base and universal submission to despotic sway—a torpid existence, in which the best energies of the soul would slumber in perfect uselessness.

'If a declaration to this effect were issued by a congress of potentates, assembled for the assertion, recovery, and defence of their sovereign rights, could it fail to produce the most beneficial result? If, at the same time, it abjured all views of conquest, all interference with the internal concerns of France, and even unequivocally expressed a desire to maintain relations of

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amity with that power, whenever the principles of her government, and the equitable reduction of her political preponderance, should afford a reasonable guarantee for their security, would not its justice and moderation be universally admitted, and would not this general admission materially aid the accomplishment of the end itself for which the declaration was promulgated?

Next to the assertion of their own independent sovereign rights, the precise extent of the limitation within which the power of France should be restricted, should occupy the fullest attention of this august assembly.

'Difficult it would certainly be to reduce to the same standard the securities against future encroachments, which each state might deem expedient for its own immediate safety. But in determining the scale of offensive operations, it would be a capital error to suppose, that it should be adapted to measure, by anticipation, the obscured grandeur and degradation of the French empire. Justice demands that her wealth, her dignity, her power, as a state of the first rank, should be duly regarded as the sanctified attributes of national independence.

'But, to the support of this independence, it is not necessary that France should aggrandize her empire by the incorporation of Holland and the Hanse Towns; that she should annex Switzerland and the greater part of Italy to her own possessions, and retain the remainder of the latter territory, ostensibly under the character of an ally, but really under the vassalage of feudal subjection. Nor is it requisite that Spain and Portugal should be reduced to the condition of imperial provinces, or that the north-eastern boundaries of France should be protected against the inroads of her military neighbours by the confederation of the Rhine. All these defences and precautions are not requisite for the consolidation of peace. Had her views been really pacific, all these alliances, incorporations, and unfinished conquests, would have formed no part of her policy: sufficiently great in herself, she would not have needed the aid either of such alliances, of a direct aggrandizement of her territory, or of prospective acquisitions, to secure to herself, and to the world, the inestimable benefits of a long and flourishing interval of repose.

'The truth is, these confederative alliances and incorporations of territory were made with diametrically opposite views: not to preserve, but to violate peace; not to defend, but to enlarge indefinitely the boundaries of the French empire.

'At one period, France affected to be satisfied with the limits, which, it was imagined, nature herself had assigned to her. The Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean, were considered to be the outline of her proper territorial dimensions.—Even the ambitious views of several of the revolutionary governments did not, at least ostensibly, advance beyond these traces of national de-

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marcation. They were, however, most fully developed after the erection of the limited consulate, and have since progressively acquired a more consistent shape and expansion under the consulate for life; and still more since the establishment of the foundations of a new dynasty. The schemes of ambition formerly projected by the numerous individuals, in whom was vested the simultaneous exercise of the sovereign power, were then frustrated by the secret jealousies and divisions of the heads of the government. In the defence of France against all external attacks, they were all equally zealous and united; but their views of conquest wanted that dangerous unity and simplicity of plan, under which they have been so successfully prosecuted, since the direction of the military energies of France has been usurped and exercised by one individual,'

* * * 'If a congress of sovereigns should be held, for the purpose of deliberating on the most effectual means of providing for the present and future security of their respective dominions, would it not, in the first instance, appear to each illustrious member of it to be indispensably necessary, that a general alliance, offensive and defensive, should establish a basis for all their concurrent measures? Would it not also be attended with advantage, both to their cause, and to their proceedings, if this alliance should be held to be valid, for offensive operations, only until a fair and equitable reduction of the power of France shall be effected, whilst its validity, with regard to its defensive character, should remain permanently in force? By such a restriction upon the conditions of the alliance, the justice of the principles on which it was founded, would be rendered more obvious and palpable, and would aid the execution of the measures originating from it, by securing for it the benefit of the public sentiment in its favour. And what timidity, what despondency in their own resources, should prevent the allied powers from declaring, "*that the extension of the boundaries of the French empire, beyond the Rhine and the Pyrenees, is incompatible with the liberties of Europe?*" Intrepidity there would be in the declaration: but is the object to which it points of so extravagantly difficult a nature, as to be altogether impracticable? If the military force of the continent, aided by the naval, military, and financial resources of this country, were embodied against France—if systematic unity of direction were skilfully given to this force—if, during their well-combined operations, every sentiment of national jealousy, every discrepant feeling of national interest, were allayed and suppressed—if a common impression of common danger communicated to the whole a single feeling of military ardour, animated by the cheering hope of preventing the independence of the world from being sacrificed at the shrine of sanguinary and lawless ambition—if the attainment of one general object, consecrated by the unqualified approbation of the moral and enlightened portion of mankind, constituted the sole point of union, for which the nu-

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merous ranks of the allies would be marshalled against the enemy; might not the emancipation of Europe be effectually achieved, by a combination founded upon such principles, and stimulated by every motive that can urge patriotic armies to the most zealous performance of their glorious task.'

If a congress of the kind, which Mr. Musgrave recommends, had been established before the commencement of the revolutionary war, or soon after the French revolution assumed the appearance of the violent paroxysm of an epidemic madness, rather than of a rational attempt to improve the political institutions of France, and if this congress had made a frank and simple declaration of the principles on which it was formed and of the purposes which it had in view, and if those principles and those purposes had been *compatible* with the *integrity* and *independence* of France, and *altogether favourable to the liberties and the happiness of mankind*, we believe that it would have been productive of great and extensive benefit. It would have armed all the reason that was left in France, and indeed all that could be found in Europe, in its support. It would have opposed an insuperable barrier to the desolating ravage of the French revolution; and, indeed, it would have rendered that revolution itself, of milder aspect and of shorter continuance. The French nation would not have stained itself with the guilt of so many crimes; and the good, but weak Louis the XVIth would not have been precipitated, as much by the indiscretion of his friends as by the violence of his foes, into an untimely grave.—But neither the sovereigns nor the ministers of the different European states were, at the time, sufficiently enlightened to form a congress on these generous principles and with these enlightened views. The different sovereigns of Europe, particularly those of Austria and Prussia, thought that the French revolution presented a favourable opportunity for promoting their own selfish avidity of individual aggrandizement. At first they mistook the anarchic violence of the French revolution for a proof of national imbecility; which was likely to favour their project for dismembering France. But what they deemed feverish weakness turned out to be the intensity of gigantic strength; which in the end trampled princes and nobles, crowns and mitres, in the dust. And who that knows the principles or can appreciate the want of every thing like wisdom, or virtue, or philanthropy in some of the European governments, can lament their fate?

Though, in the bosom of seclusion, we have not been in-

attentive observers of the political events of the last twenty years; nor are we unacquainted with the characteristic merits and defects of the present leading actors in the turbulent drama of the day. But, from all that we have collected from observation, or learned by reflection, or deduced from other sources of information, we do not believe that Europe can be saved by the plan which Mr. Musgrave recommends; or that there is virtue, or wisdom, or energies of any kind enough in the different continental powers to oppose any effectual obstacle to the domination of Napoleon, or to reduce the power of France within those moderate limits of the Alps, the Rhine, the ocean, and the Pyrenees, which are necessary in order to restore the balance of power, and to secure the rest of Europe from the scourge of her military rule. We will not say that fortuitous, or what are commonly called fortuitous events are not yet undisclosed in the womb of time by which the power of France may be caused to return within its ancient limits; but statesmen are not to be governed by chance, but to act on well-grounded probabilities arising out of a sober, reflective and well-combined view of the present state of things. As the rustic who is incessantly watching the perpetual variableness of the wind will never sow, so the politician who builds his security upon ephemeral expedients and trusts to chance, as his most potent auxiliary, will never devise any plan that will essentially benefit his country or mankind.

ART. VI.—*A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments; particularly as they are Objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation; with an Account of the present State of its Cities and Towns; and occasional Observations on the recent Spoliations of the French. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace.* London: Mawman, 1813. 2 Vols. 4to. £5. 5s.

(Concluded from p. 85 of the former Number.)

FROM Florence our traveller proceeded to Pistoia, and thence to Lucca, where he says that

'the public good seems to be the prime, the only object of government, without the least indirect glance at either private interest or even corporate distinction. With motives so pure, and conduct so disinterested, the nobles are justly considered as

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the fathers of the republic, and looked up to with sentiments of gratitude and reverence. One of the grand features of true republican liberty, the constant and perpetual predominance of the law, is here peculiarly visible. It protects all without distinction, and deprives all alike of all means of attack or annoyance; hence the noble as well as the plebeian is disarmed, and like the Romans of old, obliged to look not to his sword but to the law for defence and redress; the least deviation from justice meets with prompt and rigorous punishment. At *Lucca*, as in England, rank is no protection; it only renders the offence and the punishment more notorious. Hence, though the people have much of the courage, perhaps of the fierceness, of liberty, yet crimes, and even deeds of violence, are rare, and the quarrels and murders that so often occur in other cities of Italy, are absolutely unknown; a circumstance that proves, if proofs were wanting, that the Italians owe their vices to the negligence, the folly, and sometimes, perhaps, to the wickedness of their governments. Another vice with which the Italians are reproached, in my opinion, unjustly, idleness, and its concomitant beggary, are banished from *Lucca* and its territory. None even among the nobles appear exorbitantly rich, but none seem poor; the taxes are light, provisions cheap, and competency within the reach of every individual.'

But the freedom and the prosperity of Lucca are now nothing more than a name; and this will be no subject of wonder when it is considered that the city has been visited by the French; whose friendship to all the states, who have accepted it, has included every species of injury and every variety of distress.

Mr. Eustace who glows with that love of liberty, which, in his bosom, is a pure and hallowed flame, often mentions with regret the loss of that invaluable blessing in some of the principal towns in Italy, where it was once seen with its common associates, commerce, industry, and all the qualities both of mind and heart which constitute the greatest good and the highest ornament of civilized man. Pisa in its present enslaved state,

'can count only fifteen thousand inhabitants within the wide circumference of her walls, a number which in the days of her prosperity would have been insufficient to man one-half of her gallies, or guard her ramparts during the watches of the night. At the very same period when the streets of Pisa were crowded with citizens, Sienna counted one hundred thousand inhabitants, and Florence herself could boast of four hundred thousand. These cities were then three independent republics. The two former were subjugated by the latter, and were soon reduced, the one to thirty, the other to twenty thousand inhabitants. Victorious Florence is in her turn enslaved by her dukes; and lo!

four hundred thousand free citizens dwindled into fifty thousand slaves!"

We shall not stay to notice any of the public buildings of Pisa except it be the *Campanile* or belfry, which is called the leaning tower, from its inclination of more than fourteen feet from the perpendicular.

'It consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars and divided by cornices. The undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries, and the uppermost is of less diameter, because it is a continuation of the inward wall, and surrounded not by a gallery but by an iron ballustrade only. The elevation of the whole is about one hundred and eighty feet. The staircase winds through the inward wall.'

The inclination of the tower from whatever cause it originated, must have taken place before the edifice was finished; as the 'uppermost story diverges much less from the perpendicular line than the others, and seems to have been constructed as a sort of counterpoise.'

The cemetery of Pisa is filled to the depth of ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land, which is said to have the peculiar property of decomposing within the space of twice twenty-four hours the dead bodies which are deposited below its surface.——The university of Pisa, like the other universities in Italy, has lost the celebrity which it possessed in ancient times; when freedom was fostered and all the intellectual powers of man developed and invigorated by a popular government.

'The distance from *Pisa* to *Leghorn* is about thirteen miles, and the country between a dead plain, remarkable neither for beauty nor cultivation, intersected, particularly near the latter town, with numberless canals opened to let off the waters that naturally stagnate in the hollows and flats of the Tuscan coast; the swamps which these waters occasioned infected the air in ancient times, and rendered all the tract of country along the *Tyrrhene* sea unwholesome. It is still dangerous in the heats of summer, though every method has been employed to drain the marshes and purify the atmosphere. Of all these methods the increase of population occasioned by the commerce of *Leghorn* has been the most effectual.'

Our traveller made a voyage from Leghorn to Genoa in the Medusa frigate, commanded by Captain Gore.—Genoa is said to be composed only of well-built lanes, with no streets that are wide, and only three that are beautiful. These three are

'composed of lines of vast and lofty palaces, some of which are entirely of marble, and all ornamented with marble portals, porticos, and columns. The interior of these mansions is seldom

unworthy of their external appearance. Marble staircases, with bronze ballustres, conduct to spacious saloons which open into each other in a long series, and are all adorned with the richest marbles, and tapestries, and gilded cornices and pannels.'

The Genoese seem to be infected by bad taste, as they sacrifice simplicity to ornament and glare.

'The day after our arrival,' says Mr. Eustace, 'we were presented to the doge *(Durazzo)*, a venerable old man, who received us with great affability, or rather kindness, and very obligingly invited us to dinner, an honour which we were reluctantly compelled to decline, as we were under the necessity of leaving *Genoa* before the appointed day; a circumstance which we have many reasons to regret. The manners of the doge were easy and unaffected; his conversation open and manly. One sentiment I thought remarkable, "Peace," said he, "will, I hope, last, and give us an opportunity of redeeming our honour."'

In his way to the fortress of Alessandria our author crossed the plain of Marengo, where he saw the event of the battle which has for ever signalized that place, commemorated 'on the pedestal of an insignificant Doric pillar,' in 'bad Latin, Italian, and French.'—From this object, which can excite no very agreeable recollections in him who desires the independence of Europe or wishes well to the liberties of mankind, we turn with pleasure to accompany our author to Milan, to which city he proceeds through Pavia, once famous for her love of letters and of liberty. In this part of his journey he traversed the delicious plain of Milan, which nature seems to have formed in one of her most smiling hours and bounteous moods.

'Irrigated,' says Mr. Eustace, 'by rivers that never fail, it is clad even in the burning months of July and August with perpetual verdure, and displays after a whole season of scorching sunshine, the deep green carpet of the vernal months. Even in the beginning of October, autumn had scarcely tinged its woods, while the purple and yellow flowers of spring still variegated its rich grassy meadows. The climate, like that of Italy at large, is uniform and serene, but as the more southern provinces are refreshed during the sultry season by a breeze from the sea, so these plains are cooled by gales that blow constantly from the bordering mountains. Hence the traveller, who has been panting and melting away in the glowing atmosphere of *Florence* and *Genoa*, no sooner crosses the *Apennines*, and descends into the *Milanese*, than he finds himself revived and braced by a freshness, the more agreeable and unexpected because he still continues to enjoy the same unclouded sky, and bright azure firma-

ment. Nor is this vale deficient as plains, if extensive, usually are in interest; or like the *Netherlands*, a lifeless level, where no swell presents itself to attract the eye, and to vary the sullen uniformity. The plains of the Po, enclosed between two chains of vast mountains, always have one and sometimes both in view, while numberless ramifications branching from them, intersect the adjacent countries in all directions, and adorn them with ridges of hills that diminish in size and elevation as they are more distant from the parent mountains.'

After describing the magnificent structure of the cathedral of Milan, which is built of white marble, and paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and which exceeds all the churches in the world 'in fretwork, carving, and statues,' Mr. Eustace pays a deserved tribute of applause to the character of St. Charles Borromeo, whose remains repose in a subterranean chapel in the interior of this splendid church. St. Charles Borromeo, who was a cardinal and archbishop of Milan, was an instance of virtue and disinterestedness which has rarely been equalled by any person in the ecclesiastical or in any of the liberal professions, or indeed in any sphere in life. Virtue of such purity, expansion, and sublimity, will perhaps by some be thought too resplendent to have been really displayed beneath the purple of a cardinal or within the pale of the Romish church. But the eulogy, which has been pronounced on him by our traveller, has not a word which is inconsistent with truth; and we must remark that there are many parts of his conduct which in a peculiar manner merit the imitation of the bishops and archbishops in our protestant communion.

'Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, talents, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining, age, shone in him even when a youth without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness and holiness, which constituted his real merit and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humblet duties which, though perhaps more meritorious, are less obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus, he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent, and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But, to reform a clergy and people depraved and almost barbarized by ages of war, in-

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vasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence, and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese, including some of the wildest regions of the *Alps*, to visit every village in person, and inspect and correct every disorder, are offices of little pomp and of great difficulty. Yet, this laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and the perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of *Milan*, the most extensive perhaps in Italy, as it contains at least eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity, and in this respect has excited the admiration of every impartial observer. The good effects of the zeal of St. Charles extended far beyond the limits of his diocese; and most of his regulations for the reformation of his clergy, such as the establishment of seminaries, yearly retreats, &c. were adopted by the Gallican church, and extended over France and Germany.'

'The private virtues of St. Charles, that is, the qualities that give true sterling value to the man, and sanctify him in the eyes of his Creator, I mean humility, self-command, temperance, industry, prudence, and fortitude, were not inferior to his public endowments. His table was for his guests; his own diet was confined to bread and vegetables; he allowed himself no amusement or relaxation, alleging that the variety of his duties was in itself a sufficient recreation. His dress and establishment was such as became his rank, but in private he disposed with the attendance of servants, and wore an under dress coarse and common; his bed was of straw; his repose short; and in all the details of life, he manifested an utter contempt of personal ease and indulgence. The immense charities of St. Charles exceed the income and magnificence of sovereigns. In every city in which he had at any time resided, he left some monument of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. Ten of the latter, five of the preceding, and the former without number, still remain at *Pavia*, *Bologna*, *Milan*, and in all the towns of its diocese. Besides these public foundations, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor, and added to it in various cases of public distress during his life the sum of two hundred thousand crowns more, not including numberless extra benefactions conferred upon individuals whose situations claimed peculiar and perhaps secret relief. The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archiepiscopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes, or habits to indulge, were devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided according to the ancient custom into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches and edifices connected with them; the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in the domes-

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tio expenditure of the bishop. But, of the whole income, the humble and disinterested prelate ordered an account to be submitted annually to the diocesan synod.'

Amongst the outrages, which the French committed at Milan, Mr. Eustace mentions that they employed one of the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci on the Last Supper, and supposed to be his master-piece as a target to fire at!—'The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others.' This celebrated painting was in a hall in the convent of the Dominicans, which these Gallic freebooters turned 'into a store-room of artillery.'

From Milan our author proceeded to Como, which is an episcopal town, pleasantly situated at the southern extremity of the Larian lake. Pliny, the younger, was one of its ancient citizens. With the natural propensity of a cultivated mind, Pliny seems to have delighted in improving the place of his nativity by works of utility and ornament. The inhabitants of Como appear still to retain an affectionate recollection of the virtues of their illustrious countryman, as his statue is placed in the front of the cathedral with two inscriptions, which at least manifest their admiration of his virtues. Como is still a flourishing town, and 'contains a population of nearly twenty thousand souls.'

The view of the town of Como, as seen from the lake at the distance of about a mile from the quay, is mentioned by Mr. Eustace as extremely beautiful. We, who have seen it only in his description, have seen enough to be convinced that it must be richly embellished with picturesque charms.

'The expanse of water immediately under the eye, the boats gliding across it; beyond it the town with its towers and domes, at the foot of three conical hills all green and wooded, that in the middle crowned with a crested castle extending its ramparts down the declivity; on both sides bold eminences chequered with groves and villas, form altogether a varied and most enchanting picture. On passing the little promontory that forms the harbour, we discovered a fine sheet of water of seven miles, with the pretty little town of *Carnobio* full before us; and on our left, an opening between the hills, through which we discovered some *glacieres*, and in particular mount *St. Bernard*, covered with perpetual snows. The mountains on both sides rose to a great elevation, sometimes ascending abruptly from the lake itself, and sometimes swelling gradually from its borders, always shaded with forests of firs and chesnuts, or clad with vines and olives. But whether steep or sloping, the declivities

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are enlivened by numberless villas, villages, convents, and towns, seated sometimes on the very verge of the water, sometimes perched on crags and precipices; here imbosomed in groves, and there towering on the summits of the mountains. This mixture of solitude and of animation, of grandeur and of beauty, joined with the brightness of the sky, the smoothness of the lake, and the warm beams of the sun playing upon its surface, gave inexpressible interest to the scene, and excited in the highest degree our delight and admiration.'

The lake of Como, or the Larian lake, has experienced no alteration in its ancient dimensions. It is 'fifty miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and from forty to six hundred feet in depth.'

'The mountains that border the lake are by no means either barren or naked; their lower regions are generally covered with olives, vines, and orchards; the middle is encircled with groves of chesnut of great height and expansion, and the upper regions are either downs or forests of pine and fir, with the exception of certain very elevated ridges, which are necessarily either naked or covered with eternal snow. Their sides are seldom formed of one continued steep, but usually interrupted by fields and levels extending sometime into wide plains, which supply abundant space for every kind of cultivation. These fertile plains are generally at one-third, and sometimes at two-thirds of the total elevation. On or near these levels are most of the towns and villages that so beautifully diversify the sides of the mountains.'

After visiting the lake of Como, Mr. Eustace embarked on the Lago di Lugano, which is twenty-five miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and of almost unfathomable depth.

'The banks are formed by the sides of two mountains so steep as to afford little room for villages or even cottages; and so high as to cast a blackening shade over the surface of the waters. Their rocky bases are oftentimes so perpendicular and descend so rapidly into the gulph below, without shelving or gradation, as not to allow shelter for a boat, or even footing for a human being. Hence, although covered with wood hanging in vast masses of verdure from the precipices, and although bold and magnificent in the highest degree from their bulk and elevation, yet they inspire sensations of awe rather than of pleasure.'

There are some exceptions to this general description of the scenery of the lake, particularly in that part which expands into the bay of Lugano, where the banks are more sloping and fields and villas are seen. Mr. Eustace gives a particular description of the Borromean islands, which constitute the principal ornament of the Lago Maggiore.

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From the little town of Magotzo, Mr. Eustace advanced towards

'*Domo d'Ossola* through one of the most delightful vallies that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed. It is from two to seven miles wide, encompassed by mountains, generally of a craggy and menacing aspect, but not unfrequently softened by verdure, wood, and cultivation. It is closed at one end by the towering summits of *Sempione*, whitened with everlasting snows. Through the middle of the valley meanders a river called *Tosa*, wide and smooth, narrow and rough alternately. The road sometimes crosses meadows, sometimes borders the stream shaded by the poplar, the lime, and the weeping birch; here it winds up the mountains, and edges the brink of the precipice, and there intersects groves and vineyards, passing under vines carried over it on trellis-work, and interwoven into arbours of immense length and impenetrable foliage.'

Hence our traveller proceeded towards Sempione, over which mountain a road was making by order of the French government in order to expedite the communication with Italy.

'The ascent and difficult part of the road commences at the spot where the torrent of *Divario* burst through a vast chasm in the rock, and rushes headlong into the valley of Ossola. Over this chasm a bridge is to be thrown, an undertaking bold in appearance, but in reality not difficult, as the shallowness of the water in summer enables them to lay the foundation with ease, while the rock on each side forms immoveable abutments. The piers were nearly finished. The road then, like all the Alpine passages, follows the windings of the defile, and the course of the torrent, sometimes on a level with its bank, and at other times raised along the side of the mountain, and on the verge of a precipice. To enlarge the passage, the rock has in many places been blown up, an operation carrying on as we passed, and adding, by the echo of the explosion, not a little to the grandeur of the scene. In one spot, where the mass of granite which over hung the torrent was too vast to be misplaced and too prominent to be worked externally, it was hollowed out and an opening made of about sixty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and as many in height. This cavern is represented by the French as an unusual and grand effort, a monument of exertion and perseverance: but how insignificant does it appear when compared to the grotto of *Posilipo*, or to the gate of *Salzburg*. The ascent is very gradual, and in the highest degree safe and commodious. It is therefore likely to become, when finished, the principal communication between Italy, France, and Switzerland; since no art can render the mountains, *Cenis*, *St. Bernard*, and *St. Gothard*, so secure and prac-

ticable. Beyond the spot where the rock is perforated, the road reaches an elevation too cold for the vine, and the face of nature resigns the warm features of Italy. Indeed, a little beyond the next village, called *Gondo*, where the traveller passes from *Pucze* to *Imgutz*, the language itself alters; and German, more conformable to the ruggedness of the situation, assumes the place of Italian. The village which gives its name to the mountain, stands not on, but near, the summit, and is called by its inhabitants *Sempelendorf*. Its Latin appellation is supposed to be *Mons Cæpionis*, or Sempronii, now *Sempione*. As the road was merely traced out, but not passable beyond *Gondo*, we stopped at a spot where the torrent, forcing its way through two lofty rocks, takes a sudden turn, because the scenery here appeared particularly magnificent. Indeed, in descending, the grandeur of the defile is seen to more advantage in all its parts. On the bank opposite the road, the mountains rose in large perpendicular masses of brown rock, and swelling to a prodigious elevation, displayed on their craggy summits a few scattered plants, and sometimes woods of pine, fir, and beech. Behind us were the snow-clad pinnacles of *Sempione*, and in front a ridge of towering rocks that overhang the vale of the *Tosa*. The severity and terror of the prospect increases at every step as we approached the entrance of the defile, and the view from the bridge passing through the cliffs where apparently highest and darkest, and resting on the shining glaciers that crown the mountain, is by the contrast rendered peculiarly striking, and one of the most magnificent scenes of Alpine solitude.'

After returning to Magotzo, and reembarking on the Lago Maggiore, Mr. Eustace visited Turin; and thence passed by the route of Mount Cenis into France. Mr. Eustace makes some admirable remarks on the causes which led to the present abject humiliation of the court of Turin, and particularly on the general use of the French language, manners, and dress. His remarks on dress in particular in this part of his work, evince great nicety of observation.

After his departure from Turin, our traveller on his arrival at *Novalese*, about ten o'clock at night, beheld the craggy masses of Mount Cenis, illumined by the moon hanging over the town. The ascent of the mountain commences from the town-gate.

'The road at first winds along the side of the hill, then crosses a torrent, and continues along its banks all the way up the mountain. These banks are for some time fringed with trees and bushes. About half-way stands the village of *Ferrieres*, amid rocks and precipices, in a situation so bleak and wintry, that the traveller almost shivers at its appearance. A

little above this village, the acclivity becomes very abrupt; the bed of the torrent turns into a succession of precipices, and the stream tumbles from cliff to cliff in sheets of white foam with tremendous uproar. The road sometimes borders upon the verge of the steep, but it is so wide as to remove all apprehension of danger. In one place only the space is narrower than usual, and there, a gallery or covered way is formed close to the rock, which rises perpendicular above it, in order to afford the traveller in winter shelter against driving snows and the wind, that sweep all before them down the steep.'

As our traveller continued his ascent he reached the great plain, which is about six miles in length, and, where widest, about four in width. It is

'about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and notwithstanding this elevation, is, when free from snow, that is, from June till October, covered with flowers and verdure. It is bordered on all sides by the different eminences and ridges that form the summit of Mount Cennis, covered for the greater part with everlasting snows, that glitter to the sun, and chill the traveller with the frozen prospect.'

A convent has from time immemorial been established on this plain, in order to minister to the wants of the traveller in this apparently inhospitable scene. It served at once as a place of refreshment and of rest, as an hospital for the sick, as a direction for those who had lost their way in these inclement solitudes, and, in short, as a sanctuary of refuge from the complicated ills to which, in such a situation, the traveller might be exposed. But this asylum, so friendly to humanity, was suppressed by the barbarity of the French revolutionists, because it was an establishment of benevolence acting under the influence of religion. Bonaparte, however, had the policy or the virtue to restore this excellent institution; but he replaced the friars, who were the former inhabitants of the convent, by monks of the order of St. Bernard.

The conclusion of Mr. Eustace's tour is followed by an admirable DISSERTATION, containing 'general observations on the geography—climate—scenery—history—language—literature—and religion of Italy—and on the character of the Italians.' The length to which we have already extended our account of the Tour, and the variety of extracts which we have made from it, in order to serve as specimens and proofs of its extraordinary beauties, will not permit us to give any detailed account of this dissertation; but we can assure our readers that it furnishes indubitable evidence of great research and nice discrimination; and that it has every claim to be read

by the scholar for its learning, and by him who possesses no classical erudition, for the solidity of its remarks, the copiousness of its information, and the grace and elegance which it every where displays.

After some concluding remarks we have an appendix on the pope, the Roman court, and cardinals. Much of the matter in this appendix will be found at once novel and interesting to the generality of English readers. The following is an account of the exterior homage which is paid to the pope, and of the ceremonial which is practised on any presentation to his holiness.

'Whenever he (the pope) appears in public, or is approached even in private, his person is encircled with reverence and with majesty. In public, a large silver cross raised on high is carried before him, as a sacred banner, the church bells ring as he passes, and all kneel in his sight. When he officiates at the patriarchal Basilica, he is carried from his apartments in the adjoining palace to the church in a chair of state, though in the chancel his throne is merely an ancient episcopal chair, raised only a few steps above the seats of the cardinals or clergy. In private, as the pontifical palaces are vast and magnificent, there are perhaps more apartments to be traversed, and greater appearances of splendor in the approach to his person, than in an introduction to any other sovereign. In his antichamber, a prelate in full robes is always in waiting, and when the bell rings, the door of the pontifical apartment opens, and the pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. The person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and lastly, at the feet of the pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The pontiff then converses with him a short time, and dismisses him with some slight present of beads, or medals, as a memorial. The ceremony of genu-flection is again repeated, and the doors close.'

The lives of the popes have sometimes been represented as consisting in a round of sensual gratification, and as uniting every species of temporal delight. Mr. Eustace, however, gives a very different representation of the papal habits; and, if his account be correct, which we have no reason to doubt, it proves at least that the popes are placed in no very enviable circumstances, as far as the gratifications of sense, or the pleasures of society are concerned; and that whatever may be the delight afforded by this spiritual elevation, it is associated with a degree of stateliness and reserve which must be exquisitely mortifying to a man who has a relish, (and what man with a

heart in his bosom, has not a relish!) for the charms of social life.

'The pomp which environs the pontiff in public, and attracts the attention so forcibly, may perhaps appear to many a glorious and enviable distinction; but there are few, I believe, who would not, if accompanied by it in all the details of ordinary life, feel it an intolerable burthen. Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; they act their part in public, and then throw off their robes, and mix in the domestic circle with their family, or their confidents. The pope has no hours of relaxation; always encumbered with the same robes, surrounded by the same attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labours for ever under the weight of his dignity, and may, if influenced by ordinary feelings, often sigh in vain for the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning of business and application closes with a solitary meal; a walk in the gardens of the *Quirinal* or the *Vatican*, a visit to a church or an hospital, are his only exercises. Devotion and business, the duties of the pontiff and of the prince, successively occupy his hours, and leave no vacant interval for the indulgence of the taste, or the arrangement of the affairs of the individual. What honours can compensate for a life of such restraint and confinement! I have said a solitary meal, for the pope never dines in company, so that to him a repast is no recreation; it is consequently short and frugal. Sixtus Quintus is reported to have confined the expences of his table to about sixpence. Innocent XI. did not exceed half-a-crown; and the present pontiff, considering the different valuation of money, equals them both in frugality, as his table never exceeds five shillings a day.'

'On the whole, the person and conduct of the pope, whether in public or in private, are under perpetual restraint, and constant inspection. The least deviation from strict propriety or even from customary forms, would be immediately noticed, published, and censured in pasquinades. Leo X. loved shooting, and by the change of dress necessary for that amusement, gave scandal. Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) was advised by his physicians to ride; he rode in the neighbourhood of his *Albun villa*, and it is said, offended the people of the country not a little by that supposed levity. Benedict XIV. wished to see the interior arrangement of a new theatre, and visited it before it was opened to the public; the next morning an inscription appeared over the door by which he had entered, *Porta Santa; plenary indulgence to all who enter.* These anecdotes suffice to shew the joyless uniformity of the papal court, as well as the strict decorum that pervades every department immediately connected with the person of the pontiff.'

We heartily wish with Mr. Eustace that etiquette per-

mitted the pope to enjoy more freedom of social converse, as we think that it might essentially contribute not only to the increase of his own personal enjoyment, but to the general good of the church of which he is the head. His table should be the resort of learned men, who might profit by his patronage, as much as he might profit by their conversation. Thus there would be a reciprocation of benefits; and no greater degree of advantage or of honour would be conferred, than would be received in return. Alms may be given to illiterate indigence, and great satisfaction of heart may result to the benevolent individual by whom it is soluced or relieved; but the quality of learning is to shed a lustre around the name of those, by whom it is raised from obscurity, or succoured in distress. Charity blesses both him who gives and him who takes what is given; but, when it is bestowed in ministering to the physical wants of those who are labouring for the intellectual improvement of mankind, and who are adding to that stock of literary gratification which is never apt, like sensual indulgence, to pall upon the wearied sense, Charity rises to its highest pitch of usefulness and of glory. Its head is encircled by a diadem of stars; and it appears upon the earth like a being of a higher order than what belongs to the common herd of mankind. Beneficence may be its name; but it is Beneficence invested with the most majestic attributes; which bestows pleasure where it has a double relish; and which both nurtures and consoles the most sensitive part of the suffering world.

If the patrimony of St. Peter's had been uniformly employed in the encouragement of learning and of talents, and particularly in selecting intellectual pre-eminence, when combined with moral worth, for the highest stations in the church, the Romish communion would not at this moment have looked abject in degradation, or have languished in decay. But when vice and dulness are for any length of time permitted to bear the sway in moral institutions, like those of a national church, it is a matter of demonstrative certainty that they must occasion the neglect and the contempt, and ultimately the ruin of the body to which they belong. How indeed can it be otherwise, when those qualities which are reasonably objects of the highest preference, are held in the lowest estimation? There is in all public affairs, whether considered as relative to a body of ecclesiastics or of statesmen, a certain moral order in the distribution of honours and of wealth,

which both reason recommends, and conscience ratifies; and which can never be long violated with impunity. Humiliation, misery, and destruction will be the final result of the violation, whether it be practised in a council of statesmen, or an assembly of divines, in the cabinets of lay-princes or the synods of ecclesiastical superiors.

The reason why new governments and new institutions of all kinds generally display the most energy, make the strongest impression, and produce the most extensive effects, is that they contain more intellect and virtue, greater and nobler qualities both of mind and heart, than what are usually found in governments and institutions of longer existence, and older growth, into which indolence and corruption have gradually crept, corroding the vitals, vitiating the juices, and wasting the strength of those who are selected for the administration. If there be any human institutions, which are susceptible of perpetuity, it can be only those in which care is taken to preserve the continuance of the intellectual and moral properties, by which their dignity is first occasioned, and by which their glory, considered as connected with their usefulness, can alone be maintained.

But we must put a stop to this train of reflection, which would lead us from the civil and ecclesiastical state of Rome to that of other countries, to bid adieu, but we trust and hope not a final, nor a long adieu to our present amiable, enlightened, and interesting traveller. We have seldom, perhaps never perused any work which has altogether given us greater satisfaction, or mingled with less alloy. The kind, the candid, the benevolent, and devout frame of the author's mind, is characterized in every part of his tour; and is indeed reflected in it like the richest scenery in the purest stream. His sentiments, particularly those on political freedom, which burns within his bosom with a pure and tranquil, but a bright and vivid flame, have excited our warmest admiration. Mr. Eustace is no worshipper at the shrine of anarchy and licentiousness; but he is one of the warmest devotees to rational liberty, that liberty in defence of which the most sober sages have spoken and written, and the most virtuous heroes have fought and bled. His Catholicism, for Mr. Eustace is, to his praise be it spoken, a sincere and a pious Catholic, instead of disfiguring his work, or of rendering it sombre and revolting, adds greatly to its simple, its genuine charms. We have previously travelled through Italy

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with Protestants, but never with so much delight as with this devout minister of the Catholic communion. For Mr. Eustace's Catholicism is never too glaring or obtrusive; but it is of just such a nature as to give a zest to his description of Catholic institutions; while it is so well tempered by piety and benevolence as seldom to be in a state of discordancy with the feelings or the sentiments of a rational Protestant, or even of a holy theist, who sees God in every thing which nature presents to his view; in a grove warbling with untaught harmonies, in a mead painted with flowers, in a sky blazing with the sun at noon, or glowing with the moon and the stars by night.

We respect and we esteem that man who sincerely professes his theological sentiments, whatever they may be; in whose mind they are so constantly present as to make him discern the spirit of God, actively bounteous and infinitely wise in the greater events, and even in the minuter circumstances of human life. It was the remark of a profoundly reflective man, that Providence often hangs events of the greatest weight on the most delicate and slender threads. The force of causation must not, with respect to his providential government, be determined by its apparent strength or weakness; for in the tissue of the divine proceedings, there is always something which eludes the nicest calculations of human prudence, and indeed mocks the utmost strength of human foresight. But the constant presence of God in the world, and his perpetual agency in all that we see or feel, shows that with those, who are impressed with this wholesome truth, there is no description, even of a flower or a leaf, in which some religious reflection may not aptly be indulged, or with which some sentiment of piety may not strictly accord. These volumes of Mr. Eustace are pervaded not by a sectarian spirit, but by that theopathy which arises in the soul from a comprehensive view of human interests, and a tender regard for human happiness, which is, when rightly considered, not in any degree so much dependent on unity of belief, as on the influence of mutual charity.

The mind of our traveller appears to be of that finely harmonized tone, that he could not walk through a forest, or up a mountain, or over a plain, or by the margin of the sea, or the banks of a rill, without being feelingly conscious that God is present in every scene, whether it be peopled or solitary, lowly or sublime. This is what we call a theopathetic spirit; and this spirit is certainly awake in the bosom of Mr. Eustace. His work contains

indubitable proofs of its presence; and he who reads it, unless he be insensate as a stone, must feel, as he proceeds, a portion of that devotional glow which the author evidently felt. We must confess, without any flattery on the one side, or any affectation, which we equally despise on the other, that this was the impression which it made upon us during the perusal; and when we lay it down we can say of it as Homer did of the effect left upon the mind of Agamemnon by the message of Jove,

——————Θειη δε μιν αμφιχυτ' αμφη.

ART. VII.—*Tales of Real Life. By Mrs. Opie. In Three Volumes.* London: Longman, 1813. 18s.

THESE tales are four in number. The first is entitled Lady Anne and Lady Jane. The following is a slight sketch of the story. Lady Anne and Lady Jane are orphans, and also first cousins. They are both left on the death of their parents under the guardianship of a Mr. Percy. This Mr. Percy has an only son, who is a very charming, sensible, and fashionable young man; and who, as it may be presumed, falls in love with one of his father's beautiful wards; but unfortunately he stumbles upon the one who is the least likely to make him happy. Lady Jane, though a beautiful and a most fascinating woman, is by no means calculated to make a *good*, though she is eminently qualified for a *fashionable* wife. She is beautiful; she is witty; she is volatile; she is thoughtless. She is the votary of pleasure; she is extravagant; she is a contractor of debts; and she is a determined gambler—yet she is represented as having an affectionate heart; but her thoughtlessness and extravagance render this affectionate heart of very little use. At a tale of wo she is all commiseration. She is the general 'patroness of distress;' and she 'gave to charity what she ought to have given to justice.' She possessed unfortunately what Mrs. Opie calls

'*Popular* virtues, which throw a glittering veil over the vices of a character, and thereby bestow on it a false radiance difficult to detect. Lady Jane knew that those errors which had injured her husband's peace and fortune, and lowered her in his esteem, were either not known to the world, or were forgotten in her deeds of charity, her active benevolence, and the fascinations of her person; and though her heart was wounded by a

sense of her faults, it required more strength of mind than she possessed to break through habits, the indulgence of which did not destroy that popularity which was her favourite idol.' 'Perhaps there are no characters,' says Mrs. Opie, 'so dangerous in society as those which unite great virtues with great faults, and seduce by the former into imitation or toleration of the latter; while the unwary imitator, who would have shrunk with aversion from the contagion of errors unaccompanied by the attractions of virtues, becomes a prey to the one unconsciously, by means of the other.'

Lady Jane pursues her giddy career, and is a second Mrs. Harrel in her expensive and thoughtless life; but possessing more intellect than that lady is represented to have had. Lady Anne is described as the Cecilia of the tale, but without her sweetness of manners. Lady Anne is sternly virtuous; but yet liberal and beautiful. She struggles with a hopeless passion, as she had fallen in love with Mr. Percy before he declared his passion for her cousin Lady Jane. The scenes of distress which are subsequent to the marriage of Mr. Percy with Lady Jane, and are the product of her careless prodigality and gambling infatuation, and the generous and enlightened conduct of Lady Anne are very feelingly pourtrayed, and exhibit a bright contrast between sense and fatuity, virtue and vice.

Lady Jane, after borrowing immense sums of her cousin merely, as the vulgar phrase is, to keep the wolf from the door,—and delude her husband, at last comes to a melancholy end. This votary of fashion and folly, gives a fete, and, as her taste was unrivalled, and as every thing she did, every thing she said, every thing she wore, and, every room she decorated, was the fashion,—she, of course, spared no expence to keep up her name for elegance and profusion in the *haut ton*. At this splendid fete she had bespoken her decorations for her rooms of an artificial flower maker of great eminence in his line, who had employed a poor man to make him some roses, &c. for the occasion. The man, who was needy, expected to be paid at the time he carried home his work. This, however, was not the case; but, as he could not wait, he solicited or rather *dunned* his employer, who, knowing that he might not be paid by Lady Jane for years, sent him to her, desiring him to say that he had sent him, accompanied by a statement of great pecuniary exigency.—Lady Jane, whose heart always melted at the word poverty, distress, &c. goes with her flower bill to her husband, who immediately gives her

money for the occasion; but, instead of paying it to the poor flower maker, she loses it at cards in the evening. Lady Jane is also frequently importuned for payment by the poor man's wife, but gets nothing but empty promises for her pains,

'Again and again she came, till Ellis (Lady Jane's maid) once more presented the account to Lady Jane, who started with conscious baseness when she saw it; nor could she be easy till she told Lady Anne the circumstance, and received money to discharge it. But the next morning a tale of wo was presented to her of a very shocking kind; and, as the general patroness of distress, Lady Jane gave to charity what she ought to have given to justice,' and the poor flower maker again went away unpaid.

The poor man who was oppressed with debts which a small part of what was owing to him would have paid, is arrested, and rather than go to a jail he commits suicide. His wife is overwhelmed with distraction, and for some time is confined in a mad-house. She is at length dismissed as cured; but, on returning to her melancholy home, she fancies that she is warned in a dream to revenge her husband's death on the Lady Jane Percy, who had been the cause of all her wo. She finds the knife with which her husband had committed the rash act of self-murder, and proceeds to the house of Lady Jane, and joins the crowd that always thronged her ladyship's door, in order to see the beautiful woman of fashion step into her carriage in full dress.

'She now appeared brilliant and beautiful as ever, and stopped an instant on the last step, perhaps for the pleasure of displaying herself. At this instant a woman rushed up to her, and almost buried a knife in her body. Lady Jane shrieked and fell, while the incensed populace seized the assassin, and one of the servants drew the knife out of the wound.'

The husband's agony at this horrid scene is very pathetically described, as well as the shock which he suffers on hearing the following tale when he went into the room where she was detained.

"A woman!" exclaimed he, averting his head with agony from the being who had perhaps murdered his wife: "What poor wretch! could lead you to such a crime?" "She is mad, dear Sir," said Jennings eagerly. "Yes, I am mad," replied she, "but then who made me so? My Lady Percy!" Percy started, but said, "Go on—who are you?" I am nobody now, and have nothing, but I was once Walter's the flower-maker's happy wife; for he was the best of husbands." "And where is he?" asked Percy. "In heaven, I hope, though he did cut his

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throat rather than go to prison, because my Lady Percy would not pay him, and so he ran in debt!" Here if Jennings had not supported him Percy would have fallen on the ground, and the woman went on, for he could not interrupt her. "Well, I saw him die;—and for two months I was, I fancy, dead too; but I came to life again, and went home,—to a home without Walter's: but as soon as I got settled, he appeared to me; but I won't tell what he said, though I did as he bade me, and that very night amongst some rubbish I found the very knife he used to kill himself. Oh! says I, this is what he meant:—so I hid it in my bosom, for I knew a use for it,—and I did as Walters bade me, and I revenged him, for I have killed Lady Percy." Percy could bear no more.'

The death-bed scene of this profligate woman of quality is highly wrought, and holds up to the thoughtless and volatile part of her sex an awful lesson; though we could wish that the fair authoress had employed any other mean of bringing about the catastrophe than that of assassination. The necessity of inculcating self-denial in children is very happily exemplified in the above tale of Lady Anne and Lady Jane.

The second tale is intitled 'Appearance is against Her.' This is by no means equal to the first. It, however, conveys an excellent moral; and places the crime of female coquetry in a very edifying point of view. The third is called 'Austin and his Wife;' and this we look upon as the most important as well as the most interesting of the whole. It is a very melancholy tale; but it is fraught with so many important truths, that we shall give as full an account of it as our limits will permit.

Austin is a country shopkeeper, and has an only child, a fine handsome lad, whom he endeavours to impress with a love of truth and with every good principle that would make him an honest and respectable member of society.—Austin looked upon the class of society in which he was placed to be, as it were,

'the chief depository of a country's virtue and a country's happiness, as our morality (says he to his friend with whom he is disputing on the system of education) has not those artificial fences which guard the higher orders. The gentleman, beginning from the class immediately above us till one comes to the highest of all ranks, a rank above restraint because above responsibility, is restrained from lying, fraud, and so forth, by a sort of factitious honour, if he has not the real one. He is always acting a part, and must abstain at least from ungentlemanly vices, though he may not have good principles: therefore though he may game, intrigue, and run in debt, he is not expos-

ed to those temptations which in a humbler walk of life lead to lying, to dishonest practices in trade, to swindling, to the road, and to the gallows.'

This worthy man practised, as far as lay in his power, what he wished to inculcate. But his wife, who was a fond and doting mother, by her ill-timed indulgence counteracted her husband's wiser plan of education. For instance, when Edwin, her darling boy, was punished by his father for telling an untruth and sent to bed without his supper, she would, in the fondness of her heart and unknown to her husband, sit by his bed-side, soothe him with caresses, and pamper him with plum-cake, &c.

'Still she meant well, and thought herself the best of mothers: the error was in her head, not her heart, and like all weak people she would not submit to be guided by any one. Therefore, though she adored her husband, she thought that since her feelings as a mother were natural feelings, they could not mislead her; and consequently, though she did not openly oppose her husband's will with respect to Edwin, she did it in secret, thus setting her child an *example* of *disingenuousness*.'

Edwin proceeds step by step into the paths of vice; he quite subdues his repugnance to falsehood, and shows but little reluctance to theft; but all these bad symptoms are hid from his father by the foolish fondness of his mother. The following scene is a good lesson to weak and indulgent parents.

'Edwin had so early learnt to be so great a liar himself, that he did not believe in the truth of others. It is probable that he might have been cured of the vice of lying as soon as it became known to his father; because Austin held out to his son complete impunity for any fault he might commit, provided he honestly and openly confessed it, and did not by falsehood endeavour to evade detection. But Edwin, not trusting to his father's word, because he knew that no reliance was to be placed on his own, continued with the cruelly kind privity of his mother, to lie, and lie undetected.

'One day as Edwin was walking in their little garden, Mrs. Austin saw something shining in his hand, which he was surveying with evident pleasure; and coming upon him unawares, she saw it was a netted purse with steel tassels. "Where did you get that purse?" said his mother, pale with alarm. "I found it," replied the boy. "Found it! are you sure you found it—and where?" "Why, I tell you I did find it," cried Edwin surlily, "and that's enough." "No, it is *not*, Sir,—I must know *where* you found it." "I shall not tell you." "Very well, Sir: then your father shall make you." "Do you threaten me?" exclaimed the young tyrant—"take that then," and he gave her with his fist a blow on the face.'

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On the boy's showing some kind of penitence his doting mother was induced to forgive him and to conceal it from his father! This ill-timed indulgence in the end proves fatal to the unfortunate Edwin. At the age of fifteen, 'when his father began to think it time to bind him out apprentice, the beauty of his face and person, the plausibility of his manners, and the quickness of his talents, caused him to be spoken of as a lad of much promise.' When his mother was labouring under a fit of illness, Edwin's attention was extreme, and the poor deluded woman is congratulated by her friends on the affection of her son.

'Aye,' replied the gratified mother, 'I always knew he loved me: but he would not have been so fond of me, you know, if I had not been kind to him, and spoiled him as some people think; your severe mothers who correct their children are never loved by them!'

Edwin is apprenticed to a chemist and druggist in the city of—— some distance from his native place. He is apparently well pleased and going on as he ought. His year of trial was nearly at an end; and at Christmas he was to pay a visit to his parents. The happy time at length arrives; the fond mother prepares her good cheer; and invites her friends to welcome home her darling son. The father hastens to meet him at the coach-office: but no Edwin appears. At last the postman brings a letter stating ill health to be the reason for his non-appearance: but that a few days would effect his recovery; and he desires them not to write, as, in all probability, he would be on the road home before their letter could arrive. 'That night' the fond parents 'went to bed, happy in the bliss of ignorance!' but on the third day a letter from Edwin's master informs them that he had eloped with his wife's sister, a married woman, who had been on a visit at his house; that he had discovered their retreat, and had sent the lady off to London and taken Edwin back. This overwhelming intelligence nearly breaks the poor mother's heart, and cuts the worthy Austin to the soul.

'When Austin could speak, he exclaimed, while his half-frantic wife was reading the letter in pale and tearless sorrow—"So, so, at seventeen he is already a complete liar and an adulterer! O wife, I doubt you have to answer for the first! That letter, that accursed letter! a mark of still greater, because more deeply-rooted vice, than that which he meant to hide! No;" added he, walking down the room, "if he had not been a ready-made liar, he could not have been guilty of the second fault; for he would have said, I *cannot* go with you! because I cannot deceive my parents, I never lied to them *yet*, and I *dare*

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not, *will* not do so now. But a falsehood I now believe costs him nothing and therefore he is prepared and ripe for every other vice! O wife! misled, unhappy woman! this comes of your concealing——"

Here, however, the unhappy father is stopped by the grief of his wife, who had fallen into a state of insensibility. On her recovery they return to the melancholy subject.

"But what shall we do with this offending child," said Austin. "What can he do? Whither can he go?" "Go!" exclaimed his mother, "Go! why this is *his home*, James Austin, and I trust it will now, and *ever* be open to him!"'

And here, let every offended parent hold in mind the worthy Austin's reply.

"Well said, my love," replied the husband. "Whatever be the crimes of a child, a parent's heart should never be shut against him, and his arms should shelter him if possible from a frowning world:—and shame and wo light on the heads of those parents who can in a criminal forget the babe whom they called into existence, and whom, perhaps, their want of care, and their neglect in his helpless infancy, exposed to acquire those tendencies to evil which ultimately led to ruin and infamy! My dearest love, how could you suppose that, when I said, whither is Edwin to go? I meant to forbid the poor child from coming home!"'

We must hasten in as short a space as possible to the catastrophe of this instructive and pathetic tale. The scene on Edwin's return home, and the reception which he experiences from his parents after his delinquency are well conceived and highly natural. There is something truly affecting in the poor mother's tender attentions to her beloved child.

Edwin is afterwards placed with a relation in London, as a chemist. Austin exacts from his son a solemn promise never more to see Mrs. Verney (the woman by whom he had been seduced) and Edwin '*early used* to *habits* of *dissimulation* and *falsehood*, had no objection to give the assurance required, because he did not feel himself at all *bound* to *abide* by it.' It is not long before he accidentally meets with Mrs. Verney, who was in *high keeping*; and she regains her empire over the infatuated youth. She proves a second Millwood; and induces him to rob his master as a resource for her extravagance. This being detected he quits his relation, and gets into a counting-house; where by his plausibility and attention he conciliates the regard of his employer, who promises to take him in as a partner. As the ill conduct of Edwin whilst with his relation was

kept a secret from his parents their minds were set at rest concerning the abandoned woman, with whom their son was wasting both his money and his time. Years pass on; they hear unpleasant rumours: they fear, they tremble,—but they hope for the best. In his last visit to his parents Edwin evinced so much tenderness for them, that had not poor Austin caught him, as he fancied, recurring to his old and rooted habit of lying, he would have been at perfect ease. Some months after this Edwin's letters were confused; and his hand writing bore marks of agitation. Austin hears also that Mrs. Verney, after having passed from keeper to keeper, was sunk in the lowest depths of profligacy, and that there was every prospect of her coming to an untimely end. "If," cried Austin clasping his hands with agony, "if this wretched woman's state should have any thing to do with my son's altered style and trembling hand!" He writes to him a most pathetic letter; entreats him to confide in his *best*, his *true friends*, who lived *for* and *in* him. This letter, blotted with the tears of parental affection, receives no answer.—At length the thunderbolt falls! Edwin, madly devoted to this abandoned woman, in order to save her from a jail,

'made free with some money entrusted to his care; and having sold India bonds to a considerable amount, he is suspected of having endeavoured to set fire to the premises, in order to conceal his theft by destroying the remaining bonds and papers. The combustible matter was, however, discovered just in time, and your son and the wretched woman escaped together. However such a reward is offered for his apprehension as an *incendiary*, and such an accurate description of his person and dress is posted up in large letters on the walls *here*, and is sent to every principal town in the kingdom, that I dare not bid you expect he will escape being seized.'

The feelings of the parents may be conceived, but we must leave the description to the able pen of Mrs. Opie. It is hardly possible to refrain from tears on reading the beautiful and simple descriptions of the grief of the worthy Austin and his wife. Edwin, forsaken by his paramour, wanders over the United Kingdoms, associating with the profligate and drowning the sense of his misery in drunkenness.

'Misery increased by the desertion and narrowly escaped treachery of the woman who had been his seducer and his ruin. Yes; wandering thus amongst ruffians and wearing the disguise of one under a feigned name, and every trace of his former self obscured, exposed to all the blasts of wintry nights, and hiding during the day in lone unwholesome dwellings was he whose

birth was hailed with the warmest parental rapture, whose infancy was reared upon a mother's bosom, and whose welfare, from the first hour of his existence to the present agonizing one of his shame and his wickedness, was the first object of a father's care, a father's prayers.'

To add to the keen regrets of this worthy couple after this dreadful blow, they come very unexpectedly into a handsome fortune, by the death of a relation; and would be happy beyond compare could they know the fate of their profligate but beloved child.

Every parent who reads the tale of Austin and his wife, will feel most acutely the little tendernesses which Mrs. Opie has so faithfully and touchingly delineated. We shall select the following. After this worthy couple had settled in a beautiful small house, which was the bequest of their relation, on Black Heath, one day in particular was passed

'by both parents in evident dejection and silent abstraction, except when one of them made an effort to talk, in order to conceal agitation, or to endeavour to amuse the other. The dinner was as usual, with the single addition of a *favourite dish of Edwin's*; but the meal was scarcely *tasted*, and certainly not enjoyed. In the evening, Austin drew his chair closer to his wife's, and holding her hand in his, while he rested his right foot on the fender, "My dear wife," said he, "we are very silly people, and needlessly, I suspect, increase our own miseries, by hiding in our bosoms what, if shared, would be less painful. I know that I have been going about all day with a consciousness which it would have lightened my heart much to mention to you." "And I am conscious of the same," replied Mrs. Austin, bursting into tears: "but I feared to afflict you by reminding you that this is our poor boy's birth-day." "And I you," said Austin in a faultering voice: "but I did not forget it, nor have I indeed ever forgotten it." "Neither have I, husband: and perhaps you will *laugh* at me, but I must tell you:—I always, you know, used to make something for him or buy him a present on his birth-day; and I have done the same ever since we lost him. Last year I made him new shirts; this year I made him some neckcloths, but finer than ever, the finest I could get, in honour of our new riches, see here," * * * Austin certainly did not laugh, and at first he could not speak. "My love," said he, at length, "and truly the wife of my heart, I should hardly laugh at a proof of tenderness which, if it be a weakness, I have been guilty of myself, for *I* too have always remembered our poor child's birth-day, and, as usual, bought him a present. Last year I bought him books: this year I was tempted by this gold watch and chain (giving it into her hand) that he may know, whatever he may have deserved from us, I never even in

the midst of his errors forgot he was my child, and a most dear one too!" Here a pause of strong emotion succeeded, and the glittering gift was laid on the table again dimmed with a mother's tears.'

The above as well as what follows is full of interest, and will not be read without strong emotions by those who are possessed of only common sensibility.—The story thus proceeds. Austin and his wife 'continued to sit over the dying embers of their fire, till the hour of eleven struck, till the maids were in bed, till the gardener was gone home, and all seemed at rest but themselves. "And here we are," cried Mrs. Austin, "setting with our windows open, as if we were in our own town!" "However," replied Austin, "there is no one to see us: but I will first go and see that the other part of the house is secure, then return and close this shutter, and lock up the watch." Mrs. Austin mean while set the candles on the chimney-piece, while she folded up neatly on the table the neckcloths which she had taken out of the drawers, turning her back to the window as she did so. While thus employed, she heard from the parlour adjoining a violent noise, as of persons making a forcible entry; and opening the door, she saw her husband struggling with two men. Screaming violently she was rushing forward to his assistance, when she was forcibly held back by some one behind her, who, no doubt, attracted by the glittering of the watch, had entered the house at the window; and as she redoubled her cries, her assailant exclaimed with a dreadful oath, "I'll silence you, woman." Then with a knife he instantly struck her bleeding, dying, though not insensible, on the ground; and he was proceeding to assist the work of death in the next room, when the light from the chimney-piece glared on the face of Mrs. Austin, who now turned her closing eyes towards him; and while terror and astonishment bereaved him of the power of motion, he in his victim saw and recognized his mother! Spite of his disguise (for what can hide a child from the quick eye of an affectionate mother?) she saw, she recognised him; and when she stretched out her hand to him in token of forgiveness, as she read the wildness of horror and surprise on his countenance, he uttered a deep groan, and sunk in agony beside her. It was indeed her wretched and guilty son; who having at length joined a gang of highwaymen and house-breakers, one of whom was the man in the stage-coach, had been called upon by his comrades that night, on his return from a distant scene of villany, to join them in an attack on a house full of plate in the neighbourhood!—Maternal tenderness, the ruling passion still strong in death, revived Mrs. Austin for awhile; and raising herself with great effort, she gazed with anxious enquiry on Edwin; when seeing

her husband nearly overpowered by the ruffians, she uttered a noise of affright, and pushed Edwin with her arm as he lay. That action, and his father's voice in a tone of entreaty and distress, roused him from his momentary stupor; and seizing the knife yet reeking with a mother's blood, he rushed between his prostrate father and the uplifted blow of destruction—while his astonished comrades beheld their accomplice converted into their assailant. Whatever was the cause, they found he fought in earnest; but they had given him a wound which would soon have made him defenceless, when the gardener and a friend who had been luckily sleeping at his house, hearing the noise, rushed in armed with clubs; and the villains were glad to make a precipitate retreat through the window. 'The anxious wife and apprehensive mother seemed to struggle with death till the glad moment arrived. She had seen her wretched son fly to save his father's life, and she had seen him accomplish his purpose! It was enough; and when Edwin, again throwing himself beside her, exclaimed, "Mother, mother, don't curse me, I have saved him, I have saved him!" hanging over her in agonies that mocked the power of words,—while her husband, exhausted with fatigue, and almost paralysed with horror, crawled towards her, and supported her head upon his breast, she moved her lips as if pronouncing Edwin's pardon: she tried to press his bloody hand to her mouth; then falling back on the bosom of Austin, she expired without a struggle or a groan. At this moment the blood from the wound which Edwin had received gushed out with frightful violence, and he fell a corpse upon the body of his mother.'

The necessity of bringing up children in a strict adherence to truth, could not well be more forcibly exemplified than in the above tale. In our account of it we have omitted the character of Brograve, who brought up his only son upon the system of terror. The contrast is an excellent one, though both parents failed in their attempts, and were frustrated in their hopes. The next tale is called the Mysterious Stranger, which no doubt has its merits; but in point of interest it will not bear a comparison with that of Austin and his wife. The literary fame of Mrs. Opie will receive a well-merited addition from these 'Tales of Real Life.'

ART. VIII.—*An original Journal from London to St. Petersburgh, by way of Sweden; and proceeding from thence to Moscow, Riga, Mittau, and Berlin: with a Description of the Post-towns, and every thing interesting, in the Russian and Prussian Capitals, &c. To which are added, the Names, Distances, and Price of each Post; and a Vocabulary of the most useful Terms, in English and Russian. By George Green, Esq. many Years resident in Russia.* London: Boosey, 1813, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

MORE information relative to Russia is contained in this Journal than in many larger works. We shall select a few particulars. The author has given a description of Petersburgh sufficiently copious and minute to serve as a guide for any future traveller. He has exhibited a succinct and perspicuous account of the different public buildings, institutions, &c. The author having mentioned the beast market as the place where criminals undergo the punishment of the knout, gives the following account of its infliction, together with additional severities on a slave who murdered his master.

'A coachman, a slave of Prince Yablonosky, a Polish nobleman, having murdered his master returning from Count Strogonoff's country seat, upon the 17th of September, 1806, after finding means to escape, was pursued, taken at Novogorod, and brought back to St. Petersburgh, where he was sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty strokes of the knout, to have his face marked in three places with a hot iron, and to have his nostrils torn out: this sentence was put in execution on the second of October following, new style. He was taken from the prison about nine o'clock in the morning, and conducted to the police office gate, from whence the police master with the police guards, on horseback, conducted him to the place of execution, about two English miles, along the great street called the Neoskoi Perspective: the procession was in the following manner, viz.

'First, several police guards to clear the way; then came the first police master, attended by several district police masters, and, after them, a detachment of police guards on horseback. Next, surrounded by a great number of the same guards on foot, walked the criminal, bareheaded, with fetters on his legs, and handcuffs. He was a bearded peasant, dressed in a long blue habit, which they wear with striped pantaloons; and behind him walked the two executioners, with the knouts under their arms. When arrived at the place of execution, a detach-

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ment of regular troops kept the mob clear of the block and boards upon which he was to be fastened. The dreadful ceremony began by a short prayer, and then the culprit was stripped naked to his waist, and laid down upon the board: his neck was strapped down to a groove, as were his arms to blocks upon each side. The first executioner taking hold of the knout (which is a short wooden handle fastened to a triangular strap of sheep's skin, soaked in milk and dried in the sun, and is about one yard and a half long), began by raising himself upon his toes at each stroke, and taking, as it were, measure to strike him, at each blow wiping the blood off with his fingers from the thong, observing an interval of two or three seconds between each stroke. After giving six strokes, he was replaced by the other executioner, who gave the same number, in the same manner as the former, thus changing every sixth stroke, and at each change taking fresh thongs. The cries of the unfortunate man were dreadful in the extreme, for the first seven strokes; but after that they gradually lessened, and by the twelfth they totally ceased: had it not been for a convulsive tremor of his fingers, one would have taken it for granted that he was dead.

'The knouting finished, the executioners untied him, raised him upon his legs, the one holding his hand behind his head to support it; the other took the marking iron, with the letters vor (thief) cut thereon, so as to have a sharp edge; it was fixed in a round wooden handle. Striking it with his fist as with a mallet, he drove it into the forehead and the two cheeks of the malefactor: after that he took a pair of pinchers, like sugar nippers; he put one side of them into the inside of the nostril, and the other the outside of the skin of the nose, and with a violent jerk he tore out the nerve; and then repeated the same operation upon the other side; and yet, wonderful to relate, the suffering criminal remained sensible enough, with a little assistance, to throw his coat over his lacerated shoulders, to mount a cart, and be conducted back to prison.'

The institution which is called the Noble Cadet Corps, appears to be an excellent establishment, and well adapted to fit the individual for the military profession. The number of young persons admitted into this institution, amounts to six hundred and fifty, of whom five hundred are

'Russian nobles, one hundred Livonian or Finland nobles, and fifty sons of citizens. The scholars remain three years in each class. They are admitted in at six years old, and remain until they are twenty-one; of course, they are changed every three years, the numbers discharged and taken in being one hundred and twenty. In the autumn of the first year, they are inoculated; at their entrance they are taken into the first class, and

for that period are put under the tuition of a directress and ten governesses, with other teachers. They wear during that time a little brown dress, made up in jackets and trowsers. The following three years they pass from the women to that of eight superintendants, and a director: the dress is the same with respect to make, but not as to the colour, as this for the second class is white. In the third class, they are cloathed in grey, and at the expiration of three years they put on a simple regular uniform. The fourth and fifth class take three years each, and then they are under the orders of the officers of their own corps.

'Their education at this house is moral, scientific, civil and military. Cleanliness, the first and most necessary of a physical education, is here carried to the highest degree. The young men are well cloathed, but in the most rigorous season they are never permitted to wear either a pelisse or cloak. Their food is simple, and their drink nothing but water; they rise at five in the morning, and go to bed at nine at night: every hour of the day is filled up by their studies, their exercise, or their recreations. The latter are always proportioned to their age. Those of the most advanced class have, in their hall, books, newspapers, maps, globes, and orreries, and their rooms are ornamented with the busts of great men, both of ancient and modern times. In the other saloons are represented the different people who compose the whole Russian empire.

'In proportion as their physical education is rigorous, so their moral discipline is mild. The end of it is to prevent offences, instead of punishing them. Corporal punishment is prohibited; but in its room, privations of amusement and small military degradations are substituted; the principal design is rather to excite them by a principle of honour, than to restrain them by base and servile fear.

'The institution of this academy prescribes the teaching of religion in the first class, according to the understanding of the boy. In the next place, follow the Russian, French, and German languages; drawing, dancing, writing, and the four grand rules of arithmetic. The second class are taught arithmetic, geometry, geography, chronology, history, mythology, and the elements of the Sclavonian language. The third class continue the same studies, and those who shew any disposition to learn Latin, architecture, and book-keeping, are indulged in it. The fourth class, without discontinuing any of their former studies, are taught mathematics, philosophy, rhetoric, horsemanship, short hand, and declamation from some of the best authors. The fifth class learn the divine law, and a general knowledge of all the sciences; but in particular that of military tactics. Thus their education lasts fifteen years, and when it is finished they are appointed ensigns, lieutenants, or captains, according

to their merit and talents; or if they prefer a civil line, they are provided with places.'

Mr. Green says that the Russian 'manner of living and *laying* among the lower class of Russians is harder and coarser than that of almost any other Europeans.' Whatever may be the case with respect to their 'manner of *laying*,' which seems as hard at least as can well be endured, we believe that their manner of living, as it is described in the next extract, is neither so hard nor so coarse as that of the lower orders in many parts of this highly civilized and highly cultivated isle.

'Their ordinary fare is coarse black rye bread, and a kind of soup thickened with oatmeal, and a mixture of sour crout; of cucumber pickled in salt without vinegar; fish, bullocks' liver roasted, mushrooms, hard boiled peas, hard boiled eggs, sour milk; and, instead of spices, they season high with garlic, salt, and pepper. In their Lent, they fare still worse, eating either salted herrings or dried fish, raw peas, raw beans, raw carrots, and turnips, the same; and therefore they are, in some measure, excusable for being so much addicted to drinking of watki, which is the Russian brandy. Their common drink is quaz, brown beer; and mead, a liquor made with honey, pepper, and water: in summer, they have a potation, which is not unpleasant; it is made with honey, water, and the juice of cranberries. This last they hawk about the streets in white glass decanters. On holidays, which in Russia are more frequent than in any other country, their constant amusement in their cabais (alias public-houses), is singing national songs, in large companies, or dancing national dances. The time of their music is generally the same, but their voices are mostly good, and their notes soft and plaintive. In respect to their lodging, hardly any of them have any other bed but a truss of straw, and most of them, especially the men, nothing but the floor; no sheet, blanket, nor quilt; but they cover themselves with their sheepskin pelisse, then place their heads upon their wallets as a pillow, and perhaps sleep sounder than many who are stretched upon a bed of down. They are particularly fond of bathing, and especially on a Saturday evening, when you will see, at most of the baths appropriated to the lower class, an indistinct mass of old men, young men, young women, boys, and girls, all floundering naked into the baths, like frogs in a pit; and, as their ideas are no ways refined, they act thus without being conscious of giving any offence to modesty.'

According to this account mendicity is of rare occurrence at Petersburgh, excepting amongst 'the slaves, who compose the greatest part of the poor, and have been turned off by their owners.' The old and infirm poor

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are taken care of in an hospital. In the Russian churches, the congregation, without any exceptions, stand during the service; but this is made up of many short ceremonies, besides prayers and singing.

'Divorce is authorized by the Greek religion, and is permitted in Russia, in certain cases; but polygamy is forbidden, and the people therefore look upon it as a sin to eat the flesh of a cock, and give him the name of (Payan) Pagan, because he is a polygamist: they think they sin against the Holy Ghost in eating a pigeon.'

Three fourths of the Russian people are said to be in a state of vassalage, which was formerly the general state of the lower orders throughout Europe, who were as much at the disposal of their lords as the furniture of his house, or the cattle in his fields. Notwithstanding the boast, which is sometimes made with more presumption than research, and more noise than truth, of the high degree of liberty which this country enjoyed in the Saxon times, it is demonstrably certain that the majority of the peasants and mechanics in those times were slaves; or like sheep and oxen the property of the owners of the soil. A notable instance of this may be seen in Gales's Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores, in a deed relative to a gift of the manor of Spalding to the abbey of Crowland in Lincolnshire. In this deed, which was republished a few years ago in the 'Selecta Monumenta,' of Mr. Baron Maseres, various artificers and peasants are by name, together with their wives and children, and all their goods and chattels made over to the abbey of Crowland, with as little ceremony and reserve as if they were merely stocks or stones belonging to the soil. The great mass of the Russian population is at present in this state of complete thraldom, without any other will than that of their lord. And Mr. Green truly remarks that slavery, when long continued, produces such a degree of degradation, as to stifle even the desire of liberty; and to prevent the right use of it, if they were at once to be put in possession of that gift which is invaluable to those who are capable of enjoying it.

A Russian peasant is a mere fixture to the domain of his lord, from which he cannot stir without his license, for which he is usually obliged to pay an annual fine.

'If,' says Mr. Green, 'they,' that is the Russian boors, 'possess talents only sufficient to qualify them for service as day labourers, the allowance they make their lords is seldom more than ten roubles per annum; but if acquainted with any

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handicraft or other business that enables them to get employ in cities, or great towns, they pay their owners from one hundred to one thousand roubles annually, according to their success in life; this license being renewed every year. While they are, perhaps, improving in fortune and talents, the more their situation is meliorated the less they think of returning to their village, and, consequently, the greater is the fine they pay to their lord. Many of the Russian noblemen's slaves, at Petersburgh, are worth two or three hundred thousand roubles, and are looked upon as merchants of the first class.

'Those who, from choice or necessity, remain at home, manage some little plot of ground, allotted them by their lord; upon which they keep some half-starved beasts, and grow some little hay and corn. They are obliged to dedicate three days service in a week to their master; and he, on his part, both by law and interest, is bound to keep and nourish such of his peasants who fall sick, or are past labour, if they have not the means of doing for themselves. But this, indeed, is not very expensive, considering the coarse manner in which the lower orders live. It is impossible not to admire that talent of imitation which forms one of the most striking features of the Russian character. The lowest boor, and those the most ignorant, of any handicraft business, will quickly learn to execute any common mechanical work. The Russian peasant is, in his own dwelling, a carpenter, mason, shoemaker, tailor, smith, and potter. But, as he is by far the most expert at the hatchet, it serves him most frequently for hammer, saw, and plane; and with this instrument only he can build wooden houses, carriages, and, in fact, form most of the articles of necessity made of wood. The women can comb and spin the flax and hemp, and frequently weave the linen for the use of the family; they die the wool with the juice of different plants; they dress also the skins of several animals, to make their pelisses; in fact, every family can do most of its work, without being obliged to solicit the assistance of their neighbours.'

All the implements and processes of agriculture seem in a rude and imperfect state in Russia.

'The commonest kind of plough is the light fork or hook plough, called, in the Russian language, soehn, used in most of the provinces of Great Russia, Siberia, Livonia, Courland, and in all the provinces bordering upon the Baltic. It is without wheels, has two short plough-shares, not unlike fork-prongs, which are fastened to two wooden socks, coming from the handles, and is drawn only by one horse, or two oxen. The whole is so light that it can be held by a boy; and the horse, whose exertion is small, goes generally without reins, and thus the ploughman's hands are free. This plough bites no deeper than an inch and a half, and sets the furrow, as it has no mould

board, quite upright, so that, as the ploughman goes along, he is obliged to turn it down as much as he can with his feet. The harrow consists of nothing more than wooden pegs, driven into thin cross wooden bars, joined together with thongs of willow; but, in Livonia, they are fastened with joints. The use of the roller, although a very necessary instrument in the sandy soil of many provinces, is very little known, and seldom used. They mow, however, remarkably well and close, with a very short-bladed scythe, and make their hay as in England.

'Their sickle is somewhat similar to the English one, and though they reap but a small plot of ground in the day, they cut the corn very close, and scatter very little behind them. They bind it in sheaves, and then make small stacks in the fields where it grew; and as they want it for threshing, bring it to the drying house, which is built like a barn, having a few shutters upon the side, which, as well as the door, is hermetically closed, when the fire is lighted. On one side, or at the end, is a stone stove, the same as those in the houses, only of a coarser construction; this is heated, and, the sheaves having been previously hung up, on poles across, near the top, the flues running all round, what with the heat, and what with the smoke, they soon dry. The windows and doors are then opened, the sheaves are taken away, and the corn threshed out; which, being in a manner kiln-dried in the straw, will keep in a bulk without damaging; and one of these drying-houses will serve, in general, a whole village. Immediately as the snow is melted from the ground, the horned cattle must seek their own nourishment, very frequently upon very poor and distant pastures. When winter returns, and prevents them from grazing, they are foddered in the house, but so sparingly, that their bones seem ready to pierce through their skins, and they are frequently reduced to such weakness as not to be able to raise themselves without the aid of their keepers. Even the fattened beasts have little else but the grains from the brandy stills, of which there is one upon all the great estates in the country. The poor beasts have scarcely any thing besides the straw, which, having been kiln-dried, must consequently have lost all its moisture. Indeed, now and then, amongst the most expert herdsmen, the cows, when fresh calved, have some hay. Many of the cattle, in consequence of this ill-judged management, when turned out in the spring, are so miserably reduced, that as soon as they begin to taste the young springing grass, they are taken with a violent scouring, which soon carries them off.'

The author mentions two or three anecdotes of the present emperor Alexander, which give us a favourable idea of his mind and heart. Indeed we have heard from several quarters that his sentiments are in the highest degree liberal and humane; and that he does not think, like

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some other sovereigns, that the people are made like beasts of burthen, to bear any load which he may choose to lay upon their backs; but rather that he is made for the people; and that it is his duty, as the accountable servant of a higher sovereign, to study their good, and to promote their happiness. It is his misfortune to be placed at the head of a nation, three-fourths of whom are slaves; and whom, though he has the will, he has not the power to render free, as he is restrained by an overbearing aristocracy on one side, and by the general barbarism, ignorance, and incapacity for liberty in his subjects, on the other.

ART. IX.—*A full Exposure of Ann Moore, the pretended Fasting Woman of Tutbury. Third Edition, with Additions.* London: Baldwin, 1s. 1813.

THIS has been called the age of skepticism; but it appears also to be the age of credulity. Indeed these extremes, like extremes of other kinds, often meet, not only in the same period, but sometimes even in the same individual. We shall not at present stay to discuss this metaphysical phenomenon, but shall proceed to the subject before us which gave rise to the remark. No foreigner can well accuse the good people of England of being wanting in facility of belief, when he is told that there are among them persons, not few in number, and not totally void of intellect, who have given implicit credence to the assertion of Ann Moore, that she had lived for no less a period than six years, without food. This lady, who has certainly entitled herself to a place of high distinction in the annals of fasting, began to make pretensions to the miraculous power of living without eating in the beginning of the year 1807. This assumption in some measure obtained credit by its boldness and singularity; and as the belief in prodigies is catching, it spread beyond the immediate vicinity of Tutbury. At any rate the story had gained so much ground, that instead of being treated with contemptuous neglect as a nefarious imposition, it was thought proper in September, 1808, 'in order to satisfy the public,' that the fasting powers of Ann Moore should be put to the test of experiment. She was accordingly subjected to a watching, 'which continued sixteen days, during which time she was allowed a little water on the three first days.' When this watching had

ended, Mr. Taylor, a surgeon, who was at the head of the party, declared '*that she had lived for thirteen days, without taking any food, liquid or solid.*' This apparently respectable attestation to the pretensions of Mrs. Moore to a new mode of living, greatly multiplied the number of believers; and, of course, operated, powerfully on the general curiosity. Many persons could not rest till they had beheld with their own eyes a person who could live without eating. And as few thought it right to depart without paying for the gratification of their curiosity, the exchequer of Mrs. Ann Moore, which, previous to her assumption of miraculous powers, was at a very low ebb, as she had hardly wherewithal to cover her nakedness, soon overflowed with the offerings of the faithful. In the course of two years she had amassed about £250. and 'since that time the sum is supposed to amount to four or five hundred pounds.' Indeed the pretensions of Mrs. Ann to this prodigious faculty of fasting, appear to have originated in financial stratagem. She had sagacity enough to discern that the vulgar credulity was a bank which would answer her drafts to a very large amount. And we must certainly allow her no small share of fraudulent ingenuity, when we consider that she eluded detection for more than six years. The imposition owed part of its success to the cloak of sanctity which she assumed. 'The Bible was laid on her bed,' and her conversation indicated extraordinary piety. Her habits however and conduct were known not very strictly to accord with the exterior professions of the saint. She used to assert, according to this account, that her case was

'A miracle wrought immediately by the power of God, an interference of divine Providence on her behalf, by which she was kept alive, without either eating or drinking. She also declared that she had so far lost the power of swallowing that, if she was to attempt it, she would be suffocated; that she had no evacuation by stool or urine; that she never slept, and other assertions of a like nature; some foolish, some nearly blasphemous, but all of them false.'

But, however foolish, or blasphemous and false, her assertions might be, it is certain that they had made a strong impression on the public mind in the neighbourhood; and, though disbelieved by some, they were credited by many. Another *watching* therefore was concerted in order to detect the imposition. At the head of the party concerned in this watching was Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart. and the other persons were composed of clergymen, me-

dical men, and magistrates from the neighbouring towns. These gentlemen adopted such strict regulations, that neither meat nor drink could be conveyed by stealth to the object of the scrutiny. Towards the close of the first week of this rigid ordeal, it became very apparent that this lady of such wonderful fasting energies was

'Suffering severely from want. And when the machine for weighing her was placed under the bed, it was found that she lost weight rapidly. A fever arising from abstinence, kept continually increasing. Parched with thirst, she requested the watch to give her cloths dipped in vinegar and water, which they did, and with these she kept wetting her mouth and tongue. The watch in general wrung out the cloths before they were given to her; but Mr. Wright, surgeon of Derby, being desirous of obtaining ocular proof of her ability to swallow, gave her a cloth without wringing it out. This she greedily put into her mouth, and he plainly saw the act of deglutition. On the eighth day she was exceedingly distressed. Her pulse had increased until it arrived to 145 in a minute. On the ninth day she insisted on the watch being given up, declaring that she was very ill, and that her daughter must be sent for. She was now greatly reduced, and her voice very feeble. The watch were very much alarmed lest she should expire; they therefore admitted the daughter, who, on discovering the wretched state of her mother, ran down stairs to a neighbour's house, and instantly returning went up to the bed, and it was supposed conveyed some water into her mother's mouth, under the pretence of kissing her. The mother was a little revived, and the daughter now begged in the most earnest manner for the watch to quit the room. This they were not willing to do. The daughter therefore refused to remain in the room, or assist her mother in the least, unless they did. Dr. Fox and Dr. Garlic gave their opinion that the woman could not live two hours. Her pulse was entirely gone at one wrist, and at the other was like a fine thread intermittent, and 160 in a minute. It was thought she could not survive; the watch therefore broke up. The daughter then administered what she thought proper, and the mother began to revive; and now no apprehensions are entertained of her danger.'

It is not a little remarkable that

'On Friday the 30th of April, after the watch had broken up,' this pertinacious impostor '*desired to take a* SOLEMN OATH, *that she had not, during six years, taken any food whatever; which oath was administered unto her. This she did, hoping, notwithstanding all, still to impose upon the public.*'

Thus we see that the cupidity of avarice had completely absorbed all other sentiments. Some circumstances however were afterwards discovered which ren-

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dered the imposition so palpable, that, 'overwhelmed with confusion,' Mrs. Ann made an open confession of the deception which she had so long practised, and implored the Divine Mercy to pardon her crime, and accept her penitence. After signifying a declaration to this effect,

'She drank some milk in the presence of several persons. This she did without any difficulty; although *when Dr. Fox put a little water into her mouth at the time when she appeared to be near dying, she imitated the art of suffocation in such a manner as to bring up a quantity of blood.*'

This history of Mrs. Ann Moore affords a striking example of force of resolution, and vigour of self-command, which, if they had taken the direction of truth and honesty, might have rendered her an estimable character. If she had employed as much pains in obtaining a livelihood by virtuous means, as she did in deceiving her neighbours, she might have improved her condition without parting with her peace of mind.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

Art. 10.—*Evangelical Principles exemplified. By the Rev. Thomas Watson.* London: Longman, 1812, 1s. 6d.

WE noticed the work of Mr. Watson's adversary, and, we suppose, fellow-townsman, Mr. Young, in the last number of our Review. Mr. Young's work is entitled 'Evangelical Principles of Religion vindicated;' and, in the present performance, Mr. Watson has endeavoured to exhibit the tendency and operation of those principles in the conduct and doctrines of his antagonist. Mr. W. accuses Mr. Young of having been wanting in that spirit of meekness, in which he professed to write, and to contend for the verity of the *evangelical* creed. Mr. Watson does not think that Mr. Young, when he composed his Vindication of Evangelical Principles, was labouring for the good of his, Mr. Watson's soul, with all those amiable feelings of charity and good will which he professed. Mr. Watson indeed appears to think that he and those who think with him, would experience some of the combustible matter, with which Orthodoxy has occasionally manifested its good-will to its heretical opponents, if Mr. Young, with others of the same *Evangelical* principles, were at the head of the church. Mr. Watson complains that Mr. Young treats him not only as heretical in the highest degree, but as ignorant in the extreme; and that, to shew his own superiority in the way of profane learning, Mr. Y. has made a glittering parade of classical erudition. Mr. Wat-

son says that his 'principles are treated with contempt because' his 'creed is short' and his 'system meagre;' but Mr. W. declares that he does not 'know a *greater lumber than supernumerary articles of faith.*' This is a very honest declaration for a priest; and particularly a minister of the establishment; the creed of which is certainly not composed of a very few articles; and those are as certainly in many instances not quite so plain that he who runs may read, or at least understand. But, perhaps, our evangelical friends, in opposition to our friend Mr. Watson, think that that is the most salutary creed which is the most difficult of digestion; and the most evangelical which is the least easy to be understood. Indeed there are very orthodox divines, who, instead of thinking with Mr. Watson, that a creed, made up of supernumerary articles of faith is a great mass of *lumber*, would rather maintain that a creed is excellent in proportion to the number of articles of which it is composed. What orthodox divine, particularly if well *rounded* with a few score of tythe pigs of his neighbours' fatting, would like a meagre, half-starved creed, composed of only three or four plain, unvarnished, matter-of-fact articles, when he might have the number of forty, saving one, of sleek, jolly *credenda*, quite *embonpoint*, and presaging a state of ruddy corpulence to him who will give them his unfeigned assent and consent; and defend them against heretics of every description, not as mere worthless *lumber*, but as the very essence of all that is holy, good, and wise?

Mr. Watson intimates that Mr. Young's creed is comprised of so many discordant principles that he finds it a hard matter to keep them together without quarrelling. He says that 'he has original sin and the grace of God,' the inability of man to do any thing which is good and his accountableness for doing any thing which is not good. 'He has predestination and free agency all jumbled together in the same house,' and to preserve the orthodoxy of absolute decrees, 'he turns Providence almost out of doors.'—No man's faith seems so difficult to be assailed as his which is made up of contradictory articles; for, when you attack one, and make a breach and are ready to take the place by the assault of confutation, he keeps up a cross fire upon you from another, and you fall to the ground, as if you had received a shot in the most tender part of your person, or the most intellectual part of your pericranium, whilst your adversary exults in the force of his impregnable belief.

When a man makes faith both an act of the will and independent of the will, and sin both an involuntary commission and the effect of choice, and, when he declares that the same person is, at the same time, both temporal and eternal, both a being that has a beginning and end and a being without either end or beginning, and when, what will not suit his human nature, he refers to his divine, and, what is incompatible with the divine, he very

deliberately makes over to the human, he is environed with such a thick sharp pointed chevaux de frize of absurdities, that the fortress of St. Sebastian's itself is not more impenetrable than his creed. Such is the inestimable benefit of having a creed composed of so many supernumerary articles, which Mr. Watson inadvertently calls *lumber*; but he does not consider that this *lumber* is the bulwark of orthodoxy; and that, without it, the heretical foe would trample on the faith of the *saints*.

We despair of inducing Mr. Watson and his antagonist to shake hands; but instead of quarrelling about points of faith, we would wish them to remember that these points are of very little moment when compared with good-will amongst neighbours and peace amongst mankind.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Tewkesbury, in the County of Gloucester, on Sunday, June 20, 1813, for the Benefit of the School established in that Borough, (on the System of the Rev. Dr. Bell) to co-operate with the National Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church. By John Keysall, M. A. F. S. A. Chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of Beedon in Worcestershire.* London: Longman.

AS this discourse was 'not originally designed to meet the eye of the public,' and as the profits of the sale, whatever they may be, are 'intended to be wholly applied to the benefit of the charity,' for which the sermon was preached, we shall not make any remarks on the composition which might either wound the feelings of the author, or frustrate the benevolent purpose which he has in view in the present publication.

ART. 12.—*A Narrative of the Proceedings of the Society called Quakers, within the Quarterly Meeting for London and Middlesex, against Thomas Forster for openly professing their Primitive Doctrines concerning the Unity of God.* London: Johnson, 8vo.

IT appears from these proceedings that the society of Quakers are hardly less tenacious of their *orthodoxy*, or less prone to intolerance when that orthodoxy is questioned, than sects of other denominations. The details in this book evince a very unbecoming bitterness in the society towards one of their members, who, if he erred, ought to have been better instructed: and, if he defended only the truth, ought to have been highly approved. Mr. Forster was expelled from the society because he defended the essential unity of the Divine Nature, not merely as his own opinion, but as that of the great luminary of the society William Penn. Mr. Forster appears also to have offended the society by becoming a subscriber to the 'London Unitarian *Book* Society, *for promoting Christian knowledge, and the practice of virtue.*' This work throws a good deal of light on the bigotry which is still left amongst the Society of Friends; and furnishes

a lamentable proof that they have as little Christian charity as their neighbours when any difference is expressed within the pale of their religious communion on points which have no relation to practice, but are merged in an abyss of uncertain speculation.

POLITICS.

ART. 13.—*Letters of Britannicus to the Editor of the Morning Post on Mr. Grattan's Bill for the Relief of the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland; or, as it should have been entitled, for the advancement of Popery. To which is added an Appendix, containing the Petition from the general Assembly of the Church of Scotland.* London: 1813.

THE title page sufficiently explains the nature and object of the present publication.

ART. 14.—*A Proposal, by which two essential Objects would be simultaneously obtained: Firstly, the complete security of the British Territories in India, whatever possessors Egypt and Malta might eventually have: Secondly, a new, extensive, and profitable Channel of Commerce opened, without infringing on the effective Trade, but by a simple Modification in the East India Company's Charter. By F. F. Rivaz.* London: Asperne, 1813.

IN order to secure the British territories in the East and to open at the same time a new and extensive channel of commerce, Mr. Rivaz proposes that we should obtain possession of the island of Socotora at the mouth of the Red Sea, of the island of Masuah in the Red Sea, with the town of Arkeeko on the mainland, and of the harbour of 'Massali, or Messalago,' 'on the north-west coast of Madagascar.' In a memoir, which Leibnitz addressed to Louis XIV on the conquest of Egypt, he advised the occupation of Socotora as a sure mean of securing the command of the Red Sea and facilitating the commerce with India. Mr. Rivaz thinks that any possible deficiency in the supply of provisions at Socotora, might be remedied by means of a settlement in the island of Madagascar, which is famed for its large herds of cattle and its fine crops of rice. And, as Socotora is without any port for the secure station of a fleet during all seasons of the year, he suggests that it would be advisable to add Masuah to the number of our territories, where there is a very spacious and commodious port for the reception of the largest ships. Such is the political part of Mr. Rivaz's plan, which is likewise to be converted into a source of great commercial wealth. We must leave the practicability and the policy of this scheme to the government and the East India Company, who will, no doubt, feel themselves under much obligation to Mr. Rivaz for the hints which he has thrown out on a subject of so much magnitude and importance.

ART. 15.—*The Lamentations of the Children of Israel, respecting the Hardships they suffer from the Penal Laws; and praying, that if they are Repealed, so as to exempt the Catholics and Dissenters from their Influence, the Jews may also enjoy the Benefit of this Indulgence, in common with the rest of his Majesty's Subjects. In a Letter to a dignified Clergyman of the Church of England. By Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, Aaron, and Levi, David, Bathsheba, Solomon, 1000 Wives and Concubines, Daniel Belteshazzar, Manasseh Ben Israel, of the House of David.* London: Souter, 1813.

IF the Catholics are exonerated from the penal laws which they are said to feel as a very galling load upon their backs, why should the poor Jews be left in the lurch? May not a man be a very good citizen and capable of the various political and military functions, though the tenacity of his adherence to the paramount rite of circumcision be as firm and constant as that of Bishop Milner or any other Catholic to the supremacy of the pope? What is there in the Mosaic ritual, which renders a Jew more unfit for a member of parliament, than in the seven sacraments of the Catholic faith? The Jews, it may be said, are usurers and money-lenders; but are there no money-lenders and usurers in the different corps of Christians of all sects, not forgetting even the members of the establishment? It must be allowed that the author of this pamphlet, whoever he may be, has made out a pretty strong case in favour of those who eat no pork, to be, nevertheless, invested in the full enjoyment of all civil rights in common with those, who make no distinction of meats. The author of these pleasant '*Lamentations,*' thus makes the long-bearded believers in the Old Testament remonstrate with the smooth-shaven votaries of the New.

'You have violently seized upon *Moses and Aaron,* and the *Ten Commandments,* which were our natural property, and have placed them over your *Communion Tables*; yet make this pretence of *Christian communion* a reason for excluding us from all advantages as members of the commonwealth: so that *our law* and *our prophets* can afford us no protection, though you have exalted them to the first places of worship.

'You have robbed us of our *priesthood,* of our *Urim* and *Thummim,* and, what *flesh and blood* is scarcely able to bear, you have taken from us our TITHES; yet you have given us nothing in exchange but *reprobation* and *damnation,* if, after we have lost our *goods and chattels, Satan* can be such a fool as to take us.—For God's sake, therefore, look upon us *Jews* as a people whom you have injured, and to whom your are indebted.

'We are not in the case of Catholics or Dissenters, who are said to have injured you: we never turned you out of your *churches*; we never set up *chapter lands* to sale, nor pulled down your *hierarchy*; but, on the contrary, *it is to us* that you

owe your *mitres* and your *revenues*, your *privileges* and *pre-eminences*. If any one asks, whence you derive your *priesthood*, you know in your consciences that CHRIST himself was a layman; you fetch your pedigree from the *house of Aaron*, and make more profit to your order of the *five books of Moses*, than of all the *Four Evangelists*.'

'You own *our God* to be the *true God*, and you know that we worshipped him *two thousand years* before Jesus Christ made his appearance in the world. In this case, we are neither *infidels*, *idolaters*, nor *schismatics*; we neither disown the *true God*, nor adore a *false one*; nor have we been guilty of innovations, but are punished for adhering to our *old forms* and *ancient worship*, and for not receiving and adopting *new*.

'We might, nevertheless, absolve you, in a great measure, of this crying injustice, could we find that *your religion* had imposed it upon you; whereas we are fully satisfied, that *you have imposed it upon your religion*, and have taken measures against the *Jews* which are not to be justified by the gospel of Jesus.'

These 'Lamentations' are well worthy of perusal. They contain a well tempered mixture of the sprightly and the serious, of banter and of argument.————We trust that the time is coming when civil qualifications will not be meted out according to the mummery of theological profession, and when a man may openly avow his real opinion on religious subjects, without having any mark of political degradation affixed to his creed, if it does not accord with the *orthodoxy*, which happens to be in vogue.

POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Rejected Addresses, or the Triumph of the Ale-King: a Farce. By William Stanley, Esq.* London: Cawthorn, price 2s.

THIS is a laughable and lively production; and brings forward in a good humoured way the various poets of this poetical age. We have Anacreon Moore under the name of Amoroso, Ladurlad, Mr. Southey, Allan Bane, Mr. Walter Scott, and Eolus Monologue, Dr. Busby of reciting notoriety;—with various others of more or less celebrity. The scene between Allan Bane and Ladurlad is maintained with much vivacity. The two great poets dispute about each other's faults. Ladurlad, at length, accuses Allan Bane of various plagiarisms. This so exasperates Allan, that he is about to strike him, when Ladurlad drops upon his knees and addresses him as follows.

'Hold, Allan, hold thy murderous hand,
Drop, Allan, drop thy battle-brand;
For should it on my napper fall,
For ever will it seal mine eyes,

And smash my bones, and brains, and all,
And give me such a cursed fall,
I never more shall rise.'

This proves too ridiculous for Allan; and, after Ladurlad's owning some excellences in Allan's poetry, they embrace and are friends.

Mr. Colridge is denominated Seignior il Penseroso! and is introduced in the following manner.

'Amoroso. My notice was first attracted by a man who stood behind a table, gazing on airy vacancy, as if some mourn-ful vision was before him, then in a solemn tragic tone he began—

'My pensive public, wherefore are you sad—
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware;
And when that donkey look'd me in the face
His face was sad, and you are sad, my public.'

Our readers will judge from the above that the Triumph of the Ale-king is farcical enough; and will furnish them with an agreeable half-hour's lounge.

Art. 17.—*The Death of Prince Bagration, or the French defeated in Russia and Poland in* 1812, *and* 1813. *A Poem. By the Rev. R. Patrick, A. M. Chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, and Vicar of Schiel-Cotes; Author of a Charity Sermon on the Vices and Charities of a Sea-Port; and of a numeral Chart in Two Hundred Languages.* London: Longman, price 1s. 6d.

WHEN we consider the various honours that encircle the author of the Death of Prince Bagration, we shall not appear too presuming if we say that we opened this poem with a confidence of meeting with something more excellent than ordinary; for consider gentle reader, that this gentleman, in the first place, is a *Master of Arts*; that in the second, he is Chaplain to a Marchioness; that in the third, he is a Vicar; that in the fourth, he is the author of a Sermon, and in the fifth, of a Numeral Chart; and, not content with all these distinctions, he bursts upon us as a poet, and aspires to place a wreath, torn from Parnassus, upon his brow. With all these blushing honours thick upon him—we did expect, a very *prime article*, in the way of poesy, nor have we been disappointed, as the following specimen will prove. Speaking of the miseries which the French suffered in their retreat, he says,

'Not so with wasted France,
No longer tuned to mirth or dance
Beneath their weight of general misery
Each individual has lost all sensibility,
All fellow-feeling, all humanity.'

Now, if our readers do not think this prime stuff, perhaps they will at least have candour enough to acknowledge that the following is very imposing and sublime.

> ' *Fed with a liberal hand,*
> I see, again my war-worn Russians boldly rise
> And *manfully again in raging battle stand;*
> *Lisping*, in accents smooth, yet strong,
> The *music of a grateful tongue.*'

We own ourselves to be vastly taken with the appropriate idea of a rough Russian soldier *lisping in accents smooth.* It certainly throws new light upon the Russian and the Don Cossack character, for which we cannot sufficiently thank the Rev. R. Patrick, A. M. Chaplain to the Marchioness Dowager of Townshend, and Vicar of Schiel-Cotes, &c. &c. &c.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*The Brothers in High Life; or, The North of Ireland, a Novel, in 3 Vols. By Mrs. D. Johnson.* London: Kearsley, 1813.

Mrs. D. JOHNSON did very right to inform the world, that the above work is a novel, or it might have puzzled the wisest of the wise to know what it is, or was intended to be. But, it is a novel;—and contains the greatest farrago of nonsense that ever was published. What the lady could be thinking of when she committed such trash to the press, is not for us to determine; but, if she had put her composition on the back of the fire, it would have been no loss to the world, and more credit to herself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*The Englishman at Verdun; or, The Prisoner of Peace, a Drama, in Five Acts. By James Lawrence.* London; Hookham, 1813, price 5s. 6d.

THE Picture of Verdun, which we noticed at some length in a former Number, exhibited the indignities and sufferings of our countrymen in a very forcible light; but the author of the present performance thinks, that the facts, to which he was an eye-witness, 'may strike the imagination more forcibly when collected in a dramatic focus;' and this he now presents to the public. The detention of peaceable English travellers in France on the breaking out of the present war, contrary to the usage of civilized governments and to every sentiment of magnanimous hostility, will, we trust, be long remembered amongst those acts of baseness, mingled with atrocity, which history will have to record of Bonaparte.

ART. 20.—*A practical Introduction to the French Language; selected from the most approved French Grammars, and illustrated by copious Examples and Exercises. By George Crabb. Second Edition, carefully revised and corrected.* London, Boosey, 1813, 12mo. 3s.

Mr. CRABB says, in his preface, that 'this French Grammar would probably not have made its re-appearance in print,

had it not been a matter of personal convenience to the compiler, who having found it of importance to make such a book fit for his private purpose, now offers it to the public, with the hope that it may not be unacceptable to others. Conciseness and arrangement have been particularly consulted in this volume, and every care taken to render it practically useful.' We see no reason to object to the opinion which the author has here expressed of the practical utility of this revised and corrected edition of his Grammar. In many of the most essential points of instruction on the grammatical niceties of the French language, we do not find it inferior to some larger and more expensive works. In the syntax, the practical exemplifications of the rules are sufficiently copious.

ART. 21.—*Fables choisies a l'Usage des enfans, et des autres Personnes qui commencent a apprendre la Langue Françoise. Avec un Dictionnaire, ou tous les mots sont expliqués grammaticalement. Par G. A. Bellenger, Auteur des noveaux Elémens de Conversation, d'un Dictionnaire d'Idiomes, et de plusieurs autres livres sur l'Education.* A Londres. Se vend chez Sherwood, 1813.

THIS will be found a very useful work for young beginners in the French language. The fables which M. Bellenger has copied from La Fontaine, and converted into pure and elegant French prose, are one hundred in number; and at the end of the volume is an explanation in English of all the French words contained in the fables.

ART. 22.—*Elements of Geography for the Use of Schools, &c. By John Bradley, Private Tutor, Liverpool.* London, Lackington, 12mo.

THE numerous elementary works which are constantly appearing, show, that the most useful sciences are in a state of rapid diffusion not only amongst the higher, but the middle and inferior classes of the community. This is a pleasing subject of contemplation, as nothing humanizes mankind so much as scientific and literary pursuits; and we trust, that the mass of the nation will, hereafter, become so devotedly attached to science and to literature, that public opinion will undergo a thorough change with respect to the *glory* of war; and that those arts, which embellish human life, will be in more request than those by which nothing but vice is engendered and misery produced. It was the wish of the Good King Henry the IVth of France, that every peasant might have a fowl in his pot on a Sunday; and, if we might be permitted to add an humble appendix to this wish, it should be, that every peasant might be so far instructed as not only to read the New Testament, and teach his children to read it, but to have his own mind so expanded, that he might expand the mind of his family with a little geographical knowledge, as well as knowledge of other kinds. Thus the general tone of social converse would be raised throughout the kingdom; and the sources of harmless pleasure would be mul-

life of study and thought by an intelligent participation in his pursuits.'

We think, that our friend, the misanthropist, gives the ladies very good advice; and we hope they will show their good sense by quietly taking a leaf out of his book; and *accomplish* themselves for good wives and *sensible* companions.

ART. 25.—*Researches about Atmospheric Phænomena: together with Meteorological Journals. By Thomas Forster, F. L. S.* London: Underwood, 8vo.

THE author commences his preface with the following sentence.

'In proportion as man has become civilized, his wants have ever been increased; in order to satisfy which a more extensive knowledge of the laws of the material world was rendered necessary; hence the origin of the arts and sciences, which became instruments in the hands of man, whereby he might supply the exigencies which civilization had created, and might increase the comforts of artificial life.'

This is not quite correct. Civilization does not precede the multiplication of human wants, but arises out of it. As human wants are multiplied, labour is subdivided and industry is increased; and, hence, a proportionate addition is made to the conveniences and comforts of the social state. The ruggedness of barbarous modes is smoothed down and society acquires a new polish. Civilization, instead of preceding the origin of the arts and sciences, is the effect of their operation in the relations of human life and the different pursuits and actions of individuals. But this by the way; for we do not mean to wrangle with our author at the threshold of his work.

The science of meteorology, as far as it respects the relation subsisting between the several classes of atmospherical phænomena, and the changes of the weather which it may thus enable us to predict, is of great practical utility to husbandmen and mariners, and indeed to mankind in general. But this science is still comparatively in its infancy. This work of Mr. Forster is not intended as a complete treatise on meteorology, but as the result of his observations on natural phænomena.

The forms of clouds are so various and so continually changing, or so suddenly evanescent, that it is difficult to assign them to any definite classification which can be employed for any practical purpose. Their general appearance or disposition, however, may be described as connected with particular changes of the atmosphere, as indicative of wet or dry, serenity or storms. But there are other prognostics of rain, besides the forms and appearances of the clouds, some of which were observed in ancient times, and are found true in the present day. These prognostics are drawn from the peculiar motions or noises of some of the animal creation.

Mr. Forster justly remarks, that various superstitions have

originated in the observation of meteorological phænomena, or in their agency on particular animals. According as this agency has been associated with painful or pleasurable impressions, these animals have been considered as the omens either of good or evil; or as good or evil actually personified in their forms, which have hence become the objects even of religious adoration. Superstition, when once produced, is of very rapid growth. It may seem small in the beginning; but it soon increases in bulk till it hides its head in the clouds. Nor is superstition always confined to the area of vacant ignorance. Superficial knowledge is often as favourable to its birth and its increase; as ghosts are found to appear not merely in the deep darkness of midnight, but in the dusky shades of evening, or the grey-prelude to the morning dawn.

Many animals are singularly affected by the state of the air previous to thunder-storms; and, what has been once found to be the presage of any specific evil, soon comes to be considered, as the precursor or harbinger of evil in a more general sense, or on a more extensive scale. Thus, for instance, the owl and the raven have from a very remote period been regarded as the ill-boding messengers of misfortune or of death. Such is the propensity to generalize particular facts in the weakness or the indolence of the human mind. Mr. Forster has our best wishes for the further prosecution of his Meteorological Researches.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in August, 1813.

A WORLD without Souls, 3s. 6d.

Aubrey John, Esq.—Letters written by eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, 3 Vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

An alphabetical Register of Prize Money advertised for Payment to the Navy and Army, from 1st Jan. 1812, to 31st July, 1813. 5s.

Bowyer Edward, Lord Bishop of Ely.—A Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Ely in 1813. 2s. 6d.

Barrett E. S.—The Heroine, or Adventures of a fair Romance Reader, 3 Vols. 18s.

Bridges Sir Egerton, M. P.—Letters on the Poor Laws, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Britannicus.—Letters on Mr. Grattan's Bill for the Relief of the Roman Catholics, 2s. 6d.

Bigland John.—The History of England, from the earliest Periods to the close of the Year 1812, 8vo. £1. 16s.

Brand John.—Observations on popular Antiquities, chiefly illustrating the Origin of our vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions, a new Edition, arranged, revised, &c. By H. Ellis, F. R. S. 2 Vols. 4to. £4. 4s.

Barrow Rev. S.—Sermons for Schools, 6s. 6d.

Cogan T. M. D.—A Theological Disquisition on the Characteristic Excellency of Christianity, 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Carwithen Rev. J. B. S. M. A.—A View of the Brahminical Religion, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1809, 8vo. 9s.

Capp M. E.—The African Princess, and other Poems. 7s. 6d.

Cooper S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.—A Dictionary of Practical Surgery, collected from the best and most original Sources of Information, a new and improved Edition, 8vo. 21s.

Cooke W.—A new Picture of the Isle of Wight, with a correct Map and twenty-six Views. 12s.

Downey T. R. N. Naval Poems, 4to. £1. 1s.

Gandolphy Rev. P.—A Sermon on the Text of St. Matthew, Chap 22, Ver. 1. 1s. 6d.

Gordon Sir R. Bart.—Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland, from its Origin to the Year 1630, folio. £1. 5s.

Graves G. F. L. S.—British Ornithology, first and second Vol. 8vo.

Hill Miss.—Anselmo; or, the Day of Trial, 4 Vols. 12mo. 22s.

Hall Sir J. Bart. P. R. S. E.—Essay on the original Principles and History of Gothic Architecture, 4to. with Six Plates, £5. 5s.

Hawkes W. R.—Gaul, King of Ragah, a Tragic Drama in Three Parts, 3s. 6d.

Horner T.—Description of an improved Method of delineating Estates, by combining mathematical Accuracy with the Beauties of Landscape Painting, 8vo. with Plates, 7s 6d

Ivimey J.—Neutrality, the proper Ground for Protestant Dissenters respecting the Roman Catholics.

Kelsall C. Esq.—The Two last Pleadings of M. T. Cicero against Caius Verres, translated and Illustrated with Notes, 8vo. 15s.

Laskey Captain J.—A general Account of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, 6s.

Landmann G.—Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal, illustrated by numerous coloured Views, &c. Part 1 £1. 1s.

Leaves of Laurel; or, new probationary Odes. By W. W.

Marsh Herbert, D. D. F. R. S.—Six Lectures on the Interpretation of the Bible Society, Part the 3d, 3s.

Milliard W—Oriental Commerce; or, a Guide to the Trade of the East Indies and China, with 20 Charts, 2 Vols. 4to. £6. 6s.

Onesimus.—Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. W. Huntingdon, 2s.

Martin Thomas.—The Circle of Mechanical Arts, with numerous Engravings, 4to. £2.

Pinnack Rev. James, A. M.—A Sermon preached at the Foundling Hospital, May 2d, 1813.

Porter Sir Robert Ker.—Narrative of the late Campaign in Russia, illustrated with Plans, &c. 4to. price £1. 11s. 6d.

Pollock David, Esq.—Tables exhibiting the various Particulars to be attended to in pursuance of the Standing Orders of the two Houses of Parliament in soliciting such private Bills as usually commence in the House of Commons, 4to. 2s. 6d.

Pryce Rev. C. M. A.—An approved Ministry the Church's Shield and Glory, 2s.

Rosa Matilda.—The Passions, in four Vols.

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Rees J. F.—The Art and Mystery of a Cordwainer; or, an Essay on the Principles and Practice of Boot and Shoe making. 7s.

Stael Mad. de Holstein Zalma, et trois Nouvelles, 10s. 6d.

Sume Tecum. An Address to the Clergy of the United Protestant Church of England and Ireland. By Zealophilus, 2s.

Stevens R.—An Essay on Average and other Subjects connected with the contract of Marine Insurance

The Classes and Orders of Linnæus, consisting of 147 Copperplates to illustrate all the Classes and all the Orders of the Linnæan System of Botany, Third Edition, 3 Vols. 8vo. £1. 6s. plain, and £2. 5s. coloured.

The Seventh Report of the African Institution, 2s.

Travels through Norway and Lapland in the Years 1806, 7, and 8. By Leopold Von Buch, translated from the German by John Black.

The Standing Orders of the House of Commons relating to private Bills and other Matters; with a Table of Fees, 4s.

The Rolliad, a Poem in 2 Parts, revised, corrected, and enlarged, 8vo. 16s.

The Ruins of Selinunti, or the Val di Mazzara, 3 Vols. 15s.

Wright W.—Letters addressed to the Rev. Thomas Belsham on the early Opinions concerning the Person of Jesus Christ.

Williams Rev. D. A. M—The Laws relating to the Clergy, being a complete Guide to Clergymen in the Discharge of their various Duties, 8vo. 16s.

Walker J.—Two Thousand Questions to Dr. Mavor's Histories of England, Rome, and Greece, 2s.

THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1813. *No. III.*

ART. I.—*Travels in Sweden during the Autumn of* 1812. *By Thomas Thomson, M. D. F. R. S. L. and E. F. L. S. Member of the Geological Society, of the Wernerian Society, and of the Imperial Chirurgo-medical Academy of Petersburgh. Illustrated by Maps and other Plates.* London: Baldwin, 1813, 4to. £2. 2s.

Dr. THOMSON did not remain in Sweden more than six or seven weeks; but during that time he appears to have been very sedulous and very successful in obtaining information respecting the country of various kinds; and has formed altogether an instructive and interesting work. It is not destitute of such communications, as will be acceptable to the general reader, to the moralist, or the politician; but it will be perused with more particular satisfaction by those who regard the geological structure of a country as a subject of curious and important investigation. Much light is thrown in this valuable volume on the mineralogy of Sweden, and on the different strata of the soil. But as this part of the work is likely to be interesting only to a particular class of philosophical readers, we shall not pay so much attention to it in our selections as to those details from which a more general class of readers are likely to derive either information or amusement.

During the comparatively short interval, in which Dr. Thomson was in Sweden, he traversed, as he tells us, 'an

extent of more than 1200 miles.' He saw much of the country, and he observed it with a penetrating eye. He carefully noted whatever came within the sphere of his observation which a stranger might like to know; and his travels are throughout those of a man of quick discernment and of solid sense.

When Dr. Thomson arrived at Gottenburg, he found that that city, though at present a place of great resort and of much commercial importance, contains no inns. There were only two hotels where lodging and breakfast were to be had, but where no dinner was to be procured. Our traveller however found an ample compensation for the want of inns in the generous hospitality of the merchants, to some of whom he had letters of introduction.

Gottenburg is a very thriving town, owing to the new channel into which the communication with the continent has been thrown by what is called the *continental system* of Bonaparte. This has rendered it, according to the fashionable phrase, a *depot* of British goods. The increase of prosperity at Gottenburg is proved by the rapid increase of its population. In the year 1791, 'the population of Gottenburg was about 15,000. In 1804 it was 17,760, in 1811 it was 24,858.' Though this may not be equal to the progressive increase in some of the towns in Great Britain in the same interval, yet it is very remarkable when compared with that of the population in other Swedish towns.

The following are some of Dr. Thomson's details respecting the social habits of the Swedes:

'The Swedes are fond of great parties. I have more than once sat down to table with nearly fifty people in a private house. The hour of dinner is two o'clock. After the company are assembled they are shown into a room adjoining the dining-room. In the middle of this room there is a round table covered with a table-cloth, upon which are placed bread, cheese, butter, and corn-brandy. Every person eats a morsel of bread and cheese and butter, and drinks a dram of brandy, by way of exciting the appetite for dinner. There are usually two kinds of bread; namely, wheat-bread baked into a kind of small rolls, for I never saw any loaves in Sweden; and rye, which is usually baked in thin cakes, and is known in Sweden by the name of *nickebroed*. It is very palatable but requires good teeth to chew it.

'After this whet, the company are shown into the dining-room, and take their seats round the table. The first dish brought in is salmagundy, salt fish, a mixture of salmon and rice, sausages, or some such strong seasoned article, to give an

additional whet to the appetite. It is handed round the table, and every person helps himself in succession to as much of it as he chooses. The next dish is commonly roasted or stewed mutton, with bacon ham. These articles are carved by some individual at table, most commonly the master of the house, and the carved pieces being heaped upon a plate are carried round the company like the first dish. The Swedes like the French eat of every thing that is presented at table. The third dish is usually soup, then fowls, then fish (generally salmon, pike, or streamlings), then pudding, then the dessert, which consists of a great profusion of sweet-meats, in the preparation of which the inhabitants of Gottenburg excel. Each of these dishes is handed about in succession. The vegetables, consisting of potatoes, carrots, turnips, cauliflowers, greens, &c. are handed about in the same way. During the whole time of dinner a great deal of wine is drunk by the company.'

'The dinner usually lasts about two hours. On a signal given the company all rise together, bow with much solemnity towards the table, or rather towards each other, and then adjourn into the drawing-room. Here a cup of coffee is served up immediately to every individual. It is but doing the Swedes justice to say that their coffee is excellent, greatly preferable to what is usually drunk in England. This is the more remarkable because the Swedes import all their coffee from Britain: its quality, therefore, is not different from that of our own, and its superiority owing solely to their understanding better how to make it. You can get coffee in the meanest peasant's house, and it is always excellent. It is usually about five o'clock when coffee is over. The company separate at this time, either going home to their own houses, or sauntering about in the fields if the weather be good.'

The Swedes, like ourselves, are subjected to the evils of a paper circulation; but in a greater degree: for they are said to be without either silver or copper coin. 'There are two kinds of paper in Sweden; bank paper and government paper.' The first is said to continue at *par*, but the last has suffered great depreciation. All calculations 'are made by means of government paper, so that when you pay in bank paper, or in copper, your payments go for one-third more than their denomination.' The bank notes are as low as 6d.; and the largest note, which Mr. Thomson met with, was for 30 rix-dollars, or £4. 10s. sterling. As we are upon this subject, we must mention another fact which our author states, that in Denmark, where at present 'there is nothing but paper-currency, their paper has been so much depreciated, that their lowest

notes of eight skillings Danish are only equivalent to one halfpenny.'

The late increased influx of strangers to Gottenburg has occasioned a remarkable advance in the prices of accommodation.

'For two rooms,' says Dr. Thomson, 'for four days, we paid twelve rix dollars, or twenty-four shillings sterling. Our breakfast cost us from eighteen-pence to two shillings, and the washing of a shirt came to eight-pence sterling. A dozen years ago the prices did not amount to one-fourth of the above sums.'

No stage coaches have yet been established in Sweden; and therefore the traveller must provide a vehicle of his own. The Swedish horses, though small, are described as active; and so sure-footed, that Dr. Thomson tells us, of the great number which he employed during his tour, he

'never saw one of them stumble.' * * 'You pay for your horses at the rate of eighteen skillings, or nine-pence sterling, per horse, for the Swedish mile, which is almost exactly equal to 6¾ English miles. But when you take horses from a town, however small, the rate of posting for that stage is increased fifty per cent.'

Our traveller first proceeded from Gottenburg to the celebrated falls of the river Gotha at Trollhätte, about fifty-three miles north from Gottenburg. He was much struck by the goodness of the Swedish roads, which are narrower than the English, but as smooth as those in a gentleman's park. These roads are kept in repair by the peasants at their own expense. Each peasant has a certain portion of the road allotted to his share; and these portions 'are all carefully marked off by small pieces of board, upon which are painted the initials of the peasant' to whom they are assigned.

The Swedish enclosures are in general constructed with wooden paling, which occasions an enormous consumption of wood, as the paling is formed without any regard to economy in the use of that article. The crops, which Dr. Thomson saw on his route, were 'exceedingly foul. The fields were all divided into pretty broad ridges, which were occupied alternately with different kinds of grain.' This was formerly the practice in several parts of England, where the land lay in what is called common field. 'All the fields in Sweden, except those under tillage, are thick scattered with juniperberry bushes *(juniperus communis)* of various sizes.'

Our traveller gives the following account of the appearance of the Swedish peasantry:

'The Swedes have all light flaxy hair, and a ruddy countenance. I would say that a certain degree of flabbiness is visible in their complexions. There is nothing to be seen which indicates the existence of the more violent passions; but every one expresses a docility and good humour in his face, which I believe all possess, almost to a man.' * * * 'The peasants in Sweden seem to be a most amiable and innocent race. Most of them can read and write: they are all clean and well dressed in coarse blue cloth, manufactured in Sweden. I do not mean to say that blue is the only colour which they wear, but it is by far the most common. They have all round hats, and mostly wear silk handkerchiefs about their necks. The women are dressed somewhat like the common people in the north of Scotland; but they are all distinguished by a white handkerchief doubled into a triangular shape, which is thrown over their head, and tied under their chin, while one of the corners hangs between the shoulders behind.

'They have one fault common to them with most nations where the communication is not very frequent. They have no fixed prices, and are always inclined to take advantage of the necessities of strangers to get a greater sum of money than is consistent with strict honour and generosity.'

Dr. Thomson mentions several little incidents characteristic of the disposition to pecuniary extortion, which he found amongst the lower classes in Sweden; and which a foreigner or a native would find also, we fear, amongst the lower classes in this country.

'While travelling through Smoland I lost a screw nail, which served to keep one of the hinges that raised or let down the roof of the carriage in its place. At the first stage I procured an old nail from a peasant. This I drove in myself, and rivetting it in the inside, made it answer as a substitute for the screw nail. This old rusty nail was certainly not worth the tenth part of a farthing: however the peasant made a great noise about it, and insisted upon payment. By this time I was quite stripped of all my copper, and had no notes less than six shillings value. I told the man if he could get change for a note, I would pay him willingly whatever he should demand. No change could be procured, and I was obliged to go away without satisfying him. He continued to make his claim as long as I was in sight.'

Our traveller stopped to view the falls of Trollhätte, which now no longer impeded the navigation between the lake Venner and Gottenburg, as a canal is cut through the gneiss rock above and below the falls. The onl mean of communication at present wanting to complete

the long projected inland navigation between Gottenburg and the gulf of Bothnia is a canal to form a junction between the lake Ilsellmar (pronounced *Yellmar*) and the Venner. This canal is said by our author to be in a state of great forwardness. Sweden seems more favourably situated than most other countries for interior navigation from the number of the lakes and rivers with which it is intersected. More than one-eighteenth part of the whole kingdom is said to be covered with water.

The author reached the lake Venner at Lidköping, 'a small town built entirely of wooden houses; but neat and clean, and carries on a considerable commerce with Gottenburg.' The lake Venner is inferior in size to only one in Europe. 'It is about 92 English miles in length, and at its greatest breadth about 55 miles.' The central parts of West Gothland and all those adjacent to the two great lakes of the Venner and the Vetter present a perfectly flat surface with the exception of 'twelve hills, which rise in different parts of the plain, and are conspicuous notwithstanding their small height, on account of the great levelness of the country.'

Dr. Thomson gives an account of the structure of the twelve hills mentioned above, which have all a remarkable similarity to each other. All of them "lie immediately over the gneiss,' which our author supposes to constitute "the basis of almost the whole of Sweden.' 'This gneiss is composed as usual of felspar, quartz, and mica. The felspar predominates, and in some places nearly excludes the other constituents.' Speaking of the twelve hills, which have such a close resemblance or rather identity in their component materials, Dr. Thomson asks,

'Shall we suppose, that at one period these beds covered the whole flat country of West Gothland, and that by some unknown cause they have been washed away and removed, with the exception of the twelve hills above-mentioned, which from their greater hardness, or from some unknown favourable circumstance in their position, were enabled to resist the force which swept away all the rest? This opinion may appear to many too violent a supposition to be admitted. But that the surface of this globe of ours has undergone the most stupendous and gigantic changes since its original formation, and even since it was inhabited by plants and animals, is a fact too obvious to require proof or admit of denial. The whole flat country of Sweden, even where nothing but alluvial soil appears, is thickly strewed with enormous blocks of gneiss, some nearly as large as a small hill; but all rounded in the edges, and obviously lying over the alluvial soil. Whether we believe with some, that

these blocks have been brought from a distance by some enormous torrents of waters; or with others, that they are the remains of rocks of gneiss which formerly covered the country where they lie, but which have been all worn away by time, except these blocks which were enabled by their superior hardness to resist the agency that destroyed all the rest: whichever of these opinions we adopt, and scarcely any other seems conceivable, it is an obvious consequence that the surface must have undergone prodigious changes since the original creation of the earth.'

Dr. Thomson speaks of the province of Nerike which commences at a place called Bodarne and terminates at Arboga, as one of the most beautiful in Sweden. As our author was travelling through this province, though it was only the beginning of September, the frost in the night was so severe, that

'all the fields of potatoes, which had been in blossom a day or two before, were quite withered and destroyed; the same change was produced upon the tobacco fields. This plant is cultivated to a considerable extent in Sweden, where every body smokes with scarcely a single exception, and where the pipe is as constant a companion on a journey as a staff or a great coat in this country. Nothing was more common than for our post boys to smoke their pipes during the whole time of the stage; and not unfrequently, when the day happened to be a little windy, they chose, of their own accord, to sit behind the carriage, that they might not incommode us with the smoke.'

The culture of the potatoe is not much regarded, nor does this valuable root appear to be much liked in Sweden. The waxy is the kind of potatoe which is said to be most relished by the Swedes. As Örebro is the place where the Swedish Diet occasionally hold their sittings, our author embraces the opportunity of saying something of the constitution of that assembly. It is well known to consist of four distinct bodies, the Nobles, the Clergy, the Peasants and the Burghers, who meet in separate houses. 'There are three orders of nobility in Sweden, counts, barons, and noblemen without any title.' When a family is once 'ennobled all their descendants and collateral branches are noble.' This is a pernicious regulation, as it forms too glaring and invidious a distinction between the nobles and the people. In this country all the descendants of a nobleman, with the exception of the eldest son, are blended with the mass of the people; and thus a communion of feelings and interests is preserved between the aristocracy and the commonalty. If a patent of nobility in this country were to ennoble all the direct descend-

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ants of the person, and all the collateral branches of a family, such a line of distinction would be drawn between the noble families and those which were not ennobled, as would render them like two opposite *casts*; and be productive of envy, animosity, and all those effects which tend to diminish the happiness and retard the improvement of a country.

In Sweden

'the nobility all possess the same general privileges, which consist in an exemption from the poll-tax, and in the capacity of holding various civil employments about the king's person and court, which cannot be filled by any of the lower order. The head of every noble family is a member of the Diet, and represents the whole of his family. So that the number of noblemen who have a seat in the Diet amounts to about 1200.'

Where the rank and privileges of nobility are diffused amongst all the individuals of a family, however numerous they may be, the larger part of the members must be degraded by their poverty in a much greater degree than they are elevated by their rank. And the beggary of a noble family is usually of the worst kind, as it is embodied in the insolence of fancied superiority, and scorns the aid of honest industry, which is opposed by the vanity of titular distinction.

Dr. Thomson well remaks in different parts of his work that one great defect in the Swedish Diet is the want of an order of representatives answering to our country gentlemen. Thus this valuable part of the community, in whom there is likely to be the greatest portion of probity and of knowledge, are deprived of their due relative weight in the Swedish constitution.

Though Örebro was once famous as a manufacturing town, our author could hardly find any thing like a vestige of its former celebrity in this respect. But the convenient situation of Örebro for water-carriage, and the beauty of the surrounding country, will, as Dr. Thomson says, always render it 'a place of importance in Sweden.' The town of Arboga, which is thirty English miles distant from Örebro, is delightfully situated. 'The lakes Hjellmar and Mälar are united by means of the canal of Arboga, which connects Örebrò with Stockholm, and adds greatly to the means of intercourse between Nerike and the capital.'

The next stage from Arboga brought our author to Köping, which is a 'small market town upon a rivulet

that runs into the lake Mälar, a little below the town.' Dr. Thomson viewed this place with more peculiar interest from its having been the residence of the great chemist Scheele, where he followed the profession of an apothecary and where he breathed his last. Dr. T. states several particulars respecting Scheele which he procured from one of his surviving friends; and he pays a warm and well-deserved tribute of applause to his memory. He was one of the many men of genius on whom fortune frowned while living, but whose name will be for ever cherished by the lovers of science now he is dead.

When Dr. Thomson arrived at Stockholm he took up his 'residence in the English tavern kept by an English woman called Mrs. Johnson.' In this part of his travels, the author introduces remarks on the state of agriculture in Sweden which he made in the preceding part of his tour. Little attention has hitherto been paid in Sweden to the most essential of all occupations, and important of all arts, the cultivation of the soil. Yet, if necessity be the stimulus to exertion, Sweden ought, in a peculiar manner, to have felt that stimulus; for the quantity of corn, which is at present annually produced in that country, does not yield more than the proportion of one-fifth of a bushel for each individual. And 'this miserable pittance,' says the author, p. 428, 'is the produce of an English acre and a quarter.' But Dr. Thomson supposes, what indeed can hardly be doubted, that 'a very moderate degree of skill would enable them to increase their produce 30 fold, and thus render them an exporting instead of an importing nation.' The Swedes are deficient in their number of cattle, without which agricultural pursuits cannot be prosecuted with success.

'I never,' says the author, 'any where saw a greater number than twenty cattle together in one place, and never so many at once as fifty sheep. The sheep are uncommonly small, somewhat similar to our Welch breed; but the mutton is good, and the wool not bad.'

The following are the number of horses, cattle, and sheep, in a country which exceeds Great Britain in extent of surface.

'Horses..... 403,747
Cattle 1,475,748
Sheep .....1,212,752'

'The observatory of Stockholm,' says Dr. Thomson, 'is placed by the Swedish astronomers, in consequence of a series of observations continued for about seventy years, in north latitude 59° 20′ 21″, and east longitude, from Ferro, 35° 36′ 15″, which

is equivalent to about 18° 5′ 15″ east longitude from Greenwich, according to the observations of Wargentin.'

The situation of the city is highly picturesque. The best point of view is said to be from the hill on which the observatory stands. This

'commands the whole city. You take in at once all the remarkable buildings, the squares, spires, streets, lake, and shipping. Nothing can be more romantic than the view of Stockholm from this place. The houses are almost all of stone, or brick covered with plaster. The churches are mostly crowned with magnificent spires. The inlet of the Baltic covered with ships; the lake Mälar scattered with little hills constituting islands, some of which were covered with buildings or forts, while others are bare cliffs of gneiss, or thick set with birches and pines; the environs in every direction entirely in a state of nature, no marks of culture, and scarcely a gentleman's seat any where to be seen; but the remarkable inequality of the ground, the great proportion of water, the abundance of wood, and the fine contrast between the dark green of the pines, the lively green of the oaks, the autumnal yellow of the birches, and the red of the poplar, formed a whole exceedingly pleasing and beautiful. Hardly a rock I should suppose exceeds 100 feet in height; yet the inequality, small as it is, adds prodigiously to the beauty. Much of the beauty is owing to the lake, and not a little to the striking contrast between the magnificence of the city and the wildness of the environs.'

The population of Stockholm has been almost stationary since 1772, when it amounted to 72,444; and the present number is 72,652. From a curious table which Dr. Thomson has inserted of persons exercising the different trades and professions at Stockholm in the years 1730, 1758, and 1797, it appears that a diminution has taken place in the masters of some of the different trades where we should have expected an increase. For instance, the number of bakers, which in 1730 was 60, in 1797 was only 32; the number of millers, which in 1730 was 44, in 1797 was 20. The number of fishmongers was 38 in 1730, and 30 in 1797. But there seems to have been an increase in the number of goldsmiths and jewellers, of painters, of joiners, and shoe-makers, &c.

Our traveller says that the Sunday is not observed with so much strictness in Sweden as in this country.

'The only thing, as far as I could observe, which distinguished Sunday from the other days of the week was that the shops were shut and the churches open. The tradesmen work at all their different professions on Sunday as on any other day. Thus I saw blacksmiths, shoe-makers, tailors, &c. at work in

their shops upon Sunday as usual. The theatres are likewise open upon Sunday evening. But this is not surprising, as the Swedish Sunday ends at six in the evening, beginning at six the preceding evening. This is the way they reckon their time: the day with them always begins at six in the evening, and terminates at six in the evening. Thus in travelling, for example, on the first of October I found the date in the day-books after six o'clock always marked second of October.'

The number of dissenters from the established worship in Sweden, according to our author, is so small as hardly to merit consideration. 'I do not recollect,' says he, 'to have observed any dissenting churches in any of the numerous towns through which I passed; it can hardly be said that any exist in Stockholm.'

The Swedish Academy, which is on much the same footing as the Royal Society in London, is not limited to any specific number of members. 'It amounts at present to

'about one hundred Swedish and sixty foreign members; they publish their Transactions quarterly in the octavo form, and the four annual numbers make a thin volume; they embrace all the different branches of natural philosophy and natural history, and their Transactions, written in the Swedish language, constitute a splendid monument of their genius and industry. Natural history occupies a considerable part of those volumes which I have particularly examined.'

It is the custom at Stockholm as at Edinburgh, for he different floors of a house to be inhabited by single families, who have access to their separate dwellings by a common staircase. Slate must be scarce in the country as our author observed only two houses covered with that material. Many houses are covered with pieces of painted wood, which is cut into small squares.

'In the hotel where I lodged I had a couple of rooms, a bed room and a parlour. They were so contrived that there was no access to the parlour but through the bed room. So that all my visitors were obliged constantly to pass through the bed room before they came to the sitting room. But it must be observed that this is by no means so awkward in Sweden as it would be in England. For their beds are so small and so constructed that they may very well pass for settees. The most characteristic part of the room is the stove, which is always placed in a corner, and is so constructed as to serve as a kind of ornament. The one in my parlour had the shape of the pedestal of a pillar. It was 39 inches high, 32 inches broad, and 26½ inches deep. The chimney which proceeded from it was continued to the top of the room in the form of a fluted pillar without any capital; being painted white and kept clean it

looked very well, and would have been a great ornament to the room, had it not been for the want of a capital, which gave it an awkward appearance. The Swedes are fond of this kind of pillars; I saw several in the front of their houses. The doors of the stove were brass, and placed very near the floor; they were folding doors, each 16 inches long and 6⅞ inches broad. Within them were two similar folding doors of iron plate. The fireplace is a rectangular parallelopiped, about the size of the doors, without any ash pit below, or passage to admit air other than the door; the vent is behind. At first it occupies the whole roof of the stove, but speedily becomes narrower; at the top there is always a damper by means of which the vent may be closed up at pleasure. During winter a fire of wood is lighted in this stove twice a day; as soon as it is burnt out the damper is shut. By these fires, assisted by double windows and close doors, their rooms are kept comfortably warm all the winter. The consequence is that much more cold is felt in warmer climates during winter than in Sweden. A Swedish gentleman, who had passed a winter in London, told me that he never felt comfortably warm all the time.'

We shall not dwell on the account which Dr. Thomson has given of the late revolution in Sweden by which Gustavus Adolphus IV was deposed, and a new dynasty placed on the throne, as we furnished various details respecting that event in our review of a work translated from the Swedish, and entitled, 'An Historical Sketch of the last years of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus IV.' See C. R. for August 1812, p. 182.

Gustavus IV was a driveller as a sovereign, a poltroon as a soldier, a visionary as a religionist, and insolent and hardhearted as a man. He was, however, a great connisseur in the form of a cap or the cut of a coat. This was one of his few excellences, and, when he had so few, it would be injustice to his memory and to contemporary sovereigns not to mention this.—Let him have his due praise, even though it may be found only to aggravate his shame. Gustavus IV had one quality which, it must be confessed, he had in common with many other persons of royal dignity, or royal blood. This was pertinacity in doing wrong; as if he had a greater pleasure in wrong than in right; and this when every consideration of reason, of humanity, of honour, and even of personal interest, was in vain urged to make him alter his conduct and relinquish his perilous course. But he was one of the '*delirant reges*,' the race of infatuated kings; and though his infatuation had nearly ruined his kingdom and impoverished his subjects, he was finally hurled from his throne by a feeling of national re-

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sentment, so strong and so general, that not a hand was lifted up in his defence, nor a tear shed over his fall. The tragic catastrophe of Louis XVI caused many a pang to be felt in many a heart; for he had felt for others and others felt for him; but the deposition of Gustavus was not regretted by a single individual; for though he was so puffed up by his own vanity as to think himself the object of prophetic annunciation, he was as insensible as a stone to the welfare of his people, or to any species of human suffering.

Dr. Thomson speaks of the Duke of Sudermania, the uncle of Gustavus and the present King of Sweden, as a person enfeebled by a long course of debauchery. It has been long seen, or rather foreseen, that the debaucheries of the old European dynasties would at no distant period cause the extirpation of the race by violence, or their extinction by the common train of causation and course of events.

Prince Augustenburg of Denmark, who was first elected Crown Prince after the dethronement of Gustavus, was carried off by a disorder in his bowels in 1811. The author does not pretend to develop the secret means which led to the subsequent election of Bernadotte. But there can be little doubt that it was owing to means of this kind rather than to the virtues or the talents of the individual, though these certainly assisted in influencing the choice and in rendering it popular.

Our author says that Bernadotte,

'to judge from appearances, has not a good opinion of his own countrymen, for not a single Frenchman is employed either in the Swedish army or in any other situation, and all the applications which have been made to him by Frenchmen have been uniformly refused.'

There is some matter for serious political reflection in the following.

'The Swedish nobility have all had a French education, and they have adopted a good deal of the manners and opinions of that volatile and unprincipled nation. The Swedes have been so long accustomed to an alliance with France, that it has become in some measure natural to the nation. They have imbibed the opinions, which Bonaparte has divulged with so much industry, respecting the danger of Great Britain holding the dominion of the sea, and the injury which British commerce and British manufactures do to other nations. These opinions I admit to be inconsistent with the knowledge of the first principles of commerce and even of common sense, and show a most miserable ignorance of the real interests and real state of Eu-

rope. Yet I have heard them gravely maintained by some of the most sensible men in Sweden. If to all this we add the severe treatment which they have met with from the Russians, and the natural jealousy which every nation must have of a powerful and encroaching neighbour, we shall not be surprized that the great body of the Swedes in the present war take the part of the French, and are secretly hostile to Britain and Russia. When I was at Stockholm this appeared very strongly marked. When any news arrived of successes gained by the Russians, the faces of every one you met indicated disappointment and uneasiness. When news arrived of successes gained by the French, every person was in ecstasy. I except from this the German and British merchants who reside in Sweden, and who constitute a small but respectable and wealthy body.'

After the election of Bernadotte he put in practice the military conscription of the French which the late king is said in vain to have attempted to introduce. 'All the troops are clothed in the French uniform and the French tactics have been introduced into all the regiments.'

On the 9th of September Dr. Thomson left Stockholm for Upsala, which is 'seven Swedish miles, or 46$\frac{3}{4}$ English miles, north from Stockholm.' Between the two cities no town and hardly a village intervenes. Upsala has no species of trade or manufacture, but appears to depend upon the university. 'The number of inhabitants,' says our author, 'are about three thousand, exclusive of students who may amount to five hundred more.' The university is the principal object of curiosity.

'The salaries of the professors do not exceed 100*l.* a year. They deliver their public lectures gratis, and of course pay but little attention to them. But they teach privately likewise, and receive fees from all the students that attend these private and most valuable courses. By all accounts their audiences are very small. Forty or fifty being reckoned an extraordinary class. Indeed, by all that I could learn, the number of students has been rather on the decline, and no foreigners seem ever to attend it.'

'The students lodge in the town in private houses and are not characterised by a peculiar dress, nor subject to any peculiar academic discipline. They usually
'dine at eating-houses, where they are in the habit of running monthly accounts. There are two rival houses of this description, each patronized by certain professors. Neither of them are distinguished by any particular sign. I dined at both of these houses, and found the dinner comfortable, and the charge reasonable. I was surprised to find that many of the professors likewise dined at these houses; not indeed at the same table

with the students, but in a room by themselves. The time when the professors begin their lectures is the first of October, and the session lasts about eight months.'

The name of Linnæus will for ever reflect splendor on the university of Upsala. Linnæus was succeeded by his son in the botanical chair; and after his death his books and manuscripts were purchased for a thousand pounds by Dr. Smith of this country. The collection had been previously offered to Gustavus III, by whom it was refused; though he had afterwards the meanness to give orders to have it intercepted in its way to this country. But fortunately these orders were given in vain.

We were sorry to find that the botanical garden of Linnæus, instead of being carefully preserved, is in a state of total neglect and desolation, owing to the formation of a new botanical garden at the expence of Gustavus III; and the funds of the university were not sufficient to enable them to keep up that, where the great father of botanical science had lectured; and which ought to have been perpetually preserved as a tribute of grateful veneration to his memory.

Dr. Thomson remarks that there is only small encouragement to publish scientific books in the Swedish language as there are but few scientific readers in that language amongst the natives; and it is seldom studied by men of science amongst foreigners. Hence those Swedes who cultivate science are compelled by necessity to learn foreign languages, particularly the German, in order to obtain that information which their own language would not supply. 'In Sweden,' says Dr. Thomson, 'I have met with a good number of persons, who had never been out of their own country, and who yet spoke German, French, and English with facility.'

From Upsala Dr. Thomson proceeded to Dannemora which is thirty English miles distant from the former place. Our author describes the famous iron mine at Dannemora, with the mode of preparing the ore for use, &c. It is said that this iron is less liable to rust than that of any other mine.

'The cast iron is reduced to malleable iron by heating in a bed of charcoal and oxide of iron, and hammering it out into bars while hot. In this state it is whiter than common iron, of a distinctly fibrous texture, and much stouter than any other species of iron whatever. It goes all to England, and indeed the greatest part of it is purchased by a particular merchant in Hull. In this country it is converted into steel. I was told in

Sheffield, that they have not been able to make cast steel from any other iron but the iron of Dannemora. The best Dannemora iron is marked by three balls.'

Dr. Thomson speaks of the country between Sala and Fahlun as remarkably beautiful, 'especially after you enter Dalecarlia a little to the south of the river Dal.'

'The road from Sala to Brodbo lies in part through a shallow lake. It is constructed of wood at a considerable expence, and being nearly upon a level with the surface of the lake, which encloses it on both sides, it has a novel and beautiful effect.'

The province of Dalecarlia is finely varied 'with hill and dale,' and is said not to be shaded with wood so much as most of the other provinces. The traveller in Sweden has often to pursue his way through a continued forest of pine, which soon tires by its sombre appearance and gloomy uniformity.

Our author, who appears to have a great fondness for geognosy, gives the structure of Dalecarlia from the work of Hisinger on the 'Mineral geography of Sweden.'

The town of Fahlun owes its origin to the copper-mine in its neighbourhood.

'The mine is about 200 fathoms deep. The descent is by an easy winding staircase all the way; so that you may descend to the bottom without any other inconvenience than the fatigue of going down so many steps. The galleries are all spacious: none less than 8 feet in height, and some as high as 30 feet. There are about 600 workmen in the mine.'

The mine of Sala, into which our author descended, is situated about a mile from the town of that name. It lies in a bed of limestone.

'This limestone is granular, with a shade of green, and possesses a good deal of beauty. It is the common stone employed at Sala for building the walls with which many of the fields are inclosed. It often contains magnesian limestone. Magnesian limestone possesses a curious character, by which it may be very readily distinguished from every other species. If you give it a sharp blow with a small hammer, it phosphoresces, and the light continues some time after the stroke, putting you in mind of the cooling of a red-hot stone, only that the disappearing is much more rapid. This curious property was pointed out to me by Assessor Gahn, at Fahlun.'

Dr. Thomson proceeded from Stockholm to Nyköping on his return to Gottenburgh. At Nyköping, which is situated on a small river which runs into one of the bays of the Baltic, he perceived 'no symptom whatever of trade.' The town, like all the others in Sweden, with the excep-

tion of Stockholm and Gottenburg, is constructed of wood.

In his journey from Nyköping to Norköping, our author makes a remark on a phenomenon in the temperature of low grounds, which we have ourselves often noticed without being at all able to assign the cause.

'Though the night,' says he, 'was very clear and serene, we passed through different strata of very thick fogs. They were low, and of small extent. They had a musty smell, and were confined to narrow hollows or valleys, beyond which the atmosphere was clear. There is something connected with the temperature of the surface of the earth, in low grounds, which I do not very well understand. It appears, both from these phenomena of the fogs, and from many facts well known to gardeners and farmers, that there is a certain elevation of ground where the temperature never sinks so low as it does in those places that lie at a lower level. For example, if you place a thermometer on the surface of the ground at the top of Harrow-hill, and another at the bottom of the hill, during the spring months, you will find the temperature much lower at the bottom than at the top of the hill. Nothing is more common than for the gardens to be destroyed by a frost at the foot of the hill, while those at the top escape.'

Norköping is reckoned the fourth town in Sweden. It contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and is a place of some commercial importance, and lies at the extremity of the finest corn country which our author saw in Sweden.

At Linkoping, which is a small town of less than 9000 inhabitants, Dr. Thomson was surprised with the sight of a magnificent theatre standing near the principal church. After passing Odeshag, our author came in sight of the lake Vetter, which is the longest in Sweden, but inferior to the Venner in width. The waters are mentioned as very transparent, and the bottom as 'of a fine yellowish white sand, quite hard and smooth; so that in summer it must constitute a delightful bathing place.' It abounds in fish, which are chiefly pike and perch, but no trout are found in the Swedish lakes.

The town of Iönköping is beautifully situated at the southern extremity of the Vetter.

'Like all the other Swedish towns Iönköping has been repeatedly burnt down. The last accident of this kind happened in 1790, and since that time the whole town has been rebuilt. The houses are still of wood, but large and comfortable. In this country we have a prejudice against wooden houses, on the supposition that they must be very cold: but the Swedish wooden houses are warmer than houses of stone. Entire trees, merely

cut into the square form, are used for building the walls, and the joinings of them are made so close, by means of moss, that no air whatever can make its way between them. Wood being a worse conductor of heat than bricks, it is obvious that a thick house of wood must be warmer than one made of any other materials.'

From Iönköping our author pursued his route to Helsingburg, traversing Smoland. The only coal country in Sweden is in the neighbourhood of Helsingburg; but there seems a prejudice against the use of this species of fuel: and the company, by whom the mine is worked, demand a higher price for it than that at which coals at the pits at Newcastle can be purchased. Dr. Thomson was told that the price of this coal was 'two pounds sterling the chaldron.' When Dr. Thomson was in Helsingburg he says that he could not perceive a single vessel in the harbour of Elsineur.

'The war with Great Britain has completely annihilated the whole trade of Denmark; and this is doubtless one reason of the inveterate hostility to this country which they have displayed. Indeed I was told in Sweden, and have reason to believe the information accurate, that the inhabitants of Zealand were provoked, not because the British had taken possession of that island, but because they had evacuated it. They would have very readily agreed to allow the British to keep it, and would have contributed to its defence, because then they would have retained their trade, which is now at an end.'

'When you walk along the shore of the Baltic, you do not see the great quantity of sea-weed so abundant on our coast. A single fucus or two was all that I could perceive. Nor is there any of that smell which is so perceptible on the coasts of Great Britain and France, which I conceive to proceed chiefly from the sea-weed. This difference is owing, I imagine, to the small quantity of salt which the Baltic contains. It tastes sensibly brackish at the Sound; but not so much so, but that I could drink it without any inconvenience. Its temperature on the 10th of October, I found 54°.'

At the end of his travels in Sweden, Dr. Thomson subjoins some account of Lapland; but we have not room to notice this, for which there is less occasion, as it is not the result of personal observation.

The twenty-first and twenty-second, or two concluding chapters, are very important parts of this work. The first is entitled 'General View of Sweden,' and the last 'Political State of Sweden.' Both contain some valuable statistical documents. The only way, in which it is possible for Sweden to improve her condition, and to rise in

the scale of wealth and power, is by a more vigorous attention to her agriculture, and by a more judicious system of farming. The average size of the Swedish farms does not at present exceed 27½ English acres, and a more satisfactory proof of the negligent and slovenly manner in which they are at present cultivated need not be adduced than this, that though the population is so thin and scattered, not more than one-fifth part of a bushel of corn is produced in proportion to the individuals of which it is composed. The cultivated lands in Sweden do not appear to yield more than one-sixth of a bushel on an acre. The face of the whole country is said with a few exceptions to be a complete forest, but the trees are small, and consist principally of birch and pines. But, where wood is so abundant it might be converted into a great source of wealth. The surface of the Swedish lakes is computed not to be less than 4756 English square miles. 'The banks of the Venner are covered with wood which grows luxuriantly to the water's edge.' The country in general is very level, as is, particularly the road between Gottenburg and Stockholm by the Orebro road; though there are abrupt variations of surface in other parts. The climate of Stockholm is comparatively more mild than that of Petersburgh. The Swedes consider their winter as peculiarly pleasant. The summer lasts nearly five months. Dr. Thomson says, 'I saw prodigious loads of cherries, and abundance of apples and pears,' and the country produces a profusion of gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and strawberries. Rye and barley are the most common species of grain; but our author thinks that wheat might every where be substituted for rye.

'It would,' says he, 'stand the climate of Sweden sufficiently well, at least as far north as latitude 60°; for it was as far north as that nearly that I saw an admirable field of wheat ripe in 1812, one of the coldest summers ever remembered in Sweden.'

Very few turnips are grown in Sweden. The sheep are remarkably small, but the mutton is highly flavoured. They are represented as exceedingly tame. The author saw several flocks of them driven to Stockholm by women. 'I have,' says he, 'seen the sheep surrounding the woman on the road, licking her hand, and behaving with as much familiarity as so many dogs.' This tameness must arise from their domestication during the winter. The beasts of prey are

'Wolves, foxes, and bears in the northern parts.' 'The wolves

seldom or never venture to attack a man, or even a large quadruped. During winter they frequent the road side; and seem in some measure to support themselves by devouring the dung of the horses who drag the sledges.'

We must now take our leave of Dr. Thomson, whom we have found an instructive and entertaining companion during our perusal of his work.

ART. II.—*De la Littérature du midi de l'Europe, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, de l'Académie et de la Société des Arts de Geneve, Correspondant de l'Academie royale des Sciences de Prusse, Membre honoraire de l'Université de Wilna, des Académies Italienne, des Georgofili, de Cagliari, de Pistoia, &c.* A Paris, chez Treuttel et Würtz, 1813, 2 Vols. 8vo. £1. 4s. London: Speare.

THE fame which M. Sismondi has acquired by his History of the Italian Republics, which we reviewed at length in vol. XIII. vol. XXI. vol. XXII. and vol. XXIII. of the third series of the C. R. will doubtless cause this work to be perused with eager expectations of instruction and of interest. M. Sismondi's former track of reading, for the sake of collecting matter for his valuable history, must have rendered him intimately acquainted with many of the principal authors, whose merits or defects are noticed in the present work. In those parts of his subject, in which M. Sismondi was less at home, he had ample aid in the works of Andres *dell' originee dé progressi d'ogni letteratura;* in that of the Boutterwek's *Geschichte der schönen Wissenschaften*, in Millot's *Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours*, in *Tiraboschi*, *Ginguené*, &c. M. Sismondi has borrowed largely from these sources of information.

In his preface M. Sismondi informs us that this work was originally composed, in order to be publicly recited at Geneva.

'In a town,' says he, 'renowned for the domestic virtues, for the purity of its manners, and the scrupulous delicacy of its language, my lectures were attended by young ladies of the first distinction, mingled with pupils of the other sex; and I should have blamed myself if I had uttered a word or a hint, which might have produced the slightest sensation of embarrassment. Their recollection,' continues the writer, who appears to be a man of exemplary probity, 'was not effaced from

my mind, when I sat down to the revision of this work; and it gives me pleasure to reflect, that it may serve as a proof of the strength of understanding, and the variety of literary information, which, in my country, young persons of both sexes are supposed to possess.'

The second chapter of this work is entitled 'Literature of the Arabs.' This chapter is principally taken from the first volume of Andres '*D'ogni Letteratura*;' but it does not exhibit such perspicuous or interesting details as we find in the latter work. M. Sismondi remarks the rapid progress which intellectual culture made among the Arabs, compared with that of other countries. Was this eagerness for science increased by the prohibition of the Koran? The famous library of Alexandria is said to have been burnt nineteen years after the Hejira, or 622 of our era, at which period we may suppose the Arabs to have been sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism. But the love of literature and science got possession of the throne of the khalifs on the ascension of the family of the Abbassides; and a new taste for mental improvement was speedily diffused over all parts of the empire. The age of Al-Mamon, whom M. Sismondi calls, 'the father of letters, and the Augustus of Bagdad,' but to whom science is under much greater obligations than to any of the Cæsars, was not more than one hundred and fifty years from the first origin of the monarchy. M. Sismondi remarks that the age of Pericles was gradually matured by eight centuries of progressive cultivation from the war of Troy, 1209, to 431 before Christ. 'In Latin literature the age of Augustus was the eighth from the foundation of Rome. In the French the age of Louis XIV. is the twelfth from that of Clovis.'

But the most important consideration is the effect which the literature of the Arabs had on that of Europe; and the influence which it has latently exercised over the manners, knowledge, and culture of more recent times. The Christians of Europe have, in general, been deficient in the confession of the debt which they owe to the followers of Mahomet amongst the Arabians and Moors. Yet it is clear, from incontestable documents, that we are indebted to the Arabians, not only for the greater part of the illumination, which served to dispel the gross darkness of the middle ages, but for some of the most important inventions which have facilitated intellectual culture, social intercourse, maritime enterprize, and scientific research. We owe to the Arabs the invention of paper manufactured

both from cotton and linen; of the compass; and as Andres seems to think, not improbably, of the pendulum; for the first principles of chemistry, and for its medical application. We know not whether we ought to reckon gunpowder amongst the pernicious or the useful discoveries; but, perhaps, if we consider it merely in its adaptation to military purposes, it ought to be regarded rather amongst the useful than the pernicious; as, if it have not abridged the duration of wars, it has, in a very striking manner, tended to equalize the disparities of physical strength. A man of five feet high, and another of six, would stand no chance if the contest between them were to be decided by a sword or a club; but the case is different when the weapon which is to be employed is a pistol or a gun. But amongst whatever species of inventions we arrange gunpowder, considered as to its effects in a moral or social point of view, it is certain that it was the product of the scientific research of the Arabs.

Much as we may boast of the encouragement which has been given to literature in modern times, or highly as we may extol the munificent patronage which has been bestowed on science, the belles lettres, and the arts, by a Leo X. or a Louis XIV. (for England will not furnish the name of one sovereign to whom learning, genius, and taste are under similar obligations), yet this encouragement and this patronage will not endure any comparison with that which intellectual culture of every kind received amongst the Arabs in the reign of Al-Maimon.

'Become sovereign 813—833,' says M. Sismondi, 'he made Bagdad the centre of every species of literature; scientific pursuits, books, and learned men, were almost the only object of his attention. His favourites were men of letters; his ministers occupied themselves only in the progress of literature; and it appeared as if the throne of the khalifs was elevated for the seat of the Muses. He,' (Al-Maimon) 'invited to his court all the learned men whom he could discover in any part of the world, where he supported them by his liberalities, and distinguished them by honours of every kind. In the provinces of Syria, of Armenia, and of Egypt, which were subject to his sway, he collected every important book which could be found. This was the most costly tribute which the sovereign exacted from his subjects; and the governors of his provinces, and persons employed in the administration were particularly enjoined, before any thing else, to collect the literary treasures of the conquered countries, in order to lay them at the foot of the throne. Hundreds of camels were seen entering Bagdad laden with nothing but papers and books; and all those, which it

was thought would contribute to augment the stock of knowledge, were immediately translated into Arabic, in order to place them within the reach of all the world. Masters, censors, translators, literary commentators, formed the court of Al-Mamon, which appeared more like an academy of learned men than the central point of a military government. When this khalif in the moment of victory dictated a peace to the Greek emperor, Michael the stammerer, he demanded as a tribute, a collection of Greek books. The sciences were more especially cherished by the khalif; the most momentous speculative questions were discussed without reserve, notwithstanding the jealous apprehensions of some fanatical Mussulmans, who accused Al-Mamon of thus loosening the foundations of Islamism. Several of the most illustrious teachers of medicine flourished during his reign; law was taught by the celebrated Kossa, and, as this was in the eyes of Mussulmans, the most venerable of all the sciences, it was that to which his subjects devoted themselves with the most ardent application; whilst Al-Mamon discovered a strong propensity for the mathematics, which he studied with considerable success. He conceived the great project of measuring the earth; and he had it executed by the most able mathematicians. The elements of astronomy by Alfragan (Fargani) and the astronomical tables of Al-Merwasi, were the works of two of his courtiers. This same Al-Mamon, who was not less generous than enlightened, exclaimed when he pardoned one of his relations, who had rebelled against his government, and endeavoured to overturn his throne, "Ah! If it were but known what pleasure I have in pardoning my enemies, all who have offended me would come and confess their faults."'

Schools, academies, colleges were established in every part of the empire of the khalif, and though Bagdad was the capital of literature as well as of the government, yet Bussora and Cufa almost equalled the celebrity of the metropolitan city, and were hardly less distinguished by their productions both in verse and prose. Balk, Ispahan, and Samarcand were equally, according to M. Sismondi, '*focusses* of science;' but as Andres, vol. I. p. 122, 4to. says more clearly, they 'were adorned with many schools and colleges, and gave birth to many distinguished authors.' Alexandria had not a smaller concourse of students when it was under the dominion of the khalifs than it could boast in the time of the Ptolemies.

We will not translate the next passage which we produce from M. Sismondi, but will quote it in the original, and we will then produce the corresponding passage in the valuable work of Andres, which will show how closely M. Sismondi has copied, or rather translated (though in

this and other places without any direct acknowledgment) the words of the latter writer, as will be immediately perceptible to those who understand both the French and the Italian.

'Le Juif Beujamin de Tudele rapporte, dans son itinéraire, avoir trouvé à Alexandrie plus de vingt écoles pour l'enseignement de la philosophie. Le Caire contenait aussi un grand nombre de colléges, et celui de Betzuaila, un des faubourgs de cette capitale, était si fortement bâti, que dans une rebellion il servit de citadelle à une armée. Dans les villes de Fez et de Maroc, on avait egalement destiné aux études le plus magnifiques bâtimens; on les soutenait par les institutions les plus sages et les plus bienfaisantes. Les riches bibliothèques de Fez et de Laracé ont sauvé pour l'Europe un grand nombre de livres precieux qui avaient disparu partout ailleurs. Mais l'Espagne surtout fut le siége des sciences Arabes, c'est là qu'elles brillérent du plus vif éclat et c'est là qu'elles firent les progrès les plus rapides. Cordoue, Grenade, Séville et toutes les villes de la péninsule, le disputaient les unes aux autres par la magnificence de leurs écoles, de leurs colléges, de leurs academies et de leurs bibliothèques.' * * *

The Italian of Andres, from which the above is taken, is as follows:

'Il viaggiatore Beniamino di Tudela nel suo Itinerario racconta aver egli trovate in Alessandrida da venti scuole, dove da tutto il mondo volavano gli amatori della filosofia. Molti collegi de studi, secondo il testimonio di Leone Africano, si vedevano al Cairo uno de' quali nel sobborgo Betzuaila era di tale altezza, e di si ampia vastità, che di capace cittadella pote' servire all' esercito de' ribelli. Che grandiose e maguifiche fabbriche; che savie ed opportune instituzioni a favore della lettere non ci presenta il medesimo Leone in Fez, ed in Marocco? Sono ben note agli eruditi Europei le due insigni bibliotheque di Fez e di Larace, che tanto hanno arrichite le nostre di preziosi codici, e tante curiose ed utili notizie ci hanno somministrate. Ma dove le scienze degli Arabi piu fiorirono, dove piu spiccò il lume del loro sapere, dove si fissò, per dire cosi, il regno della loro letteratura, fu la Spagna. Cordova, Granata, Siviglia, e tutte le città cospicue di quella penisola di scuole di collegi, di accademie, di biblioteche, e d'ogni sorta di stabilimenti che le lettere giovar potessero erano ampiamente formite.' * * * Andres dell' origine &c. d'ogni letteratura, tomo I. p. 122.

Here we cannot help reflecting that, whilst the light of literature and science was so generally diffused through the dominions of the Arabs, and was so particularly resplendent in Spain, it was entirely extinguished in Christian Europe, or burnt here and there in the cell of a mo-

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nastery, with only a faint and twinkling light, which rendered the surrounding darkness a sort of palpable obscure. Charlemagne, who died in 814, had made a feeble effort to excite the intellectual activity of his subjects; but the spark which the emperor, assisted by Alcuin, the learned English monk, was able to produce, was only a vacillating and fugitive, rather than a steady and permanent flame. The night of apathy and ignorance soon returned, till the church caught a little light from the mosque; and the bards of Provence imbibed the love of song from the poetical spirit which pervaded Moorish Spain.

M. Sismondi remarks that

'We must not judge of the manners of the Mussulmans by those of the Turks of the present period; who, of all the followers of the Koran, evince the most unsocial habits, and the most jealous disposition. The Arabs, though they were as passionately fond of their women, suffered them to enjoy more liberty. And, of all the countries subject to the Arabs, Spain was that where their manners made the closest approximation to the gallantry and chivalry of Europeans. It was also the country which had the most powerful influence on the cultivation of the mind in the south of Christian Europe.'

* * 'A great number of poets were attached to the courts of the princes of Granada, of Seville, of Cordova, of Toledo, of Valencia, and of Zaragoza; where a multitude of astronomers, of physicians, of chroniclers, enjoyed distinguished favour and rank.'

Amongst the favourites of these different courts were various Christians, who, when they received any disgust or mortification, or were alarmed for their liberty or property, took refuge amongst the Christians, where they carried their talents and their industry. When Catalonia and Provence were united under one sovereign, Raymond Berenger introduced the elegance, the arts, and the science of the Arabs into his new states. Chivalry sprung up at the same time, with the poetry of the Provençals; and a new turn was given to the sentiments, manners, and character of the age.

M. Sismondi has occupied a large part of his first volume with the literature of Provence, and with the troubadours and the *trouveres*. The ninth chapter is devoted to the Italian language and to Dante. It is justly remarked that the interest of Dante is diminished in proportion to the progress of his work; that it is less in his Purgatory, than in his Hell, and less in his Heaven than in either his Hell or his Purgatory. Is it more easy to excite distinct ideas of greater degrees of suffering than

we at present experience, than it is of higher degrees of happiness than we now enjoy. When we attempt to describe heaven we do it principally by negations. The world presents a sufficiently large catalogue of woes which a man would naturally wish to exclude from the scene of his future residence: but, if these woes are all combined into a focus, or aggregated into a mass, they may form a hell either hot or cold enough for any to experience, or which it may be right that the worst enemies of their species should hereafter endure.

M. Sismondi remarks the pernicious influence which the sonnet appears to have had on the poetry of Italy.

'Lyric inspiration,' says he, 'may be limited in its form, but is not in its extent: whilst this bed of Procrustes, as an Italian ingeniously called the sonnet, reduces all the thoughts to the same length, that of fourteen lines. If this thought will not naturally admit of this extension, we must stretch it on the rack till it has reached the requisite dimensions; and if it be too long for the purpose we must reduce it to the proper size by barbarous mutilation. Above all, it is always necessary to set off the brevity of such a little poem by brilliancy of ornament; and, as warm and empassioned emotions must be gradually produced, this composition, which is essentially lyric, causes the substitution of ingenious thought for affecting sentiment, and all the decorations are made up of wit, which is often nothing more than puerile conceit.'

M. Sismondi confesses himself a stranger to that charm in the poetry of Petrarch which has enchanted so many generations. We will lay before the reader what he says upon this subject, particularly as it does not agree with the sentiments of the majority of critics.

'In order,' says the author, 'more distinctly to comprehend the passion of Petrarch, and to interest myself in it, I could have wished that the two lovers had understood themselves a little better, that they had been more acquainted, so that we might have known them more perfectly than we now do. I could have wished to discern some reciprocal impression on the heart of this lady so long loved, to see some development of her sentiments and her mind; and confidence and esteem substituted for the ardent tenderness which virtue might refuse. I am disgusted with the veil which is ever thrown not only over the figure but over the mind and the heart of this woman, who is perpetually celebrated in verses which are always alike. If the poet had let one see more, he would have lost himself less in those exaggerations which are carried beyond the expansion of my sympathies. I should have been more pleased if the ideas, the sentiments, the passion had brought Laura to my view, rather than the perpetual play on the words *lauro*, the laurel, or *l'aura*, the air, the breath of morn. The first particularly, is incessantly

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repeated, not only in the poetry, but in the whole life of Petrarch, so that we do not know whether it was *Laura* or the *laurel*, with which he was in love, as this last, as often as he meets it, excites his emotion; and he speaks of it with rapture, and makes it the inspiring theme of his song. I am not less wearied with that personified heart to which he is for ever addressing himself, which speaks, which answers, which disputes with him, which flutters on his lips and on his eyes, which goes far away. It is always absent, but I could wish that during its exile he would cease for once to speak of it. This unceasing play upon words, this perpetual personification of things which have no personality, degrade Petrarch much below Dante, as there is much less painting in his poetry. There is hardly one of his sonnets in which the prominent idea will run into picture; and which consequently takes no hold of the imagination. Poetry is a happy union of the fine arts; it is music in its sound and painting in its imagery. But to confound these two objects which it has in view, is equally to err, whether we wish to exhibit the resemblance of sound by an image, as when we place the laurel in the place of Laura, or when we wish to exhibit an image by means of sound, when renouncing the harmony of the versification, we make it ring with discordant sounds of the object which we wish to paint, and make the serpents hiss along the line.'

M. Sismondi bestows (as who does not?) high praises on Ariosto; but he remarks that the personages of his great poem have no individual physiognomy. His characters admit only of two divisions, into good and bad, without any nicety of personal discrimination. M. Sismondi, however, excepts that of the heroine Bradamante.

'The versification of Ariosto is more distinguished by its grace, its sweetness, its elegance, than by its dignity. The commencement of his cantos is always embellished with the richest poetry. His language is so perfectly harmonious that it defies all comparison with any author either before or since. He paints whatever he mentions; and the eyes of the reader follow the poet in all his recitals. As he always plays with his subject, with his reader, and with his style, he rarely takes any lofty flight; and never maintains the degree of elevation which belongs to the epopée. He seems to seek the grace of facility in negligence; and he often repeats in one verse several words which he has used in another; as a story-teller resumes his words that he may have time to think. The words are often thrown carelessly, and, as it were, fortuitously together: and we perceive that he does not always choose the most proper, that some half verses are produced only for the rhyme; that the poet wished to write like an *improvisatore*, who sings: and that, hurried away by his subject, he is contented with filling up the

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verse in order to arrive sooner at the event or the image by which his mind is occupied. All these instances of negligence would be blots in other persons, but Ariosto, who took much pains with his versification, and designedly left these irregularities, has, in the careless flow of his language and ideas, an inimitable grace which gives a charm to his negligence, and an air of truth to what he relates.'

M. Sismondi has very tastefully analyzed the peculiar beauties of the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso. The subject of this poem was perhaps altogether the most happy that was ever chosen, and connected with points of the highest and most general interest. We do not know any period of history, on which we could fix, which unites so many attractions as that of the crusades, or which is so susceptible of poetical embellishment. It was moreover peculiarly suited to the genius of Tasso, whose character united as much elevation of chivalrous valour and gallantry as that of any of the knights who went to the Holy Land.

From the commencement of the poem, as M. Sismondi remarks,

'the most tender sentiments are connected with the action; and in The *Jerusalem Delivered*, love plays a part which had never yet been assigned to it in any epic poem. This part is in unison with the character of the romantic epopée, and to the more exalted, the more religious, and consequently more poetical character of love amongst the moderns. Love, full of enthusiasm and respect, constituted an essential part of chivalry; it was the soul of all the actions, it gave life to all the poetry, of the age. Achilles, in love in the Iliad, would not have forgotten that he was the master; and that the woman, whom he loved, ought to be his slave. This Grecian prejudice would have given to his passion a character of brutality which lowers rather than exalts the hero. But Tancred in love addresses a part of his worship to the object of his affections; and he is more amiable without being less great. Amongst the heroes of the classic period, love is a weakness; amongst those of the chivalrous ages it is a species of religion.'

We read The *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, with a continuity of interest of that sort which we feel in perusing a romance or a tragedy of the first class of excellence. We hardly know of what other epic poem this can be so truly said? Other poems may have more grand passages and occasionally rise to a higher pitch of poetical sublimity. Yet what epic is there which throughout produces such a flow of pleasurable sensation, or keeps the heart so constantly agitated as The *Jerusalem Delivered*?

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'The romantic interest,' says M. Sismondi, 'of Tancred and Clorinda is carried as far as in those love-tales, which have no other object but to agitate the heart. Tancred, who is the most generous, the most brave, the most loyal of knights, exhibits in his whole character a tint of modesty and of melancholy which gains every heart. Clorinda, notwithstanding the contrast between her invincible and cruel valour attaches us early by her generosity. The catastrophe is more affecting than any romance-writer ever invented, or any tragedian ever brought upon the stage. And even though almost in the middle of the poem, the generous Tancred is deprived of all hope, all end in life, it does not destroy the interest in what follows. The shade of Clorinda seems henceforth attached to this unfortunate hero; and he appears no more upon the stage without exciting the most profound sensibility.'

In our review of the translation of the Prince of Machiavel by Mr. Byerley, we endeavoured to prove that that work was designed as an ironical representation of the policy of the age, and that he unveiled the maxims of tyranny only to render them detestable. M. Sismondi does not seem to think that this was the only object which Machiavel proposed; but if it were not the only object, we are still of opinion that it was the principal. Machiavel was evidently a lover of liberty; but he wrote at a period when he had no other means of supporting freedom than by degrading despotism in the general estimation by the most plain and revolting picture of the conduct of tyrants, of the maxims by which they are governed, and of the cruelty, injustice, and neglect of all moral consideration by which tyranny is acquired and can alone be maintained.

In Machiavel's mode of treating his subject, M. Sismondi thinks that there is 'une amertume universelle contre tous les hommes, un mépris de la race humaine, qui fait lui addresser le langage auquel elle s'était rabaissée elle-même.' We do not think that the works of the Florentine politician evince that bitterness or misanthropy, which M. Sismondi has here expressed.

'Machiavel's book of the Prince,' says M. Sismondi, 'is the most universally known, but it is not the most profound, nor the most considerable of his political works. His three books of discourses on the first decade of Livy, in which he examines the primary causes of the grandeur of the Romans, and the obstacles which arrested other nations in a similar career, show more extent of knowledge, more perspicacity in human affairs, and more force of mind in abstracting and generalizing ideas. All the most profound political writings in all languages since this period have sprung from these early meditations of Mach-

iavel; and as he proceeds much more directly to his end, and does not write at the same time for a tyrant and a free people, but for every honest man who loves to reflect on the destiny of nations, this work is much more moral, whilst the instruction is not less profound; and it never incurred the anathema, which some time after the death of Machiavel, was fulminated against his book of the Prince.'

In his history of Florence, Machiavel showed his great good sense and his superiority to the genius of his age, in paying much less attention than his predecessors to military details. His development of the passions and the troubles of a popular government is certainly a masterpiece.

We will now give our readers a specimen of what M. Sismondi has said on a writer of our own times, but of great and original genius, though, in some degree, partaking of the eccentricities of his character.

'The creation of a theatre by Alfieri is a phenomenon which strikes us with astonishment. Till his time the Italians were inferior in the dramatic art to all the nations of Europe. Alfieri is on a level with the great French tragedians; and above those of all other nations. (?) He unites the artificial beauty, the unity, purity of design, probability, which are peculiar to the French theatre, with the sublimity of situations and characters and the important events which belong to the drama of the Greeks, as well as with the profound sentiment and emotion which characterize that of the English. He has taken tragedy from the saloon of the palace where the habits of the reign of Louis XIV. had too rigorously confined it; and has carried it into the council-chamber, into the forum, into the body of the state. To the most exalted of poetical productions he has attached the most momentous public interests. He opposed the conventional forms which substituted a ridiculous extravagance for the grandeur of nature; that gallantry which we inherit from the old French romance, which exhibited the heroes of Greece and Rome in a sort of fantastic masquerade; that honeyed sweetness and that pastoral languor, which, since the times of Guarini, have assigned effeminate manners and sentiments to the great personages of the Italian drama; that chivalrous frippery and those ostentatious boastings of the Spanish stage, which by concentrating a whole life in a scrupulous nicety on the point of honour, gave to the greatest characters the appearance of desperadoes who were every moment ready to cut each other's throats. In the opinion of Alfieri the gallantry of romance, the softness of pastoral, and the excitability of chivalry, were only so many masques by which nature was disguised, and under which real sentiments and real passions were concealed from view. He tore off these masques in order to exhibit man upon the stage,

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such as he is, with the greatness which belongs to him and the interests which he really feels. If, in his new mode of conceiving characters, Alfieri has sometimes deviated into extravagance, exaggeration, and a sort of intractable perverseness, which was a part of his temperament, he has nevertheless done enough to merit our admiration. Succeeding poets, who have profited by the grandeur of his manner, without running into his characteristic defects, have served to show to what a degree of perfection he alone advanced the Italian stage, and how much the dramatic art is indebted to his genius.'

* * * 'Alfieri was the most rigorous of all the observers of dramatic unity. I speak not merely of the unity of time and place to which he scrupulously adhered, and which though observed on the French theatre, is spurned on the Spanish, the German, and the English. But it is the unity of action, the unity of interest which constitutes the essence of his manner, and which is his exclusive peculiarity; though in all the known theatres, both romantic and classical, this unity is professedly respected as the essential rule of the art. Alfieri made it his study not to occupy the theatre with more than one action and one passion in the same piece; to make this known in the first line and not to lose sight of it till the last; not to permit a moment of distraction; and, as superfluous and injurious to the interest, to remove every personage, every event, every speech, which was not essentially connected with the action, and did not contribute to promote its progress. In this manner, whilst he cleared the stage of all confidants and subalterns, he reduces almost all his tragedies to four or five persons who are equally essential; and, in the same manner, by retrenching all that dialogue which is extraneous to the action, he rendered his pieces more brief than those of any other poet. They hardly exceed fourteen hundred lines.'

M. Sismondi thinks that Alfieri was mistaken in his strict notions of poetic unity. A dramatic action may certainly be very complicated in the events, and yet very simple in the relation to one and the same end. The complexity of the story may not break the unity of the interest; and even a secondary plot and subordinate personage, which Alfieri would not admit, may only serve to throw more light upon the principal, and to heighten the charm of the representation. A play can hardly be busy where the personages are few; and variety is not necessarily destructive of unity. Thus the tragedies of Alfieri are rather too meagre; and void of that copiousness of circumstances, which, when well combined, give more life to the plot, and, without dividing the interest, add to the force of the impression; and multiply the attractions of the parts, without weakening the charm of the whole.

Literary history is much more amusing than history of any other species, as it places man more in his proper sphere, as an intellectual being, labouring to improve his own faculties and to add to the improvement of his species. This history of M. Sismondi is far from being devoid of merit or of interest; though we have omitted to notice several instances of weak criticism, of vague expression, and of verbose frothiness, which struck us during the perusal.

Art. III.—*Coxe's Memoirs of the Bourbon Kings of Spain.*

[Concluded from p. 131.]

OF the successor of Philip, and his wife, the following are the characters drawn by Mr. Coxe from the interesting correspondence of Sir B. Keene, which we have noticed in a former number. Our previous knowledge of them, as English readers, is entirely drawn from the short sketches and doubtful anecdotes of travellers; and on this account we think no apology necessary for the length of the quotation which we propose to make.

'Ferdinand was in the 36th year of his age, when the treaty of Aix la Chapelle pacified Europe, rendered the court of Madrid the centre of political intrigue, and revived that harmony between Spain and Great Britain which had been interrupted by the machinations of France and the ambition of Elizabeth Farnese. He was low in stature, ordinary in person, of a delicate constitution, and docile temper, though occasionally subject to violent fits of passion. Scrupulously attentive to veracity in all his words and actions, he was characterized under the noble designation of, "a prince who was guilty of no untruth." He was economical almost to a degree of parsimony in his own personal expences, yet liberal to his subjects in cases of distress. He was supremely anxious to maintain his country in peace and tranquillity, from a conviction that the spirit of heroism and conquest which had so long domineered in the councils of Spain, had injured the civil interests of the nation and obstructed the improvement of its agriculture and commerce.

'Though he felt a personal affection for the chief of the house of Bourbon, yet he equally deprecated a dependence on France or hostility with Great Britain; and repeatedly declared that he would never be a viceroy to the King of France upon the throne of Spain. Like his father, he never doubted the invalidity of the renunciation which had been made of the eventual succession to the French throne; but so far from casting a

longing eye on that succession, he invariably expressed his resolution to remain in Spain, should it ever become vacant, and leave to his brother the option of realizing his pretensions.'

This last observation does not accord exactly with the character for absolute and undeviating veracity which he is said to have maintained. There can be no doubt that the engagements of his ancestors were binding upon Ferdinand himself, his brothers, and his descendants, as far as regarded this renunciation; and, though we do not mean to say that he forfeited all pretensions to personal integrity by adhering to a system which his great-grandfather and father had acted upon throughout their lives, yet we think it ought to have been noticed by way of exception to the general rectitude of his principles. No Bourbon sovereign can ever occupy with justice the throne of Spain, who does not acknowledge the treaty of Utrecht as binding both in letter and spirit, and who does not in consequence of such recognition disavow in the most ample manner the fraudulent reservations of his ambitious ancestor. To proceed.

'Subject to the same hypochondriac malady which had afflicted his father, with fewer resources, and as little activity, he sunk into despondency and apprehension of death, on the slightest indisposition or anxiety. Naturally more irresolute than his father, he fancied he had done his duty when he had charged his ministers with the burthen of affairs. Averse to the details of business, from habit and disposition incapable of serious application, the chace and music formed his only amusements, or rather occupations. He was so sensible of this incapacity, that to a person who complimented him on his skill in shooting, he replied, "It would be extraordinary if I could not do *one* thing well." This conviction, and these defects, rendered him a mere instrument in the hands of those to whom he confided the government.

'Ferdinand placed the most implicit confidence in his queen, communicated to her the most private affairs, and seldom formed the slightest resolution without her advice, or rather approbation. She therefore became a no less important personage in the government, than Elizabeth Farnese during the preceding reign.

'Maria Magdalena Theresa *Barbara*, was the daughter of John the 5th. King of Portugal, by Mary Anne, daughter of the Emperor Leopold the 1st. She was born in 1711, and in 1729 espoused Ferdinand, who was two years older than herself. By her meek and insinuating manners, she conciliated the good will of Philip and the queen her stepmother; while she gained the entire affection of her husband by her amiable deportment

and conformity to his inclinations and temper. She was homely in her features, and the original elegance of her shape was lost in corpulence.

'She was a woman of agreeable address, sprightly wit, and uncommon gentleness of manners. She was cheerful in public, and extravagantly fond of dancing and music; but she partook of the constitutional melancholy of her husband. Her solitary hours were haunted by two contrary apprehensions; the dread of want, the customary fate of the Spanish queens, if she survived him, and the fear of a sudden death; which her asthmatic complaint and plethoric habit rendered not unlikely. From the first of these motives, she was greedy of amassing money, and debased her dignity by accepting presents from the ministers, and even from foreign ambassadors. Hence, notwithstanding her engaging qualities, she was never beloved nor respected in Spain.

'But, although she swayed Ferdinand with as much power, and less difficulty, than even Elizabeth Farnese governed his father, yet many peculiarities in his temper and disposition, as well as in her own, set bounds to her absolute controul. Timid and irresolute on occasions of emergency and difficulty, she was unable to act with firmness, and melted into tears when it became necessary to decide with spirit and dignity. The fear of harassing and agitating the king's mind, and of throwing him into doubts and despondency, prevented her from exerting all her influence in obtaining the dismission of persons in whom she did not place implicit confidence. For she well knew from experience the indolence and irresolution of the king; and dreading the effects of anxiety upon his constitutional weakness, she was apprehensive lest any difficulty should induce him to execute a resolution he had sometimes hinted, of resigning his crown. Another embarrassment, not less serious, arose from the fear that the king of Naples would profit by the increase of his hypochondriac malady, to assume the reins of government, and the consciousness that he was secretly encouraged by a strong party in Spain, and by the private instigations of France.

'Without hopes of succession, without talents for rule, and of delicate health, she confined her ambition principally to the credit of nominating and supporting the chief ministers, taking little share in the exercise of that power to which she had raised them. She employed, therefore, all her address to maintain her ascendancy over the king, and fomented disputes among the ministers, that by holding the balance in her own hands, she might incline it to the weakest side. Convinced from long experience and a perfect knowledge of her husband's disposition, that he founded his policy on the maintenance of peace, she supported that system with her whole influence. From similar motives,

she alternately favoured the courts of Great Britain and France, as each appeared on the decline.' Vol. iii. p. 78, &c.

One of the principal ministers of the late king, and who was continued in his office by Ferdinand, was the Marquis de la Ensenada, a man of low origin, first a schoolmaster, and then a banker's clerk at Cadiz, who had been originally brought forward by the knowledge which (in the latter situation) his talents enabled him to acquire of financial and commercial business. His friendship for Farinelli (the queen's prime favorite) was what principally conduced to his continuance in office after the death of Philip and his further advancement in the royal favour. He was an odd compound of pride and humility; or, to speak more correctly perhaps, his character exhibited a mixture by no means uncommon, of *real* pride and *affected* humility; boasting of the lowness of his origin, so that 'when honoured with the title of marquis, he assumed that of *Ensenada*, a species of pun, signifying "Nothing in itself."' While, 'with this pretended modesty, he was vain and presumptuous, extravagant in his style of living, and so fond of dress and ornaments, that he wore, in his various decorations, jewels to the value of £100,000.'

A complete contrast to the character of this minister is exhibited in that of Don Joseph de Carvajal, the minister for foreign affairs, the first Spaniard of high rank who had filled any great public office for a very considerable period.

'He possessed strong judgment, sound sense, and a cultivated understanding, though without brilliant talents. He was stiff and formal in his manners, devoted to etiquette, diffident of himself, and still more diffident of others. He was laborious in business, and slow in deciding; but tenacious of an opinion once formed. Though at first timid, from the nature of his situation, and want of support, he gained firmness and decision by experience, and acquired no ordinary share of address in negotiation. Even his most implacable enemies respected his integrity; and he was so remarkable for an uncourtier-like adherence to rigid veracity, that he never allowed himself to make an innocent compliment to the sovereigns lest it should be imputed to adulation. Conscious of his integrity and the uprightness of his views, he scorned to court Farinelli, or bend to the confessor. He invariably recommended measures calculated to promote the independence and honour of the crown, as well as the interest and happiness of the people; yet he proffered his advice in a dry and indifferent manner, as if careless whether it was adopted or rejected; and thus embarrassed his sovereign, who was desirous to spare himself the toil of deliberation, and expect-

ed his minister to direct his resolutions. Conscious of his own reserved and uninviting deportment, Carvajal often expressed his surprise "*how so dry a chip*," as he called himself, could preserve his credit with the king and queen, in opposition to the intrigues of the French. In every thing a contrast to Ensenada, he was plain and simple in his apparel and mode of life, and displayed the austerity and disinterestedness of an ancient Roman. With a becoming sense of his high birth, he despised honours and titles, and was more flattered with the reputation of an honest man than of a great minister. He retained his office not from love of power, but from a consciousness that his continuance was necessary to liberate his country from her long dependence on the French, whom he both disliked and feared.'

His attachment to Great Britain appeared to be an innate principle of his mind. He used to pride himself on his descent from the house of Lancaster, and on his first entrance into office told the king, 'that, to be great and independent, he must have no joint views or engagements with France, otherwise he would be considered and treated as a subordinate prince.' The king, whose own native sincerity and integrity of mind inclined him strongly to a disposition so congenial, gave him all his own confidence and inspired the queen with similar feelings towards him; so that he nearly balanced the ascendancy of his more artful and courtier-like rival.

In the character of Farinelli, we meet with many traits unusual in that of a court-favourite elevated only from his talents for contributing to the amusement of his patrons. The history of the incident to which he owed his first rise is well known. It was in the year 1737 that he was sent for from Versailles by Elizabeth Farnese, to try the effect of music in soothing the melancholy of Philip. Not to repeat the story so often told, the experiment was successful, a pension was the immediate reward, and on the accession of Ferdinand, the cross of Calatrava was forced upon him in opposition to his own wishes.

'He did not seek for honours, and accepted the cross of Calatrava merely from a fear of offending his royal patroness. Always modest and unassuming, he behaved with affability to those below him, and with respect to his superiors; often bantering those who forgot their rank to pay him court, and displaying a disinterestedness and independence worthy of a more exalted station. Knowing the uncertain tenure of court favour, he exerted the same ingenuity to avoid, as others employ to gain a share of political influence. But with all his caution, he could not always resist the flattery of sovereigns, and the impor-

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tunities of ministers, particularly when he found that his agency was not unacceptable to his royal patroness herself. He therefore became the frequent channel of political communication, and occasionally ventured to suggest such notions as were likely to please the queen, or were furnished by those with whom he was in habits of friendship. He has been falsely accused of receiving bribes from the English and Austrian ambassadors; but with a character so peculiarly disinterested, his own fortune and the favour of his patrons placed him above the reach of this species of temptation. Indeed, in his whole conduct, we trace the operation of more honourable motives. The first was a zealous devotion to his royal patroness, which rendered him incessantly watchful to avoid clashing with her favourite principles or rules of government. Other considerations were, his respect for the Empress Maria Theresa, whom, as a native of Naples, he always considered as his sovereign; and a strong sense of gratitude for the favour and patronage he had experienced in England. But the most powerful, and perhaps the only motive which overcame his studied caution, was the esteem which he particularly entertained towards Ensenada. Him he never courted in prosperity or deserted when he was declining in favour, and though he was often treated by him with insulting coolness, he was never unfaithful to the sentiments of their former friendship.' P. 90.

This cabinet of historical portraits will form an excellent guide to the reader who pursues the detail of public occurrences through the reign of Ferdinand; but we should be unjust to the memory of one of our most able and worthy diplomatists of Great Britain, if (notwithstanding our having already quoted the testimony of Lord Hardwicke in his favour) we omitted the tribute paid by Mr. Coxe to the memory of our ambassador at the Spanish court during the whole of this period, who performed a part equally distinguished and honourable in almost all the transactions by which it was signalized.

* * * 'A skilful and profound statesman, by the avowal even of his enemies, from a long residence in Spain, he was intimately acquainted with the language, manners, and peculiarities of the nation, and had perfectly assimilated himself to the Spanish character. Originally an agent of the South Sea Company, he gained the confidence and esteem of his early patrons, the Walpoles, by his useful services; and the papers of all our ministers, from the first moment of his appearance on the political theatre, bear an honourable testimony to his merits and talents. During his long and difficult probation, he had acquired and matured all the qualities of an able minister. In his language and deportment moderate and unassuming, he was conciliating without obtrusion or affectation, sagacious in the discernment of character,

cool and circumspect, and no less master of the passions of others than of his own. Suavity of manners, united with sound discretion, opened to him those sources of intelligence which neither address nor corruption could penetrate: he was acquainted with all the secret springs of action, and commanded those private channels of influence and communication, by which monarchs are swayed, and the business of nations conducted.' P. 115.

This able minister was principally instrumental in obtaining the disgrace of Ensenada when, after the death of Carvajal, the strongest apprehensions were reasonably entertained that French influence would have regained its preponderance, and that a rupture with Great Britain would have been the inevitable consequence. In the negotiations which took place in 1757 on the subject of Gibraltar, Sir Benjamin Keene's services were also most eminent, although rendered unsuccessful and abortive by the contradictory and dilatory policy of the cabinet which employed him, and although most ungratefully and coldly rewarded by it. In the midst of these arduous and vexatious transactions he died, at a time when his loss could be ill supplied. His death was very shortly followed by that of queen Barbara on the 27th of August, 1758, an event which

'produced a fatal effect on a mind (the king's) too feeble to struggle with affliction, and threw him into the most deplorable melancholy. He immediately immured himself in the palace of Villaviciosa, refused to attend to the business of state, maintained an obstinate silence, and deprived himself both of food and rest. Medicine could not minister to his diseased mind; deep and rooted sorrow rapidly exhausted the powers of nature.'

The following is an extract from a letter of Lord Bristol's respecting the situation of the Spanish court at this period. (Sept. 25, 1758.)

'There is a melancholy in the king which nothing can divert, and such a settled taciturnity prevails, that no direction can be given nor any order issued.—It would be difficult to describe the present situation of the Spanish ministry. M. Wall did not deny that the melancholy disposition of the Catholic king had now almost entirely affected his head; but added that he had not uttered a weak, extravagant, or injudicious sentiment. He will not be shaved, walks about without any covering but his shirt, which has not been changed for a surprising time, and a night-gown. He has not been in bed for ten nights, nor is he thought to have slept five hours since the second of this month, and that only by intervals of half an hour, sitting upon his chair. He declines lying down, because he imagines he shall die when he does so.' P. 224.

Meanwhile, the politicians of all the foreign courts were looking about at home for a princess to supply the place of the deceased queen; 'but these eager and selfish men little knew the rooted and ardent affection which Ferdinand felt for his consort.' From the state of misery above described, 'he was at length relieved by death on the 10th of August, 1759, in the 47th year of his age, and 14th of his reign.' We have already extracted largely from what Mr. Coxe has said in another place respecting his personal character, and must refer our readers to this part of his work for the general survey which he furnishes of his government, and the characteristic features of his reign.

By the death of Ferdinand without issue, the crown devolved on his brother the King of Naples, who ascended the Spanish throne with the title of Charles the Third. His accession, under other circumstances, might have proved the signal of a general war throughout Europe, equally obstinate and bloody with that which followed the death of Charles the Second. The ground of the quarrel, which might have been expected to ensue, was the succession to the crown of Naples, which by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle had been settled in reversion on the Duke of Parma, who, in case of his succeeding to that crown, was to relinquish his duchy and its dependencies in favour of Austria. The torch only was wanting on this occasion. The court of Sardinia, which had been ready upon the first symptoms of all former conflagrations to apply the spark to the combustible matter, happened to be otherwise engaged: expedients were found to satisfy the ambition and perplex the interests of the remaining powers; and the new sovereign of Spain found himself enabled, by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, to secure the peaceable transfer of his former crown to his third son, Ferdinand. Charles, his second son, was upon the same occasion solemnly declared successor to Spain; the eldest, Philip, being excluded on account of utter imbecility. Upon signing the instrument of cession to Ferdinand, King of Naples, he delivered to him the sword of state with these remarkable words. "Louis the 14th, King of France, gave this sword to Philip the 5th, your grandfather. I received it from him, and now resign it to you, that you may use it for the defence of your religion and your subjects." This was the identical sword, observes our author in a note, which the present king presented to Lord Nelson.

The general policy pursued by the new sovereign on his

accession, was to continue in their offices the several ministers who enjoyed the confidence of his brother. Farinelli was immediately disgraced. He fell a victim to the mere caprice of courts, for never was there a favourite who less abused the favour he enjoyed. A note referring to Dr. Burney's Tour, (Vol. 3, p. 222.) gives an interesting account of the discarded musician in his retirement. Wall was retained in the capacity of premier, and Ensenada recalled, only to court, not to any share in the administration. It is not to be wondered at, however, if even this recal excited some jealous apprehensions in the British resident; an observation which ought to be kept in mind by the reader who peruses the following statement, which is, in other respects, extremely authentic as well as curious. It is the substance of a dispatch from the Earl of Bristol to Mr. Pitt, dated August 31, 1761, and endorsed, 'most secret.'

'In order to give you a thorough light into the Spanish system, I lay hold of this opportunity to acquaint you, not only with the characters of the different personages who compose this court, but also with their connections or friendships. By this you will be able to judge of the situation of affairs.

'I begin with the very respectable one of the Catholic king, who has good talents, a happy memory, and an uncommon command of himself on all occasions. His having been often deceived, renders him suspicious. He ever prefers carrying a point by gentle means; and has the patience to repeat exhortations, rather than exert his authority even in trifles. Yet, with the greatest air of gentleness, he keeps his ministers and attendants in the utmost awe.

'As a branch of the house of Bourbon, the Catholic king has an affection for France; but as a Spaniard, and as a powerful prince upon a distinct throne, he wishes not to have it thought that his kingdom, during his reign, is directed by French counsels, as it was in the time of Philip the Fifth. What he takes most to heart, is, to secure his son, the King of Naples, upon that throne where he has placed him. Every view, and each negotiation, to procure tranquillity to Spain, is with the prospect of being entirely at liberty to assist the young Sicilian monarch, in case any power should attempt to disturb him in the quiet possession of his dominions.

'The queen-mother's capacity is not equal to what it was once reputed to be. Her majesty, one may infer from many little artifices, has not yet discovered, what every other person is convinced of, that she neither has nor will obtain any influence in affairs. She notoriously slights the three principal persons here, General Wall, Marquis Squilaci, and the Duke of Losada; and

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I have myself been present, when she has ridiculed some of them in a manner which was not to be expected from one in her majesty's station.'

Our ambassador proceeds to sketch the characters of the principal members of the cabinet, none of which possess any very striking traits to recommend them to the reader's notice. The following is, we fear, too faithful a portrait, (considered as a general likeness) of a grandee of Spain.

'I have, upon a former occasion, sent word that the Duke of Medina Celi was an illustrious cypher, whose great name procured him the post of master of the horse, in which employment he attends upon the Catholic king every day at his hunting. But this great nobleman's capacity does not reach far enough to govern the royal stables, or even those which are dependent on himself, with propriety. I believe if he was asked where England lay on the map, he would be at a loss where to point at the spot; yet he is so good a courtier, that he would clamour for any war, the instant he saw his sovereign was inclined to it.' —P. 239, 241.

The prime minister himself, General Wall, is but slightly touched upon in this dispatch. We must supply the deficiency by turning back a few pages, and giving our readers the anecdotes of his life and character related by Mr. Coxe, on occasion of the disgrace of Ensenada, whom he succeeded in office.

'General Wall, or to use his Spanish appellation, Don Ricardo Wall, who was made the subject of an arduous struggle between the two contending parties at Madrid, and afterwards became a conspicuous figure in the history of Spain, was a native of Ireland. *Being a Catholic, and possessing the enterprising spirit which marks his countrymen, he sought employment and promotion abroad.* In the prime of youth, he entered into the Spanish service, at that period the common resource of adventurers from every country. He was a volunteer on board the fleet which invaded Sicily in 1718, and distinguished himself in the naval combat with Admiral Byng. Afterwards he entered into the land service, and accompanied the army which, under Montemar, placed Don Carlos on the throne of the two Sicilies.

'Being, however, unknown and unprotected, he continued to serve without promotion, till at length he found an opportunity to present himself to the commander-in-chief. When asked who he was, he replied, "I am, next to your excellency, the most distinguished person in the army." To the natural question, "How so?" he added, "you are the head, and I am the tail of the serpent." The archness and singularity of his reply, together with his prepossessing appearance, pleased the general.

He took him under his protection, and finding him active and intelligent, laid the foundation of his fortune.

'He afterwards was recommended to the notice of the minister Patiño. He was sent to the Indies, though in what capacity is unknown; and on his return in 1736, his activity attracted the notice of our ambassador. He appears to have accommodated himself to the ruling passion of the court, and employed his local and professional knowledge in devising a plan for the invasion of Jamaica.

'During the subsequent war, we can discover no trace of his progress till we find him established in the esteem of Ensenada. On the approach of peace, his knowledge of the English language, and the high opinion entertained of his talents, procured him the appointment of a private agency, first to Aix la Chapelle and Holland, and finally to England. Equally consulting his own feelings, and the views of his court, he displayed a zealous attachment to England, and greatly contributed to hasten the accommodation. Appointed accredited minister, he increased, by his prudent behaviour, the good intelligence established between the two crowns, and became intimately connected with Mr. Keene.

'His services in this post endeared him to all the friends of Spain in England, as well as to those of England in Spain. The high opinion entertained of his merits and services, was proved by his reception when recalled from his post to facilitate the arrangement of the commercial treaty.

"Mr. Wall," writes Mr. Keene, "was just arrived, and was waiting in M. de Carvajal's office for that minister. Upon his entering, it fell to my lot to present Mr. Wall, who was not previously known to him. The general was introduced immediately to their Catholic Majesties, and his sincere desire of cultivating the strictest harmony betwixt the two crowns and nations, has been such as might be expected from a sensible, grateful, and honest man. My intelligence must be good, for the queen herself was pleased to communicate it to me, while I had the honour to attend her last night in the gardens of Aranjuez.'—P. 133, 4.

We do not envy the man who can read the substance of our last quotation without being induced to draw from it some reflections of importance relative to a question, the most momentous of all those which at the present crisis of our political state, occupy and divide the attention of all true Englishmen. Here we have an instance brought immediately before our view, (not hypothetical only, but a real, positive, individual instance) of a statesman of the most eminent political talents, a man (in the opinion of our most sagacious minister) 'sensible, grateful, and honest,' one whom his whole political conduct proved to

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have retained through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, in foreign courts, and among foreign interests, that attachment to the soil that gave him birth, the land of his ancestors and of his own earliest connections, which is the best evidence of a right heart, a good and honourable principle; we see him in early life, yielding to the impulse of an ardent and enterprising spirit, driven to seek in a foreign, and at the time a hostile service, the road to honour and distinction from which he was absolutely cut off in his native country; we see him fighting the battles of the enemy, and exposed to the risk of expiating by an ignominious death, if it had been his lot to be taken prisoner, the guilt of rebellion; we see him at last elevated to the highest offices in a foreign court, none of which he could ever have attained in that of his natural sovereign; we see this *rebel* courted by the government of the country which he had abjured, the object of esteem and confidence to the ministers and agents of that government; we see him in the same capacity exerting his best talents and energies in support of the interests of his native country, so long as those interests seemed any way compatible with the higher duty which he now owed to that which had adopted him; we finally see him, with grief and mortification, compelled by that higher duty to desert those interests which were still so dear to him, and to apply all the resources of his vigorous mind towards directing the operations of a hostile power. Such a history as this needs no comment. In a greater or less degree it is the history of a very great number of those who are born our fellow subjects.

The termination of Wall's career may be an object of some curiosity to those who have accompanied us through the commencement of his progress.

'Soon after the conclusion of the peace (of 1764), Mr. Wall retired from office. Compelled to sacrifice his principles to the partial policy of his court, exposed to national jealousy, and to the incessant cabals of the French and Neapolitan partisans, he had been long disgusted with his situation, and was anxious to quit a post, where he was charged with the labours and responsibility, though without the power, of a minister. He had repeatedly tendered his resignation, but in vain, to a sovereign, whose aversion to change was fortified by a consciousness of his integrity, merit, and services. At length he was reduced to a petty, but pardonable artifice to obtain his liberation. He affected to complain of giddiness and weakness of sight: to give colour to this pretended infirmity, before he appeared in the royal presence he rubbed his eyes with an ointment, which

produced a temporary inflammation; and in public he never failed to appear without a shade. After some time, this feint produced the expected effect. The king reluctantly accepted his resignation, and he joyfully retired from his irksome office, loaded with honours, and the rewards of long and faithful service.

'Superior to the allurements of ambition, and satisfied with escaping with peculiar good fortune from the storms of political life, he renounced all desire of influence in resigning his office; he restricted his intercourse with the court to those testimonies of respect and gratitude which were due to his sovereign, and by his reserved and independent conduct acquired the esteem even of those who had caballed against him when he was in authority. After his resignation he resided alternately at the Soto de Roma, a royal palace in the Vega of Grenada, and at Mirador, a beautiful villa in the vicinity of the city itself; and illustrated his retreat by his native urbanity, elegant taste, and liberal charities.'—P. 283.

The length of quotation in which we have already indulged, prohibits us from furnishing our readers with any extracts in this place from the long and entertaining letter in which the Earl of Rochford describes to Lord Halifax the state of the Spanish court after the retreat of Wall, the character of his successor the Marquis Grimaldi, the nature of French influence, and of the 'family compact,' as it affected the dispositions of the court of Spain. We can only say that it is among the most interesting of the many important documents which the industry of Mr. Coxe has brought together, and which afford such invaluable materials for ascertaining the true policy and conduct of Spain, and the secret springs by which it was actuated during the whole of the period which he has undertaken to illustrate. We must not however omit to notice the particulars shortly after communicated to us of a transaction so historically important to ourselves, as the following.

Speaking of the schemes of the French and Spanish ministers to renew hostilities with England, Mr. Coxe says,

'At the same moment, a diabolical scheme was formed or approved by Choiseul, to burn the docks and naval arsenals at Plymouth and Portsmouth, and French engineers were already on the spot to superintend or execute the design. Grimaldi was entrusted with the secret, and the two *ministers* (for we do not implicate the *sovereigns* of France and Spain,) waited with impatience the signal of a conflagration, which was expected to wither the naval strength of England, that they might renew

hostilities, and restore the humbled glories of the house of Bourbon. Fortunately, the vigilance of Lord Rochford discovered the plot, and the precautions of our government deterred the incendiaries from making the attempt.'—P. 298.

To this statement our author adds the following very curious note.

'We should have scrupled in advancing a fact of this horrible nature, had not the account of Lord Rochford been accompanied with circumstances which furnish as cogent evidence on the subject as such matters will admit. These circumstances induced the British government to credit the intelligence, and to take proper precautions to prevent the attempt.

'The discovery is first announced in "a most secret" dispatch, dated 17th September, 1764, from Lord Rochford to Lord Halifax: "I have learnt that about three weeks since, Grimaldi received a letter from Choiseul, telling him that every thing was ready; and in his answer, which was sent by the last Spanish messenger who went to London, Grimaldi after approving the scheme added, the sooner it is put in execution the better."

'The scheme is this: two French engineers were sent to England in June last; they went to Portsmouth and Plymouth; staid some time, and returned to France. They are since returned to England, and are now there. They reported to M. de Choiseul, that they had gained, by bribery, the necessary people to assist them, some of whom are English. In short, that in the dark nights, between the 1st and 15th November, the shipping and dock-yards both at Portsmouth and Plymouth would infallibly be destroyed, and that they had invented a new kind of fire for that purpose. I would not willingly give credit to so diabolical a design, but I can see no reason to doubt my friend's intelligence. He heard Grimaldi relate the whole to his intimate and bosom friend Masones, who was formerly ambassador at Paris; and has further told me that it has since been confirmed to him."

'In a dispatch, "secret and private," Feb. 25, 1765, he adds other particulars. "An Englishman, whose name is Milton, was the first projector of this scheme, and upon its miscarrying, he is returned to France, and was three days at Prince Masserano's, who, I am informed, is sending, or has sent away by sea from Portsmouth, some of the others who were engaged in it. But what gives most light into the business is, the names of two persons, one at Portsmouth, and the other at Plymouth, who have houses and live constantly there, and where I am assured may be found enough to convince any one of what had been carrying on. Their names, as far as I can trust to French spelling, are Worley and Leynit. But my friend had not time or opportunity to learn which lived at Portsmouth and which at

Plymouth, and wrote down their names only from hearing them pronounced."—Rochford Papers, MS.

'The periodical publications in the beginning of 1765, allude to the alarm which existed on this subject at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and the precautions taken to prevent the attempt. It is scarcely necessary to apprize the reader, that this diabolical scheme was revived, with a fatal effect, in the American war, and partly executed by the notorious incendiary, John the Painter, who was proved to have been an emissary of France.'

We are now forcibly restrained by our contracting limits, and compelled to pass unnoticed many subjects which appeared to demand our attention—such as the interesting particulars of the negotiation relative to the Manilla Ransom, the long political contest between the ministers, Grimaldi and Squillaci, the succession to office of the Count d'Aranda, and the character of his vigorous and brilliant administration—finally, the appointment of Florida Blanca, and the several transactions which distinguished the remainder of the reign of Charles the Third. We would willingly have reserved the extracts which we proposed to have made from this portion of the work to a future number; but, in a review, the professed object of which is to embrace as much as possible the whole circle of literature, we can hardly venture to afford such a monopoly of space to any work, however important. We shall therefore close the present subject by presenting our readers with the character which Mr. Coxe has drawn of the last of those sovereigns whose histories he has written.

'The character of Charles the Third has been as incorrectly represented by travellers, as his person by painters and engravers. By no means deficient in abilities, his talents, if properly cultivated, would have done honour to his exalted station. His memory was quick and tenacious; he conversed with ease, good sense, and acuteness, and spoke the Italian, French, and Spanish languages with fluency. While on the throne of Naples, he displayed an intimate acquaintance with the government and interests of that kingdom; and if he acquired not equal proficiency with regard to those of Spain, it was not owing to a want of talents or laudable curiosity.

'Unlike his father and his brother Ferdinand, who were both strongly affected by trifles, Charles possessed a manly firmness of temper: he was unruffled under the severest trials, and neither elated by success, nor depressed by misfortune. He was impenetrably secret, and so perfectly master of his feelings and countenance, that neither his looks or language ever betrayed the slightest indication of his purposes. Hence, the fa-

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mily compact was divulged at Paris before it was known at Madrid; and the Jesuits were already on their way from Spain, before even the design was suspected by the members of an order whose jealous curiosity had repeatedly frustrated the caution of individuals, and the mystery of cabinets. The most distinguished feature in his character was a pertinacious adherence to his own opinions and resolutions. In no instance was this quality more strikingly displayed, than in his conduct towards his ministers. When they had once acquired his confidence, or were become familiar from habit, he trusted them implicitly, and firmly supported them, not merely against popular clamour, but even against well founded accusations of incapacity or misconduct. Like most men of this character, he prided himself on his pertinacity, and in addition to the anecdote relative to d'Aranda,* we may add another of a similar kind. When Muniain, minister of war, in consequence of some petty pique, repeatedly absented himself from the palace, under pretence of indisposition, Charles observed, "Don Gregorio Muniain must greatly rely on my known aversion to change, otherwise he would never have ventured to provoke me by these proofs of disrespect."

'He was irreproachable in his morals and conduct, and in the course of a long widowhood, never gave the slightest encouragement to licentiousness by his example. Severe to himself, he was equally severe to others. He shewed no indulgence for the follies of youth, and rigidly exacted from his children the same continence which he observed himself.

'He was scrupulously devoted to his religion, but never governed by his confessor, nor subservient to the see of Rome. On the contrary, he spurned at the slightest encroachment on the civil authority; and far surpassed his two predecessors in his exertions to reform the morals, and restrain the power of the clergy.

'Though rigid in exacting the most prompt and implicit obedience to his will, and though he retained his ministers, his household, and his subjects in the greatest awe, he yet tempered his authority with equal benevolence and condescension. Respected and feared as a sovereign, he was beloved as a man, and those who attended on his infancy grew grey, or died in his service.

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* This refers to an anecdote before related, and introduced to illustrate the pertinacity of the minister rather than that of the king. When he was urging some of his reforms with his characteristic perseverance, the king, after in vain attempting to check him, exclaimed, 'Count d'Aranda, you are more obstinate than an Aragonese mule!' 'Please your majesty,' rejoined the count, 'I know one more obstinate.' To the question, 'who?' he added, 'His sacred majesty, Don Carlos the Third, King of Spain and the Indies.'—P. 371.

'His defects were few, but strongly marked, and among them we cannot pass over his love for the chace, or rather of shooting, which degenerated into a ruling passion. It appeared to absorb every feeling, and to supersede all other pursuits; it was the whimsical though not unapt remark of a traveller, that as the Roman emperor considered the day lost which was not distinguished by an act of benevolence, so might Charles the Third, the day of which part was not devoted to his favourite amusement. So high was the importance which he attached to his exploits as a sportsman, that he kept in a diary, a regular account of the victims to his skill. A short time before his death, he boasted to a foreign ambassador that he had killed with his own hand 539 wolves, and 5,323 foxes; adding, with a smile, "you see my diversion is not useless to my country."' —P. 533, &c.

We cannot afford space to add to this character the description of his person, or the entertaining picture given by Swinburne of the costume of 'the royal Sportsman.' Still less can we enter on the more important survey of the general features of his reign, and the state of Spain under his administration. But we recommend all this portion of Mr. Coxe's history, which we have been obliged so hastily to pass over, to the minute attention of the curious reader, who will acquire more information from it respecting the advance of the Spaniards, in trade and agriculture, literature and science, during his reign than they can meet with elsewhere. The benevolent schemes, enlarged views, and vigorous reforms of Aranda will be among the most prominent and pleasing objects of this survey, and while we lament on the one hand the incautious and intemperate zeal of their promoter, and on the other the spirit of bigotry which opposed and at length put an end to them, while we read with indignation and horror the unmerited sufferings of Olavides, and the triumph of the inquisition in an age and in a court distinguished for humane and liberal principles, it will be no ungrateful task to estimate the effects of those measures which then failed of completion, by a comparison of the present state of public feeling in the country, and no unreasonable exercise of the imagination to anticipate the future rapid progress of improvement in the minds of a people so prepared, and roused, as they now are, by the pressure of external circumstances from their lethargy of ages.

ART. IV.—*The Works of Thomas Otway, in Three Volumes, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Thomas Thornton, Esq.* London: 1813, Turner, (successor to Mackinlay), 3 vols. foolscap 8vo. pp. 1046. Price £1. 16s. Boards.

FEW authors who have attained the celebrity of Thomas Otway have been less indebted for the durability of it to the elucidations and eulogies of editors, the trading speculations of booksellers, or that species of immortality which biography can confer. Although our language has not undergone such change since the times of Charles of libertine memory, as to render verbal criticism a necessary appendage to the poets of that day, some of them, nevertheless, have had the good fortune to obtain those subsidiary supports of fame, which rise independent of their own talents, and in the words of Mason,

——' trick'd out, and varnish'd by our glossing penmen,
To shine in honour's annals.'

But Otway has never had his beauties illustrated by the labours of editors, or been placed in a more conspicuous situation, than what his own merits originally procured for him. To the fraternity of printers and booksellers, he owes as little as to critics. For they have left him to support the weight of his self-acquired reputation in dirty duodecimo, or dwarf octavo,* in a state wholly unfit for reception in the mahogany cases of modern collectors; hence, with the exception of his two most celebrated tragedies, he has much oftener been talked of than read, and has been a more constant deposit in book stalls than in libraries. Let us next see what he owes to biography: he was a man peculiarly obnoxious to the ebullitions of party spirit, a blind, though ill-requited Tory, concealing his politics under his poetry, by a very flimsy and transparent veil, can hardly expect an impartial judgment respecting even the poetical merits of his pen; it is not therefore a disgrace peculiar to his own days, that cotemporary malice insulted him while living, or traduced him when dead. The latter misfortune is the less to be wondered at, when we recollect that he was attached to a party tottering on the verge of destruction, whose opinions were not likely to be treated with much respect, and

* There is, we believe, a quarto edition, we suppose scarce, we never met with it.

whose talents were certain to be under-rated by the opposite and victorious party in the state. All other memoirs of Otway are very easily enumerated. He is mentioned by Anthony Wood, but in an unsatisfactory manner; a life of him appears to an early edition of his works, but, as far as we recollect, for we have not the volume by us, unaccompanied with any marks or references by which we might judge of its accuracy; and the more modern biographer, Dr. Johnson, either was or appears to be, too indifferent to the memory of our poet to have consumed much time in the collection of authorities relative to his life. 'Of Thomas Otway, one of the first names in the English drama, says that author, but little is known; nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleasure in relating.' After such a preface, it is almost needless to add, that a few facts, some of them doubtful, but which do not seem to have cost much pains in the investigation, a jejune recapitulation of plays, and a few scattered and very general remarks, constitute the sum of Dr. Johnson's account of our poet. There is certainly frequent incidental mention of Otway in other writers, as there necessarily must be of a man whose name is connected with the history of the English stage, and from these detached notices extracted from the Roscius Anglicanus, Malone's History of the Stage, Davies's dramatic Miscellanies, and a few other sources, combined with the former memoirs of Otway which we have mentioned, Mr. Thornton has compiled the present life. To say that it is the best life of Otway that has appeared, would be to say very little in favour of the editor, as we have before observed, that there is no tolerable biographical sketch of the poet published. It is written in an easy style, and although it contains no new facts, it has the merit of having drawn together those facts which before lay scattered in different volumes, into an agreeable narrative; nor can the want of additional facts be in any way objected as a fault to the editor, unless the critic is able to point out a source, from which new lights could have been drawn; this alone would impeach the industry of the biographer, and we know of no grounds for bringing in such a bill. Of the criticism contained in the portion called the life, we cannot say much; as a recapitulation of opinions it is well enough; but where we are to understand the editor as coming forward in his own person, there is not much to praise on the score of novelty; and indeed there is one instance, where some remarks are introduced, without any

acknowledgment of the writer from whom they are borrowed; we trust that this was done inadvertently. The passage we allude to is where the biographer discusses the classical acquisitions of the poet, and quotes the assertion of Dr. Warton that it is remarkable that there is not a single line in Otway from the Greek tragedies.

'With deference to the opinion of so great a critic,' says Mr. Thornton, 'there appears sufficient resemblance in the two following instances to render the question at least doubtful. "The Orphan" concludes with this sentiment:

'Tis thus that heav'n its empire does maintain,
It man afflicts, but man must not complain.'

Œdipus in Euripides employs one exactly similar:

Ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί ταῦτα θρηνῶ καὶ μάτην ὀδύρομαι;
Τὰς γὰρ ἐκ θεῶν ἀνάγκας θνητὸν ὄντα δεῖ φέρειν·

Phœnissæ, v. 1749.

The other is in the same play: Acasto addresses Chamont—

'Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools that use 'em when they want good sense,
But honesty—
Needs no disguise or ornament. Be plain.'

Ἁπλοῦς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔφυ,
Κοὐ ποικίλων δεῖ τἀνδίχ' ἑρμηνευμάτων,
Ἔχει γὰρ αὐτὰ καιρόν· ὁ δ' ἄδικος λόγος,
Νοσῶν ἐν αὐτῷ, φαρμάκων δεῖται σοφῶν.—

Phœnissæ, v. 472, κ.τ.λ.

'The occurrence of two resemblances so strong as the preceding in one piece, may justify a suspicion that the Greek tragedies were not wholly unexplored by Otway.'

Surely Mr. Thornton's apologies to the manes of Dr. Warton are very unnecessary, since old Davies, the author of the Dramatic Miscellanies, is wholly responsible for the sacrilege of differing in opinion from so great a critic, the observation respecting Otway, and the two parallel passages being extracted from Davies's pages. It is not for us to say that two critics in the course of their classical researches may not have made similar discoveries, we only observe in Mr. T.'s own words, quoted above, that '*the occurrence of two resemblances so strong as the preceding, in one piece, may justify a suspicion*' &c. &c.

We do not ourselves see why it should be presumed, that Otway should so wholly have mis-spent his time at the university as to be ignorant of Greek tragedy; indeed when we consider his talents, we think it rather impro-

bable that such should have been the case. That Otway was no great Greek scholar is pretty evident; there is an internal testimony in his writings to that point; his life is likewise an evidence of it; as a man, who lives by his talents, is not likely to conceal any acquisition which might be in some way or other convertible to the purposes of subsistence, as scholarship doubtless would have been in the case of Otway. Dr. Warton seems therefore, we imagine, to have overlooked that intermediate state between ignorance of a dead language and scholarship, we mean that imperfect and partial knowledge, which many men possess of various branches of science, and such is very probably the degree of proficiency in Greek to be attributed to Otway.

Our poet was born in 1651. His father was a clergyman; all writers concerning him agree that he was educated at Winchester College, and removed to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1669, where he was entered as a commoner. This however rests on the authority of A. Wood, as the name, says Mr. Thornton, does not appear on the matriculation books of the *college* (qu. *university?*) Matriculation is a university, not a college ceremony, and it is possible that Otway, as he never took any degree, might have been member of a college, and have neglected the ceremony of formally becoming a member of the university; this error must have been discovered had he graduated; in times when the present regularity of proceeding in collegiate institutions was unknown, it is possible that such an error in one, who did not graduate, might have passed unnoticed. It is singular however, that the name should not appear on any *college list*, which from Mr. Thornton's words, we presume it does not. Otway's father died while our poet was at Oxford, and as he himself informs us that he received no patrimony, but the hereditary Tory principles of his family, it is probable that this circumstance induced him to leave the university without a degree, which he certainly did, although it appears that he had entered there with the intention of taking orders. In the Gentleman's Magazine for Feb. 1745, vol. XV. p. 99, is a letter from a person, who describes himself as eighty-seven years of age at the time of his writing the said letter. This writer was consequently born in 1658, that is he was seven years younger than Otway, who was born in 1651. The letter consists of anecdote relative to the stage in Charles the Second's time, and contains this sentence. 'Master Elkanah Settle, the city poet, I knew, with his

short-cut band, and satin cap. He run away from Oxford, with the players at an act, as Otway did the same year, 1674.' Mr. Thornton has referred to this letter, but draws from the date of it the unwarrantable conclusion, that 'the writer could know little of the early part of Otway's life, except from report or *tradition*.' Surely the difference of seven years could not preclude personal knowledge. Besides the writer says, that he *did* know Settle, who was a cotemporary of Otway's, and probably from the above anecdote, as from their appearance in London at the same time, much about Otway's age. Mr. Thornton says also in controverting this story, that the date is 'manifestly erroneous.' Why so? The first we hear of Otway as an author in London is in 1675; he entered at Oxford in 1669. The dates therefore make the story very possible. The space of time from Otway's entering at Oxford to the time of his supposed elopement with the players, taking the advantage of the month of the year, in each case, might have been not much more than four years, in which time it is very possible that he might not have proceeded to graduate, as longer residence was then required than is now; on his arrival in London, Otway tried his fortune as an actor, but we do not hear that he appeared on the stage more than once, consequently if he left Oxford in 1674, and had no occupation as an actor in London, there is no improbability in supposing that he might very well appear as an author in the course of the following year.

We imagine that our biographer must accidentally have made some confusion in the dates, while writing this passage, for he sets aside the anecdote on no grounds whatever, and we are more inclined to think that his rule of substraction failed him, by his using the word '*tradition*,' a word absurdly misapplied, if referring to the knowledge any man may have of the life of another person seven years older than himself by hearsay. Whether an anonymous letter in a magazine is a sufficient voucher for a biographical fact, is a very different question, and must be answered ad libitum by every reader according to his portion of credulity. Otway's first attempt in London was as an actor, at the second, or Duke of York's theatre in Dorset Garden, Salisbury Court; in this attempt he completely failed. Downes in his Roscius Anglicanus quoted by the editor, says that 'he not being used to the stage, the full house put him in such a sweat, and tremendous agony, being dash't spoil't him for an actor,' it does not

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appear that the experiment was repeated. The talents of Otway soon introduced him to the witty, the gay, and the dissolute, the two former faculties of gaiety and wit however estimable in themselves, have been too frequently combined with profligacy to have often appeared amiable or innocent, but in the reign of Charles they were bound together by an indissoluble connection. Let us give a specimen of Mr. Thornton's style by his reflections on this subject.

'He appears to have cultivated, with assiduity, the acquaintance of men of rank and fashion, to whose society his gay and sprightly conversation gave him ready admittance. The easy and familiar manners which distinguished the monarch, were imitated by all who surrounded the throne; and men of inferior stations were in those days admitted, without difficulty, to the familiarity of the great, when recommended by any pretensions to wit and vivacity. This encouragement was, however, rather a bane than a benefit, to men of genius. They were permitted to share in the convivial pleasures, the riots and excesses of fashionable life; but here the friendship ceased; from these scenes they were dismissed, as a biographer observes, to their own narrow circumstances, with the loss of their modesty and virtue; and were thus doomed to languish in poverty without the support of innocence.'—P. 14.

The writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, to whom we have alluded before, speaking of Otway's general habits, says,

'He gave himself up early to drinking, and like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity, and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-Hill.'—Gent. Mag. vol. xv. p. 99.

Our poet was about twenty-five years old, when he produced his first play, 'Alcibiades,' which as it was the first, is also confessedly the worst of his tragedies; after the fashion of the day it is written in rhyme. Johnson says, 'whether it is taken from the *Alcibiade* of *Palaprat*, I have not the means to enquire. Langbain, the great detector of plagiarism, is silent.' Langbain's silence is easily accounted for by Mr. Thornton, who proves that *Palaprat* wrote no such play, and that a play of *Campistron's*, of the same name, was not brought on the French stage until ten years later than Otway's play appeared. Our author's next play, 'Don Carlos,' performed in the following year, met with extraordinary success; this is presumed by Otway's biographers, with great probability, to have arisen in great measure from Lord Rochester's

jealousy of the growing reputation of Dryden, which had induced that profligate wit to patronize Settle, and Crowne, successively, and by his influence with public taste, to have procured for each of them in one instance a success on the stage, which Dryden himself had never experienced. But as these writers had risen upon fashion, not real merit, no sooner was the prop withdrawn, which it soon was by such an uncertain patron as Rochester, than they sunk again to their own level. Otway was experiencing the temporary favour of Rochester at the appearance of 'Don Carlos,' which accounts for the very extraordinary success of the piece. The tragedy of 'Titus and Berenice,' with the farce of the 'Cheats of Scapin,' which succeeded, though we do not hear so much of their success on the stage, appear to have been performed, while Otway still enjoyed the favour of Rochester; they are both of them translated from the French. In the following year Otway changed his views in life; the Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of the king, procured for him a cornet's commission in a cavalry regiment, with which the poet embarked for Flanders, but the regiment being disbanded shortly after, he returned to England in extreme indigence; some have said that he threw up his commission, but there does not appear sufficient ground for such a presumption. The soldier however did not destroy the poet; during his residence abroad, he wrote his play of 'Caius Marius,' and produced it early on his return; in this play, large portions of which are taken from Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, he bade adieu to the heroic measure, to those fetters which had long cramped the genius of the dramatic poet, and banished nature from the stage, for the harmonious grief and anger of an opera-singer is not surely a greater offence to common sense, than the jingle of rhyme in a representation of life. Old Davies, the author of the life of Garrick, and 'The Dramatic Miscellanies,' one of the most entertaining of that class of writers, who may justly be called literary gossips, and who are indeed a very amusing class of writers, combines some very good criticism with a copious fund of theatrical anecdote; he was perhaps a better judge of dramatic representation than dramatic writing, though not without penetration and taste in the latter. We extract the following account of the reception of this play from his Dram. Miscel. vol. 3, p. 181.

'Notwithstanding the merit of such a coalition as Shakspeare and Otway, and the excellent acting of Betterton, Smith, and Mrs. Barry, in the tragic scenes of the play, I believe it chiefly

owed its support to Underhill in Sulpitius, and Nokes in the Nurse, who in this part excited such repeated merriment, that he carried the name of *Nurse Nokes* to the grave. Edward Philips has given a diverting picture of this inimitable droll, who shone equally in burlesquing tragedy as in acting comic characters:

'So when Nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe,
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.'

The superior power of pleasing an audience in Underhill and Nokes is acknowledged by the author in the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry:

'And now for you, who here come wrapp'd in clokes,
Only for love of Underhill, and Nurse Nokes.'

Nokes, it appears, must have had much of that sort of talent which Mr. Liston possesses to so extraordinary a degree on our stage at present. Indeed Philips's description of Nokes, in Alexander, quoted above, is a very exact representation of Liston in a similar character of burlesque. Liston has the talent of assuming unmeaning folly in a degree probably superior to any predecessor on the stage. But to return to Otway. He had lost the patronage of Rochester, who from a patron was become his bitterest enemy; he had now, as Mr. Thornton justly observes, 'to supply his daily bread by his daily business.' The cause of the quarrel with Lord Rochester appears to have been no less than a rivalship between them in attempting to secure the affections of Mrs. Barry the actress; that our poet was the unsuccessful lover, will not be wondered at, when we recollect the superior attractions of Rochester in wit, rank, and fashion, to which he added the advantage of having secured the affections of the lady in the character of a dramatic tutor; the pains he took to overcome the natural obstacles that seemed to preclude the possibility of Mrs. Barry's ever becoming a good actress, appear from the account preserved by Davies, to have been very extraordinary. Otway's case was however truly pitiable, as fuel was perpetually thrown upon the flame, when he saw that celebrated actress uttering his own sentiments in the representation of the characters he had drawn. But Rochester not only deserted, but cruelly lampooned Otway; an act perfectly in unison with the uniformly unfeeling character of that nobleman. We have purposely omitted all mention of Otway's comedies; they are deservedly banished from the stage, for their

gross obscenity and vulgarity, and are rather to be considered as the disgrace of the times, than of the author; we hasten to the too great efforts of the muse of Otway, 'The Orphan,' and 'Venice Preserved,' the former brought forward in 1680, the latter in 1682. The temporary flashes exhibited for a moment in the former tragedies of the poet, could never have secured him any permanent fame, had not his reputation been established by two of the finest dramatic compositions in the English language, which are fully sufficient of themselves to immortalize his name. To offer a critique in a review of these two plays at this time of day, would be wholly out of place. Dryden had borne testimony to the powers of Otway in exciting the passions, and indeed in possessing that faculty much beyond himself long before the production of his two best pieces, at a time too when he was at enmity with him, and branding him as '*illiterate*.'* He afterwards bore a much more ample testimony to our poet's powers in exciting pathos, the passage is extracted from the Preface to Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting as quoted by Mr. Thornton, and does much credit to the candour of Dryden's mind, when death had obliterated all jealousy of a rival in dramatic excellence.

'To express the passions which are seated in the heart by outward signs, is one great precept of the painters, and very difficult to perform; in poetry the same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed; and in this consists the principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that art. This, says my author, is the gift of Jupiter; and to speak in the same heathen language, we call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or study, if we are not born to it; for the motions which are studied never are so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr. Otway possessed this art as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his "Venice Preserved," but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though, perhaps, there is somewhat to be desired, both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression, but nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.'—Life, p. 54.

Addison, and afterwards Goldsmith, concur in a similar testimony to this peculiar merit of Otway. The former,

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* This expression of Dryden's, as applied to Otway, and spoken by a cotemporary who knew him, must undoubtedly go some way to establish his ignorance of Greek, but it must be recollected, that the word is uttered at a time of hostility.

indeed, observes in the Spectator, that the dialogue is not always sufficiently elevated in the 'Venice Preserved,' and quotes Aristotelian maxims in support of his observation. We are at a loss to conceive how any opinion in that mutilated treatise, termed Aristotle's Poetics, is applicable to the modern drama; we should treat with infinitely more respect the impression drawn from reading or seeing the play represented, though undoubtedly liable to infinite error, to any canon drawn from that school. No one can have read Aristotle's criticisms on poetry, without seeing that without any abstract idea of beauty or propriety in the drama, he supposes *that* only to be perfect, which he had already seen, *from which* he draws his maxims, and *to which* he refers for illustration. His treatise therefore is more useful as a commentary to the few writers of Greek drama, than a body of criticism applicable to the line of poetry in general. Voltaire treated 'The Orphan' with a want of fairness by no means uncommon in that writer, when engaged in the discussion of English literature, and rankling with jealousy at its infinite variety of excellence. It is a strong argument that the literati of France in Voltaire's time, must have been one and all remarkably ignorant of our language, when we see that an author, who probably wrote nothing but what they read, could venture openly to burlesque the plot, and in truth travesty the language of the characters in some of the first plays on the English stage, not excepting even Shakspeare, and this too under the mask of candid criticism. Either, therefore, the French literary world were grossly ignorant of our language, or ungenerous in the most paltry manner, to those who had adorned it. We suspect they were, as a body, subject to both these charges—but to return to the play in question. Voltaire having burlesqued the plot, and in two or three short passages lowered the dialogue which, as Otway, of all tragic writers, aimed at the language of nature instead of the sesquipedalia of heroics, will of course not bear taking a peg lower, concludes as follows:

'Si un tel sujet, de tels discours et de telles mœurs, révoltent les gens de goût dans toute l'Europe, ils doivent pardonner à l'auteur. Il ne se doutait pás qu'il eût rien fait de monstrueux. Il dédie sa piece à la Duchesse de Cleveland, avec la méme naivete, qu'il a écrit sa tragédie; il félicite cette dame d'avoir deux enfans de Charles II.'

Mel. Lit. vol. 2, p. 484, Geneva edit.

Whether the criticism is just or no, our readers may

judge for themselves: they will not perhaps think it entitled to more attention for concluding with what John Bull, when using a homely phrase, terms *a lie*. The play is dedicated to the Duchess of York, the second wife of the duke, afterwards James the Second. There is of course no mention in it of any children whatever.* Davies and others have supposed, that the character of Acasto in the Orphan, was intended to represent the first Duke of Ormond. Mr. Thornton gives credit to this supposition. The conjecture certainly rests on strong features of internal evidence, and, if just, does credit to Otway, and exhibits a manliness of mind in him, when speaking of the unmerited neglect Ormond had met with, of which independence there are unfortunately but few instances in our poet, or indeed in the writers of those days, when literature was fed by individual patronage, and mean sycophancy was the only price at which that patronage could be purchased. The Orphan is far from faultless either in story or execution; but as long as exciting the tender emotions of the mind, and rendering the spectator a real participator in the distress of the characters represented shall be considered one of the greatest ends of tragedy, the name of Otway will rank next to that of Shakespear.

'Venice Preserved,' has the advantage (as some may consider it) of a greater dignity of plot, an attempt at the subversion of a great and ancient state being the ground work of the piece. The scenes in which Otway has caricatured Lord Shaftesbury under the name of Antonio, are doubtless a disgrace to the play; but what shall we say of a critic, who confines his notice of such a piece to the objectionable portion only. M. Voltaire writes thus.

'Il est désagréable qu'on ne nous ait pas traduit fidélement cette *Venise Préservée*; on nous a privè d'un sénateur qui mord les jambes de sa maîtresse, qui fait le chien, qui aboye, et qu'on chasse à coups de fouet; nous aurions encore eu le plasir de voir un échaffaut, une rouë, une pêtre, qui veut exhorter à la mort le Capitaine Pierre, et qu'on renvoye comme un gueux: il y a mille autres traits de cette force, que le traducteur a épargné à notre fausse délicatesse.'

Very far are we from defending the scenes alluded to,

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* Voltaire possibly alludes to the dedication of 'Venice Preserved,' to the Duchess of Portsmouth, though here the fact is so wilfully misrepresented and exaggerated, as to make it possible that the whole was his own invention.

but with justice may complain of a writer, who would leave us with the impression, that he had laid before us the prominent part of the play in question. Voltaire's criticisms are now fortunately esteemed according to their real merit, and there are few if any of us now, that have

'That fantastic fit
That all our judgment and our wit,
To lies and nonsense we submit.'

Denham.

Mr. Thornton, in his preface to this play, writes sensibly thus.

'Much has been said concerning the familiar and domestic character of Otway's plots, and his rejection of that pomp of action, and magnificence of sentiment which are the chief support of many pieces, and appear indeed by general consent the *throne of tragedy*,* but in 'Venice Preserved,' these two modes seem to be blended with art and delicacy. Those, who insensible to subordinate distresses, delight to contemplate events of extraordinary magnitude and importance, and to mingle with persons of elevated rank, will be concerned for the fate of a republic, splendid in name, and venerable for its age and constitution, pushed to the verge of ruin by men

"Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest."

'Those, on the contrary, who more easily melt at the tale of domestic woe where the agents are upon a level with themselves, and the accidents such as the bulk of mankind are more frequently assailed by, will be equally moved by the familiar parts of the scene, and compassionate the sorrows of Jaffier and Belvidera.'

Cibber, who had seen Mrs. Barry in the character of *Monimia* in the 'Orphan,' describes her acting as beyond praise, and Downes speaks of her in *Belvidera* in 'Venice Preserved,' with no less enthusiasm. If her powers in this last approached those, which we have seen exhibited by Mrs. Siddons, they were indeed extraordinary. The political allusions in this last play are said to have caused strong contests of applause and disapprobation. But though Otway has reaped such harvests of fame from these two celebrated productions, poor indeed were his

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* *The throne of tragedy.* This expression is misapplied, for, *if* the seat of tragedy *is* so exalted, it is the fit seat for monarchs *only*, and they are the only proper heroes of tragedy, which is the converse of what the editor wishes to establish. The words are a mere lapse of the pen, and only incorrect; in a modern poet a similar expression occurs where it is absurd; the poet makes dirt to usurp *the empire of a pair of shoes.*

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pecuniary emoluments. The copy-right of 'Venice Preserved,' was sold for *fifteen pounds*. A dramatic author had in those days only one benefit night, of which seventy pounds is stated as a high average, a few guineas were sometimes picked up by a dedication; the sum total of profit is too easily cast up. The death of Otway, which happened in his 35th year, has been variously related; the story, however, which has been told of him, that he died by the attempt to swallow food after a long fasting, arising from the utmost indigence, is, we trust, for the sake of humanity, unfounded; and indeed there is every reason to suppose it to be so. The manner of death, which most writers agree to have befallen him, is equally tragic, less shocking to humanity, and highly honourable to the poet himself; and allows us to indulge the belief, that the mind of Otway was only occasionally obscured, not absolutely corrupted, by the scenes of profligacy he entered. The simple fact may not be fresh in the minds of all our readers, Dr. Warton supplied it from the papers of Spence. Otway owed his death to an act of generous friendship, but even this act is differently stated by Davies, and Mr. Thornton, although they both refer to Warton as their authority; we unfortunately have not 'the Essay on Pope,' at hand to refer to. Davies says,

'A friend of Otway's had received a very gross affront: the injurious person soon after withdrew to some part of the continent. Otway pursued him to demand satisfaction; in his return home he was seized with a cold, which ended in a distemper, which put a period to his life.'

Our present editor says, that

'our author had an intimate friend, who was murdered in the street; he pursued the assassin, who fled to France. Otway followed him on foot as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigues he had undergone, which soon carried him to his grave in London.' P. 46, of the life.

Of the life of Otway by Mr. Thornton we have already given our opinion. To each of the plays is prefixed a short critical preface by the same pen, from one of which we have extracted a passage. These prefaces seem plain and sensible, the occasional notes and remarks on the text are few and unimportant, the title-page had, perhaps, led us to expect more, but where nothing is obscure, there would have been little use in illustration. Otway's miscellaneous poems, which were few in number, are included in the publication, with a considerable number of explanatory notes attached; as are also a few of his letters,

which are, without a doubt, those addressed by him to Mrs. Barry. The advertisement tells us that they were first published among a collection of 'familiar letters by Lord Rochester and others,' 1697, and afterwards appended to an edition of Otway in 1727. They breathe the melancholy spirit of a despairing lover, and leave us little reason to wonder, that the writer should have attempted to banish his thoughts among scenes of dissipation, as they are evidently the productions of a man who can hardly bear to think. By many they would doubtless be thought perfectly extravagant, for there *are* many, who are wholly unable by nature to entertain exquisite feelings for themselves, much less for others. To us they seem a very valuable addition to these volumes, not merely as a key to the mind of Otway, but as a specimen of extreme vivacity and quickness of feeling, exhibiting to what a degree some of the natural emotions are carried in those, to whom nature has granted the liveliest perceptions. We cannot refrain from one extract, it will account for much of what was faulty in the life of Otway.

* * * * 'I loved you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching face of yours, but I felt in my heart the foundation of all my peace give way: but when you became another's I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish pride to promise myself I should in time recover my liberty: in spite of my enslaved nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you: I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit and would not let it bend so much as once to upbraid you, each day it was my chance to see, to be near you: with stubborn sufferance I resolved to bear, and brave your power: nay, did it often, too successfully. Generally with wine or conversation, I diverted or appeased the dæmon that possessed me; but when at night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then I always paid a treble interest for the short moments of ease, which I had borrowed; then every treacherous thought rose up and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed, and opened those sluices of tears, that were to run till morning. This has been for some years my best condition.'

* * * * 'Your commands have been always sacred to me, your smiles have always transported me, and your frowns awed me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest blessing or the greatest curse that ever man was doomed to.'

Who does not recognize at once the mind that sketched out Jaffier, and made over its own feelings to the creature of its imagination?

In an appendix to these volumes, is given a copious ex-

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tract from the novel, from which our author drew the story of 'the Orphan.' The novel itself is, Mr. T. says, extremely scarce, and he has done a very thank-worthy service by obtaining a transcript of it. The name of it is 'English Adventures by a Person of Honour,' 1676. The copy was supplied in the handsomest manner by Mr. Bindley of Somerset-house, a gentleman who seems to be above the paltry policy of many collectors, who enhance the value of a rarity by exclusive possession, and who would sooner have their plate-chest broken open, than a copy taken of a useless treasure. Mr. Bindley supposes Roger Boyle Earl of Orrery to have been the author. We regret much, that our limits prevent us from paying a further notice to this curious little book. We have only room to add, that Mr. Thornton has given us, what has been long much wanted, a good edition of Otway, with a correct text, neat type, and of a moderate size.—With his own labours, though not of a very extensive nature, we have taken opportunity in the course of this article to express ourselves on the whole well satisfied, and in common with what, we doubt not, our readers will do, return him our thanks. Of Mr. Thornton's literary obligations to Mr. Walter Scott, in the use he has made of that gentleman's late edition of Dryden, we have taken no notice, as they are fully acknowledged in the preface to these volumes.

ART. V.—*The Life of Luther, with an Account of the early Progress of the Reformation. By Alexander Bower.* London: Baldwin, 1813. 8vo. 12s.

IN the first chapter of this work, Mr. Bower traces the life of Luther from his birth at Eisleben, as is supposed in the year 1483, to 1508, when he was appointed professor of logic in the university of Wittemberg, which had been lately founded by Frederick III, Elector of Saxony. Luther had gone to the university of Erfurt in the year 1502, where he had prosecuted the studies which were at that time most in vogue, with that ardour and diligence for which he never ceased to be renowned. He had made himself master of the Latin Classics; but it is not certain whether he became acquainted with the Greek at this, or at a subsequent period. He had, at first, been prevailed upon by the importunites of his relations to commence the

study of the law; but, from this pursuit, which was probably never agreeable to his natural inclination, he was soon induced to desist by the following occurrence, which was very likely to make a strong impression on a temperament so highly sensitive, ardent, and devotional, as that of Luther.

'In the year 1504, walking out one day with a young friend of the name, it is said, of Alexius, they were overtaken by a dreadful thunder-storm, and Alexius was struck dead at his side. The fall of a friend whom he ardently loved, and the awful scene around him, raised in Luther's mind a succession of serious meditations. He saw, or he thought he saw, in a stronger light than ever, the vain and fleeting nature of all terrestrial enjoyments, and determined at once to withdraw himself from their pursuit. Prompt in all his resolutions, he vowed upon the spot that, if God were pleased to deliver him from the danger of his situation, he would enter a monastery, and spend the remainder of his life sequestered from the world and its temptations. It was in vain that his parents, unwilling that he should relinquish the fair prospect before him, endeavoured to dissuade him from this sudden determination. He persisted in his purpose, and regarded the impression of his mind as a special command of the Almighty.'

In 1505, Luther became a novice in the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt. Mr. Bower justly remarks that the connection of Luther with this order of monks, by the reverence which it excited for the patron, tended to give a particular direction to his opinions on certain important points of scriptural doctrine which he afterwards so vigorously maintained, which so long influenced the creed of the reformers, and which still retain a great influence in the theological notions of Christian Europe. It is curious to remark, that, when Luther entered the monastery of Erfurt, he took with him no books but his Plautus and his Virgil. We can readily conceive how a man of his characteristic qualities might relish the elegance, the harmony and the pathos of Virgil; but it is not so easy to conceive how he should find any peculiar delight in the coarse buffoonery and ribaldry of Plautus.

It appears that the senior monks in the monasteries, like the boys in the upper forms of Eton and Westminster, were wont to make *fags* or drudges of the junior members; and Luther, who was hereafter to become the great foe of monastic institutions, was obliged to submit to the most low and menial occupations. Those of porter and scavenger, if we may believe Seckendorf, were amongst the number:—'Initio durius a fratribus fuit habitus, dum custodis,

ut vocant, officio, et loca immunda purgare coactus fuit.'

About the time that Luther entered into holy orders (2nd May, 1507) he accidentally discovered in a chamber of the monastery a copy of the Latin Bible which he had never seen before, and which he read with his characteristic avidity. Luther had not been previously apprised that the whole of the scriptures was not read in the public service of the church; and that even many parts of the New Testament were omitted to be read. This discovery must have made a forcible impression on his mind; and tended to excite reflections not very favourable to the establishment to which he belonged.

'Before his acquaintance with the Bible, he had, like other persons, been satisfied with the current doctrines, and had never thought of examining a subject in which he suspected no error. Now, however, he was sufficiently advanced to perceive that his early creed must be abandoned, without having gone far enough to find another in its place.'

Luther received warm encouragement in his study of the scriptures from Staupitz, who was at the head of the Augustinians in Germany. He acquired a thorough knowledge of scriptural texts, and such a promptitude in appropriating them to his purpose, on every occasion, as was quite unparalleled in that age, when the scriptures were less read than the legends of saints. Luther frequently preached for the clergymen in the neighbourhood of his monastery, and thus improved himself in public speaking, which he found of so much advantage in his future life.

The superior respect, which Luther had acquired in his monastery and amongst his order in general, is evident from the commission which he received to proceed to Rome in order to obtain the settlement of a dispute, which had arisen on some points of discipline, between the vicar general of the Augustinians in Saxony, and some of the convents subject to his jurisdiction. This journey concurred, with other circumstances, to excite in his mind thoughts not very congenial with the established institutions; and to diminish his reverence for the Romish Church and the Holy See.

'Unacquainted with the habits of the Romish dignitaries, and a stranger, in a great measure, to the corrupt ways of the world, Luther imagined that on visiting the holy city, the residence of the Vicar of Christ, he was about to become a witness of the exercise of every Christian virtue. How great then was his

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surprise on beholding the luxury, licentiousness, and debauchery, which pervaded all ranks. "I have seen," he says, "the pope and the pope's court, and I have had opportunity of personally observing the morals of the Roman clergy."—"I celebrated mass there, and I had occasion to see it celebrated by others, with so much indecency that I am still unable to think of it without disgust.—I have seen courtezans place themselves at the very altar, laughing and behaving in the most irreverent manner. I have heard them say over the bread and wine at the altar: "Bread thou art, and thou shalt remain bread; wine thou art, and thou shalt remain wine."—The Italian clergy were accustomed to say mass with so much haste and indifference, that before Luther came to the Gospel part of the service, they had found means to run through the whole, and ridiculed him openly for the devotional air with which he performed it. Disgusting as were these scenes, their practical influence on Luther's future conduct was of the most beneficial kind. They contributed more than any thing to open his eyes to papal delusion, and he used often afterwards to exclaim, "That he would not, for the value of a thousand florins, have missed the instruction afforded him by the journey to Rome."'

Luther took the degree of Doctor in Divinity on his return from Rome; and soon after preached before the Elector Frederick, who was forcibly struck by the energy of his eloquence and the cogency of his scriptural explanations. In 1512 he was permitted to exchange 'the philosophical for the theological chair in the university.'

'Divinity having now become the object of Luther's professional duty, as well as of his choice, he immersed himself in the study of it with redoubled ardour. It was in his eyes the "*nucleus nucis*," the "*medulla tritici et ossium.*"'

'The gradual and almost imperceptible progress towards change in the mind of Luther, prevented any suspicion from being excited by his early discoveries of fallacy in the Romish creed. His official superior, Staupitz, had no hesitation in appointing him his vicar, to examine into the state of the monasteries in Saxony, and to exercise in his absence a general superintendence. In this capacity Luther had occasion to visit nearly forty Augustinian monasteries, which gave him a very favourable opportunity of disseminating instruction, as well as of laying the foundation of that personal attachment to himself, which was so fully displayed in his subsequent troubles.'

Various causes conspired to produce the reformation; and indeed the event itself had been long in a state of slow but gradual maturation, till the time when the prodigality of the court of Rome caused it to have recourse to the expedient of raising money by a less reserved and more

shameless sale of Indulgences than had hitherto been practised. This was the proximate cause of the reformation, as far as it immediately stimulated Luther to examine into the nature of Indulgences, thence to detect the want of any scriptural sanction for the practice, and, subsequently, to disclose the other numerous and exorbitant corruptions of the Romish Church. We shall not stay to enquire whether Indulgences had their origin in the time of the crusades, but it is certain that the court of Rome had, at different periods, found them a very lucrative traffic, and a financial resource of highly productive powers. In the sale of Indulgences, which commenced in 1516 and 1517, Leo was certainly guilty of no innovation in ecclesiastical proceedings; but, as Mr. Bower justly remarks, he did not pay sufficient attention to the altered state of society, to the improved habits of thinking which had begun to take place, which were greatly promoted by the invention of printing, and to the facilities which that invention furnished for the detection of abuses and the propagation of new opinions in opposition to old ecclesiastical forms.

The sale of Indulgences in Saxony was entrusted to a Dominican of the name of Tetzel, a man of vicious character, gross ignorance, and, what often accompanies it, great effrontery.

'In extolling,' says Mr. Bower, 'the efficacy of the Indulgences, he ventured, in the sixteenth century, to go to a length which could hardly have been tolerated in the darkest of the Gothic ages. In his harangues it was not unusual for him to make the disgusting affirmation, "that had any one debauched, were it possible, the mother of our Saviour, the Indulgence would be adequate to the conveyance of absolution." No wonder that such impious declamations roused Luther from a state of solitary meditation to active opposition.'

Mr. Bower thinks that the opposition of Luther to the sale of Indulgences had not its origin in any latent *esprit de corps*, or any lurking envy of the Dominican monks, to which order the sale was principally entrusted, but in motives of a more moral kind and more honourable to his character.

'It appears,' says Mr. Bower, 'on his' (Luther's) 'own authority, that he was engaged, at the time of the commencement of Tetzel's operations, in studying divinity for the instruction of his class, and, in particular, the doctrine of repentance. He candidly confesses that, on beginning to question the sale of Indulgences, he knew nothing of their origin or history. Other members of the church were, he adds, in general as ignorant as

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himself, the Indulgences deriving their weight solely from the authority of usage. His researches accordingly originated, less in a desire of effecting a change in the distribution of Indulgences, than from an eagerness to ascertain their real nature. As he could not, to borrow an expression of his own, obtain information from the dead, meaning the writings of lawyers and divines, he determined to apply for instruction to the living, and to form his opinion by the answer of the church.

'Luther seems to have laid great stress on Tetzel's overbearing and disgusting manner. This, no doubt, was calculated to provoke him extremely, but we are informed by Myconius, a cotemporary and friend of Luther, that there was another and a more direct reason. In addition to the duty of teaching his class and preaching, Luther occasionally heard confessions. In the exercise of this function, in the year 1517, some persons came to him to confess, and though guilty of serious crimes, refused to undergo the penance prescribed by him, because they had already received remission in the shape of an Indulgence. Luther, revolting at this evasion, flatly refused them the absolution for which they applied. As he persisted in this negative determination, the persons in question, considering themselves aggrieved, entered a serious complaint against him with Tetzel, who was at that time in the neighbourhood of the town of Interbock. Tetzel, confident of support from his superiors, assumed all the consequence of a plenipotentiary of the court of Rome. In an evil hour for the papacy, he became violently incensed against Luther, and being one of the holy commission charged with the extirpation of heresy, he threatened to subject Luther, and those who might adhere to him, to the horrors of the Inquisition. To keep the populace in awe and prevent Luther's opposition from being imitated, he caused a pile for burning heretics to be erected in a conspicuous situation. But all these threats were unavailing, and Luther, once roused, persevered in his course with his characteristic intrepidity.'

Agreeably to the practice of public disputations, which had been long prevalent in Europe, Luther proposed to hold a public disputation on Indulgences and other points connected with that doctrine of the Romish Church. He accordingly issued, on the 31st October, 1517, ninety-five propositions on the controverted points which were to be discussed at the assembly which was invited to meet at Wittemberg. But the invitation was not accepted, and no disputants appeared. Luther accordingly determined to print and publish his propositions, which, as Mr. Bower says, 'constituted, in a manner, the first act of the Reformation.' The novelty and the boldness of the opinions, which were promulgated in the above-mentioned propositions, caused them to be rapidly and widely diffused, whilst

the author of them became an object of general notoriety, who fixed the attention and excited the interest of all who, at that period, wished either to reduce or to uphold the papal power.

Luther, who proceeded gradually in detecting the accumulated errors of the Romish Church, and whose views, like those of other persons in similar circumstances, were more expanded in proportion to the extent of his enquiries and the success of his labours, was, at first, solicitous that the Reform, of the necessity of which he soon became deeply convinced, should proceed rather voluntarily from the church itself than be effected by the violence of external opposition. Hence, in his first acts, he shewed great respect and deference to the established ecclesiastical authorities, to his diocesan, to the superior of his order, and to the pope. In the conclusion of one of his letters to the Roman Pontiff he says,

"I prostrate myself at the feet of your holiness, with all that I am and have. Give the command of life or death, call or recall, approve or disapprove, as you may judge fit; I acknowledge your voice to be the voice of Christ, presiding and speaking in you. If I have deserved death, I will not refuse to die. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

'From this, as well as from subsequent letters, it is apparent that Luther was little acquainted with Leo's real character. On another occasion, much about this time, we find him extolling Leo as the best of pontiffs, and affording, by his reputation for integrity and learning, matter of exultation to all good men. "But what," he adds, "can this most delightful person do alone in so great confusion? One who is worthy to have been pontiff in better times, or in whose pontificate the times ought to have become better. In our age, we deserve only such popes as Julius II. and Alexander VI. or some atrocious monsters similar to what the poets have created; for even in Rome herself, nay in Rome more than any where else, good popes are held in ridicule."'

Established bodies, whether consisting of a pope and cardinals, or an archbishop and suffragans, have seldom the wisdom to discern their true interest, which consists in leading rather than in opposing the tide of public sentiment, or the virtue to reform abuses by which their power is increased or their avarice gratified. Luther was soon obliged to change his tone and to treat his ecclesiastical superiors with the indignation which their folly, their selfishness, and enormities of every kind deserved; and which his warm temperament and impetuous but disinterested character could not withhold. Luther, it must be owned,

is often too coarse in his language, and scurrilous in his abuse; but his adversaries usually set him the example in these respects; and coarseness and scurrility were not merely the defects of particular individuals but the character of that and the succeeding age.

Leo X. who had some abilities for a pope, had not sufficient sagacity to discern the true temper of the times in which he lived, or the new modifications which were requisite to render the institutions of the Catholic Church suited to the genius of the age. He was, at the same time, too much addicted to pleasure and to indolence to give in the first instance, or at the most favourable juncture, any serious attention to the opposition to the established opinions of the church, which was appearing in Germany. He thought that it was only a temporary effervescence of interest or of zeal; and he did not contemplate its remote or probable consequences. Dazzled by the brilliant circle of poets and orators, who warbled their flattery or recited their encomiums in the walls of the Vatican, he was reluctant to set his foot on the thorny path of theological polemics, till alarmed by the apprehensions or stimulated by the importunities of the Dominicans, who felt themselves incapable of silencing by scriptural authority or rational argument the increasing vigour of the Augustinian monk, he determined to exert the full power of the Holy See to awe into submission or taciturnity this obstreperous and refractory heretic. But these powers were exerted in vain; as the reformed doctrine had struck its roots too deep to be easily eradicated; and seemed to flourish in proportion to the opposition it experienced.

In June, 1520, the papal court issued a bull against Luther, in which forty-one heresies were 'selected from his works and condemned as pernicious, scandalous, and pestilential.' In the letter which Leo wrote on the occasion to the Elector Frederick, he said,

"Luther has been introduced into the world, not by Christ but by Satan, that he might revive the heresies of Wickliffe, Huss, and the Bohemians; and that, by false interpretations of Scripture, he might give occasion of sinning to the simple. There is danger lest he should set continence at defiance, do away confession and penitence, favour the infidels by impure speeches, overturn the discipline of the church, and confound all things, sacred and profane. To such a pitch of pride and madness has Luther proceeded, that he despises the authority of councils and of the Holy See, preferring audaciously his own opinion to that of all others. In avoiding intercourse with such a pest, your highness has acted a part worthy of your ances-

tors: and I give thanks to God for endowing you with such a disposition. Hitherto I have borne with Luther's forwardness and rashness, in the hope that he would return to his right mind. But now, seeing that he profiteth nothing by admonition and gentleness, I have been compelled to apply a violent remedy, lest he should corrupt many by the contagion of his example. Having therefore called a council, and deeply weighed the question, it has been decreed by direction of the Holy Spirit, which on these occasions is never absent from the Holy See, to issue a bull in condemnation of Luther's heresy. Of that instrument a copy is herewith transmitted you."'

The Reformer now began no longer to observe any measures with the court of Rome.

"The die," said he, "is cast, and I despise equally the fury and the favour of Rome.—Never will I be reconciled or connected with them. Let them condemn and burn my books.—I, in my turn, so long as I can procure fire, will condemn and burn publicly the whole pontifical code." It appears that on the 23d of August he wrote to Rome, and ventured to use expressions of correspondent energy.'

Luther made an appeal from the pope to a general council; and, in this paper, spoke of Leo in terms of much more violence and bitterness than he had ever used before.

'*Leo X. in impia sua tyrannide induratus perseverat—Iniquus, temerarius, tyrannicus judex—Hereticus et Apostata—Antichristus, blasphemus, superbus contemptor sanctæ Ecclesiæ Dei.*'

As Luther's books had been burned at Rome and in the universities of Cologne and Louvain, the Reformer determined to shew no more deference to the works of his opponents.

'He caused public notice to be given at Wittemberg, that he purposed burning the antichristian decretals on Monday, 10th December. So novel a scene excited great interest, and the concourse accordingly was immense. The people assembled at nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeded, in regular divisions, to the spot in the neighbourhood where the ceremony was to be performed. Having there partaken of a slight repast, an eminent member of the university erected a kind of funeral pile and set it on fire: after which Luther took Gratian's Abridgment of the Canon Law: the letters commonly called decretals of the pontiffs; the Clementines and Extravagants, and, last of all, the bull of Leo X. All these he threw into the fire, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Because ye have troubled the holy of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you." Having remained to witness their consumption, he returned into the city, accom-

panied by the same multitude, without the occurrence of the slightest disorder.'

There is one part of Luther's conduct to which sufficient attention has not been paid, but which, as his present biographer suggests, merits particular attention. We mean his hostility to the canon law, of which he laboured to effect the abolition, but without success. The attempt was prevented by the selfish interests of individuals combined against the public good.

'Henning Goeden, and Jerome Schurff, were at that time pleaders of great reputation at Wittemberg, and believed, or professed to believe, that the abolition of the canon law would endanger the safety of the state. The fact was, that their own interest and convenience were at stake, the canon law forming the rule of the whole mode of procedure in law-suits. Hence arose the interference of these men, who, in an evil hour, proved the cause of preventing the abolition of the canon law, and the so much desired reform of ecclesiastical and civil law.'

On the 3d January, 1521, a new bull was issued against Luther, which was accompanied by the additional sentence of his excommunication. But papal terrors had begun to lose their influence; and little effect was produced by this once formidable instrument of ecclesiastical vengeance. This year (1521) formed a remarkable epoch in Luther's life, from his appearance at the diet of Worms in obedience to the summons of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. On this memorable occasion the Reformer conducted himself with a degree of magnanimity worthy of the character which he had acquired, and of the great cause in which he was engaged. He refused to retract any of the opinions which he advanced unless he could be convinced that they were false.

"Unless," said Luther, "I shall be convinced by scripture, for I can put no credit in the pope or in councils, as it is evident that they have erred frequently and have even contradicted each other, I say, unless my conscience be convinced by the word of God, I neither can nor will recant, since it is unworthy of an honest man to act contrary to his conviction." &c. &c.

On the 26th of April, Luther left Worms on his return home. As he was travelling along the skirt of the Thuringian forest, near the river Werra, he was seized by a party of men in masks and carried through the forest to the castle of Wartburg, or Wartemburg, on the highest mountains near Issenach. It appears that his seizure was a contrivance of his friends to secure him from the power of his enemies. An imperial edict had been published de-

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claring him a schismatic and a heretic; and every one was authorized to seize his person and his property. In this place of confinement he wrote several works, one of which was on 'Monastic Vows.' He had not, however, at this period, released himself from his vow of celibacy.

In the works which Luther published while in the castle of Wartburg,

'no allusion was made to his place of retreat. Although fearless himself, he made no difficulty in conforming to those precautionary measures which his friends thought necessary for his security. The castle of Wartburg was occasionally visited by gentry and nobility as a hunting quarter; and to prevent observation, it was necessary for Luther to assume the dress of a horseman. He sometimes even joined the party in partaking of the sports of the field: and, absent as his thoughts were from the scene before him, appearances were so well kept up, that the visitors of the castle do not appear to have found him out.'

In the year 1522, Luther was strenuously employed in translating the scriptures into his vernacular tongue. This version still deservedly maintains its celebrity; and reflects great honour on the learning and industry of the Reformer. The language is, as it ought to be, in the highest degree simple and perspicuous; and we know no version by which it can be at all paralleled, except by the established version in this country.

Luther left the castle of Wartburg on 3d March, 1522, on his return to Wittemberg, where he was received with the most lively expressions of joy. His own satisfaction, however, was abated by some excesses which an overflowing zeal had occasioned in his absence; and by the dissensions which he saw arising amongst his followers. Luther did not sufficiently consider that the moment the right of private judgment in the interpretation of scripture was admitted, creeds would be indefinitely multiplied, till the views of scriptural doctrine became almost as diverse as the individuals of which the church was composed. This proceeding might be injurious to unity of opinion, but was highly favourable to the improvement of the intellectual faculties.

The following shows that Luther had not such high notions of the ministerial office as many protestants, particularly of the episcopalian church, have been apt to entertain and eager to defend. The Bohemian schismatics, though differing in several points with the papal see, were

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yet anxious that their ministers should have the benefit of episcopal ordination.

'But the Catholic bishops in Bohemia, inveterate against the schismatics for various reasons, but particularly for the grand offence of giving the cup to the laity at the administration of the sacrament, refused to be the instruments of granting the desired ordination to their ministers. The latter accordingly were under the painful necessity of submitting to a journey to Rome; where, as every thing was venal, they were accustomed to get their wish accomplished on payment of stipulated fees.

'On this subject the senate of Prague had recourse to Luther's advice. His answer was, that they should unanimously resist these exactions, and if there were no means by which such fatiguing and disgusting journeys could be rendered unnecessary, it would, in his opinion, be much better that they remained without ministers of religion. Fathers of families, he added, might read the gospel to their household, and baptize children, though they durst not, or could not, take the eucharist during the whole course of their lives. A neighbourhood might associate together, and, if they exercised faith and charity, they might rest assured that Christ was in the midst of them, though they had no one present who had been anointed with oil. Soon after this, Luther published a treatise, in which he attempted to prove, from reason and scripture, the right possessed by Christians to judge of doctrines, to appoint individuals to the office of ministers, or to depose them if they became unfaithful. He went farther, and declared it the right of every respectable Christian to act as minister whenever there appeared a deficiency of regular clergymen,'

Luther seems to have been long under the influence of the opinions which he had early embraced in favour of the monastic life: and it was not till the 9th of October, 1524, that he laid aside the habit of his order; and what is remarkable, all his Augustinian brethren, with the single exception of the prior, appear to have abandoned the monastery before he quitted it himself. Soon after this Luther determined no longer to suffer himself to be bound by his vows of celibacy; and married one of the nuns who had escaped from the convent of Nimptschen, of the name of Catharine de Bora, or Boria. This proceeding exposed him to the vehement invectives of his popish adversaries. Some affirmed that he was mad or had a devil; and even his royal opponent, Henry VIII, who was not very scrupulous about matrimonial obligations, accused him 'of a crime equivalent to incest.'

'It was an act we must confess,' says his present biographer, 'of considerable boldness; for independently of the objection

in public opinion, few individuals were less fitted to make provision for a family. His friend and well-wisher, Albert, Elector of Brandenburgh, had advised him to set up, for this purpose, a school or academy. But Luther was ill qualified to bear the necessary constraint, and chose rather to live in a very plain manner; prescribing the greatest simplicity in regard to the wants of himself and those about him, and submitting to much that would have appeared privation in the eyes of others.'

In 1545, when Luther was in his sixty-second year,

'his constitution began to exhibit strong symptoms of decline. He had for some time back been subject to attacks of a malady not unusual among sedentary men—the stone; and in this year the attacks of the complaint became both more frequent and severe. At midsummer his friend Pontanus mentioned in a letter that Luther had then laboured during eight days under that excruciating disease. In addition, his attacks of head-ach, which had long been troublesome, now assumed an aggravated appearance. The injury caused to the system by these attacks was manifest in the impaired sight of one of his eyes. Such a complication of illness led his friends, as well as himself, to conclude that the period of his dissolution was not very remote. On the part of his enemies an indecent wish to anticipate the event did not allow them to wait the progress of nature. Impatient to record the end of the man who had been foremost in the career of Reformation, they published premature accounts of his death and funeral. They had even the malignity to assert that the course of nature was inverted, and that the elements themselves had testified their abhorrence of the heretic. Luther, however, lived long enough to publish a contradiction, and to expose to shame the propagators of these falsehoods.'

In January, 1546, Luther, though oppressed with many bodily infirmities, set out on a journey to Eisleben, in order to settle some differences which existed between the counts of Mansfeld respecting the brass and silver mines at Eisleben, the place of his nativity. 'The river Issel having overflowed its banks, he was five days on the road. His companions were his three sons, John, Martin, and Paul, and his steady friend Justus Jonas.' This last person has left a circumstantial and interesting account of the death of Luther, which took place at Eisleben, in a letter which he wrote on the occasion to the Elector of Saxony, a few hours after the decease of the great father of the Reformation. Mr. Bower has very properly inserted this letter in his work; and as it may not have been seen by several of our readers we shall probably gratify them by inserting it in this place.

'It is with a sorrowful heart that I communicate the following information to your highness. Although our venerable father in Christ, doctor Martin Luther, felt himself unwell before leaving Wittemberg, as also during his journey to this place, and complained of weakness on his arrival; he was nevertheless present at dinner and supper every day in which we were engaged in the business of the counts. His appetite was pretty good, and he used humorously to observe, that in his native country they well knew what he ought to eat and drink. His rest at night also was such as could not be complained of. His two youngest sons, Martin and Paul, were accustomed, along with me and one or two men servants, to sleep in his bedroom, accompanied sometimes by M. Michael Cœlius, a clergyman of Eisleben. As he had for some time back been accustomed to have his bed warmed, we made it a rule to do this regularly before he retired to rest. Every night on taking leave of us, he was accustomed to say, "Pray to God that the cause of his church may prosper, for the council of Trent is vehemently enraged against it." The physician, who attended, caused the medicines to which he had been accustomed to be brought from Wittemberg; and his wife, of her own accord, sent some others. The affairs of the counts of Mansfeld continued to require his attention every other day, or sometimes at an interval of two days. He was accustomed to transact business for one or two hours, along with Wolfgang, Prince of Anhalt, and John Henry, Count Schwarzburg. But yesterday, Wednesday the 17th of February, Prince Anhalt, Count Schwarzburg, and the rest of us prevailed on him to remain in his study till mid-day and to do no business. He walked through the room in his undress, looked at times out of the window, and prayed earnestly. He was all along pleasant and cheerful, but took occasion to say to Cœlius and me, "I was born and baptized at Eisleben, what if I should remain and die here." In the early part of the evening he began to complain of an oppression at his breast, and had it rubbed with a linen cloth. This afforded him some ease. A little after he said, "It is not pleasant to me to be alone," and repaired to supper in the parlour. He ate with appetite, was cheerful and even jocular. He expounded several remarkable passages in scripture, and said once or twice in the course of conversation, "If I succeed in effecting concord between the proprietors of my native country, I shall return home and rest in my grave."

"After supper he again complained of the oppression at his breast, and asked for a warm linen cloth. He would not allow us to send for medical assistance, and slept on a couch during two hours and a half. Cœlius, Drachsted, the master of the house, whom we called in along with his wife, the town clerk, the two sons, and myself, sat by him watching till half-past eleven. He then desired that his bed might be warmed, which

was done with great care. I, his two sons, his servant Ambrose, whom he had brought from Wittemberg, and other servants, lay down in the same room; Cœlius was in the adjoining room. At one in the morning he awoke Ambrose and me, and desired that one of the adjoining rooms might be warmed, which was done. He then said to me, "O Jonas, how ill I am; I feel an oppressive weight at my breast, and shall certainly die at Eisleben." I answered, "God, our heavenly Father, will assist you by Christ whom you have preached." Meantime, Ambrose made haste and led him, after he got up, into the adjoining room. He got thither without any other assistance, and in passing the threshold said aloud, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit." He then began to walk about, but in a short time asked for warm linen cloths. Meantime we had sent into the town for two physicians, who came immediately. Count Albert likewise being called, he came along with the countess, the latter bringing some cordials and other medicines. Luther now prayed, saying, "O my heavenly Father, eternal and merciful God, thou hast revealed me to thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. I have preached him, I have confessed him, I love him, and I worship him as my dearest Saviour and Redeemer, him whom the wicked persecute, accuse, and blaspheme." He then repeated three times the words of the Psalm, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit—God of truth, thou hast redeemed me." Whilst the physicians and we applied medicines, he began to lose his voice and to become faint; nor did he answer us, though we called aloud to him and moved him. On the countess again giving him a little cordial, and the physician requesting that he would attempt to give an answer, he said, in a feeble tone of voice, to Cœlius and me, "yes" or "no," according as the question seemed to require. When we said to him, "Dearest father, do you verily confess Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer," he replied, "Yes," so as to be distinctly heard. Afterward his forehead and face began to get cold, and although we moved him and called him by name, he gave no answer, but, with his hands clasped, continued to breathe slowly until he expired between two and three o'clock. John Henry, Count Schwartzburg, arrived early and was present at his death.—Though much affected by the loss of him who has been our teacher during twenty-five years, we have thought it proper to give your highness the earliest intimation of his death, that you may be pleased to give us directions concerning the funeral. We shall remain here until we receive them. We pray also that you may write to the count how to proceed. He would like to retain the body in Luther's native country, but he will obey the orders of your highness. We also beg your highness to write to his wife, to Melancthon, Pomeranus, and Cruciger, because you know better how to do it than we. May

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God, our omnipotent Father, comfort you and us in our affliction.'—" Eisleben, Thursday, 18th February, 1546."

Mr. Bower has analyzed the character of Luther with much candour and discrimination; and we are indebted to him for a clear and impartial narrative of his life. The appendix, which he has added to the work, contains much valuable matter relative to the reformer and some of his cotemporaries.

ART. VI.—*Annual Oration delivered before the Medical Society of London. By Richard Saumarez.* Octavo, Underwood: 1813.

WE have been much puzzled by various parts of this effusion; and our puzzle began even at the title-page, or what should have been the title-page. Mr. Saumarez seems to be somewhat vain of the singularity and eccentricity of his opinions; and he has introduced his oration to the public by a dedication to his auditors, instead of the customary description of the contents of the book, commonly given in the first page. To introduce the same to our readers, we have been obliged to write a title for him; a liberty which has been imposed upon us by the necessity of the case.

The general object of this kind of composition is to pay compliments to the personages present; to tell them of what vast importance they are to society; after which they sit down to a good dinner, with a better opinion of themselves, in better spirits, and with better appetites. But Mr. Saumarez seems to have been, whilst writing this oration, much more full of himself, than of the society before whom it was to be delivered. He has adopted opinions which are peculiar to himself in almost every branch of philosophy: and he has contrived to make this oration a kind of summary of his faith or of his want of faith; it contains therefore in little more than 100 pages such an abundance of topics, that we find it impracticable to follow him, or to attempt to give our readers any idea of it as a whole. We must therefore be contented with pointing out here and there what we think most notable. The oration is preceded by an introduction. In this introduction, Mr. Saumarez denies the universality of gravitation; asserts that air is imponderable; denies that the sun is the attracting centre of the planetary system; denies

the composition of water; denies that fluids press in proportion to their perpendicular height; denies that gravity varies inversely as the squares of the distances from the centre; he asserts a vacuum to be impossible; and he denies the truth of the three laws of motion, which form the foundation of the Newtonian philosophy; and indeed of every system of dynamics.

To all this we can only observe, that if Mr. Saumarez will fairly prove any one of the propositions, the truth of which he affirms, or which is the converse of that which he denies; if, we say, he will prove this in such a manner as to gain the assent of the philosophers of the present day, or to be received into any one reputable system, we will allow all the rest. But till this is done, what must be the presumption of the individual, who thinks he can overturn truths established by the accumulated wisdom of ages, and substitute his own reveries in their place?

Let us come to the oration itself. Mr. Saumarez says, 'Although the Royal College of Physicians is abundantly supplied, from both universities, with graduates and with fellows, with censors and with professors, it is to be deplored, that neither the public in general, nor the medical profession in particular, can be said to derive any essential benefit from the exclusive privileges they enjoy; a few annual orations alone upon trite and complimentary subjects, being the only lectures delivered by the professors of the College.'

It would seem from this that Mr. S. thinks that the object of the foundation of this college was the institution and education of persons destined to the medical profession. But this was certainly not in the contemplation of the founder; and therefore no complaint can be made with justice that they do not do that which is no part of their duty. Some lectureships have certainly been, by the zeal of individuals, engrafted upon the original institution. A few, and a very few annual pounds, are assigned to individuals, in a list of rotation, to deliver two or three lectures. If little good is done it is obviously from the defect of the establishment itself. As well might Mr. Saumarez expect some great public benefit to result from the annual oration of the Medical Society as from the College lectures.

From Mr. Saumarez, who sets up for a reformer of philosophy, we are led to expect more than common accuracy of language and correctness of deduction. As a specimen of his reasoning let us take the following:

'The matter, therefore, which every living system receives for

its nourishment and support, can only arise out of its *aptitude* to be acted upon, and its aptitude to be acted upon is derived out of its imbecility and weakness, out of its state of disorganization and deprivation, total and complete.

'It is while matter subsists in this weak and destitute condition, with relation to the active powers resident in a living system, that I say it is a mere *tabula rasa*—in all its parts a chaos—of power and of intelligence altogether void, as imbecile and inert as the shoe is without the moving power of the foot, or as the musical instrument is without the art of the musician.'

Such of our readers as can make any thing like common sense of these passages possess greater penetration than we pretend to. We can only say that to our mind it is 'in all its parts a chaos.'

The object of Mr. Saumarez's most violent hostility is Richerand's Elements of Physiology: on this work he pours out a strain of abuse in the coarsest language of Billingsgate. This book is styled 'this galimatias—this hodge-podge—this noted book, made up of scraps and of shreds, of odds and ends patched and stitched up together, without method or arrangement—without beginning, middle, or end.' When we consider the general esteem in which this work is held, that there are two English translations of it, and that it has in our own language passed through five large editions, we must say that the use of this sort of language is equally absurd and presumptuous; absurd, since abuse is no argument; presumptuous, since the public voice, which is the proper standard of the merit of every work, has pronounced an opposite decision; and it is in fact that public, his own judges, whom Mr. Saumarez so violently assails. The passages, which Mr. S. has produced from Richerand's work in justification of his attack, appear to us, on the whole, to be correct and sensible.

This oration concludes with some observations and experiments on atmospheric pressure, which seem much out of place, and to be as replete with error as the other parts of this composition. That the gases are void of weight, and that all the philosophers who have laboured to determine the specific gravity of the different species of gaseous bodies, have been all the while pursuing a phantom is a discovery, for the honour of which no one will contend with Mr. Saumarez. He says, that a bladder which covers an exhausted receiver, is not burst by the weight of the incumbent air, because it bursts with as much facility, if it be exposed to lateral as to the perpendicular

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pressure, upwards and downwards. And can Mr. Saumarez think, for a moment, that this fact was not as well known to Newton, and Boyle, and Cotes, as to himself, and that they did not know how to reason from it as well as himself? Is it not the first law laid down by hydrostatical writers, that the source of elasticity, (or expansibility, as Mr. S. prefers the term), is equal to the superincumbent pressure, and that fluids press equally in every direction? Doubtless, the expansibility of the stratum of air in contact with the bladder, takes off the weight immediately of the incumbent atmosphere. This weight therefore acts intermediately through and by the expansibility of the lower stratum of air. Let us suppose a spring put on a piece of glass supported at its edges, but hollow underneath. Let us suppose this spring equal to sustaining a weight not sufficient to bring its parts into contact, but still heavy enough to break the glass. When the spring is thus loaded the glass breaks. The intermediate agent here is the elastic force of the spring: but this elastic force must be equal to the weight it supports. It would be just as correct in Mr. Saumarez to say in this case that the matter put on the spring has no weight, or does not act on the glass by its weight, as that the atmosphere does not act by its weight on the exhausted receiver.

We fear that we have said more than enough on this production.

Art. VII.—*Alinda; or, the Child of Mystery, a Novel, in 4 Vols. By the Author of Ora and Juliet, Castle of Tariff, &c.* London: Crosby, 1812. Price 20s.

ALTHOUGH there is nothing very new in the Child of Mystery, it is nevertheless an interesting story, and well calculated to engage the attention of those persons who are fond of novel reading, to whom we think that it will prove an acquisition. The principal characters are a perfidious and treacherous uncle, a worthy guardian, a profligate husband, an exemplary wife, a faithful Irish servant, and a warm-hearted thoughtless female friend. These are characters that have been brought forward over and over again, and dished up for the public taste in various ways with various success. In the present work these characters are, however, very well delineated; and, though there are many *improbables* in the story, the whole

is exceedingly agreeable. Alinda, the Child of Mystery, is entrusted to the care of a Mr. Graham, to bring up and educate. This Mr. Graham is a clergyman in very distressed circumstances. He is one evening waited upon by a gentleman, a total stranger, who makes the following proposal, saying, that he was recommended by a friend.

'I have a little girl whom I want to place with respectable people,' said he, 'who will educate her, and treat her as their own; therefore it is my wish to see Mrs. Graham, to know if such a charge would be agreeable to her. One hundred a year I shall allow for her cloaths, maintenance, and education, until she shall arrive at the age of fifteen. Then two thousand pounds will be her portion, and she will either remain under your protection, or, as to her may seem best. If you treat her well, she will be likely to attach herself to you. If she feels herself uncomfortable, independence will give her the power of choosing other friends. Graham knew not how to reply, decidedly, to such an offer. It seemed so abrupt, and betrayed such indifference as to the child, that he appeared to demur. "You are not in affluence, I am afraid," cried the stranger, "and may not be prepared for a guest: but I shall pay twenty pounds on entrance, and every quarter will be paid in advance, with due regularity."'

When Mrs. Graham appears, who, by the way, is represented as a great fool with a pretty face, she thinks the proposal so pleasant that she closes the bargain with the stranger without letting her husband have a voice on the subject. The stranger departs to fetch the child; and in the course of an hour our heroine makes her *debut* in the family of the Grahams in the following manner:

'In another hour the waiter of the Swan inn brought a sleeping child in his arms, attended by the hostler with a small trunk, which enclosed the wardrobe of the little girl, and knocked at the curate's door. When he was admitted, Graham took the sleeping child, and enquired for the gentleman. He then learnt that the stranger had been gone nearly an hour, leaving the child asleep on a sopha. On departing, he bade them not disturb the child, as it was fatigued, but allow it to sleep for an hour, and if then it did not awake, it was to be carried sleeping to Mr. Graham's, and to be left in his care; or with Mrs. Graham, if she were to be seen. The man said every thing was paid by the gentleman, and a letter from him would be found in the trunk, the key of which the waiter had brought in a paper sealed with the gentleman's own seal. Mrs. Graham now came out, and looked at her future charge. She exclaimed, that she was a perfect angel; but the husband eyed it with the deepest concern. Mystery hung over its innocent head, and Graham hated mystery. "Good," said he, "spreads its broad

visage to the open day; but evil shelters in mysterious guise, and shades itself in darkness." * * * From the extreme sound sleep that continued till late the next day, it appeared as if something had been given her of an opiate nature; for when she awoke, she appeared confused, and half alarmed at her situation. "Where is nurse, Ma'am?" said the little creature, as her lip trembled with repressing a cry. "I must be your nurse, my dear," answered Mrs. Graham; "your papa left you with me till he comes back." "I never had any papa," cried the little one. "Who then is the gentleman that brought you here?" "I don't know," answered the child. * * * * "I don't love him, he tells fibs; he said he would carry me back again." "To where?" asked Eliza. "To nurse," was the reply. "And where does nurse live, my dear.?" "On the forest," whimpered the poor babe. "What forest?" asked Eliza. "I don't know," said the child, sobbing bitterly. "I want to go home; I want my nurse." On opening the letter which was placed in the child's trunk, was found bank notes to the amount of twenty-five pounds, with the words "Advance of first quarter for Alinda."'

No clue could be found to unravel the mystery; for when Mr. Graham wrote to his friend, by whom the stranger said he was recommended, to his astonishment he sends him word that he had no knowledge whatever of such a person or such a transaction. Mr. Graham becomes attached to the child, and pays every attention to her education which he undertakes himself. In a short time he is presented to a living, and removes to Durham. Years roll on, and Alinda improves in the graces of her person, and the cultivation of her mind. At the age of fifteen she was womanly beyond her years, amiable, gentle, and elegant in her manners. She was besides, as most heroines are, very beautiful. About this time Mrs. Graham and Alinda received an invitation to accompany some friends to the races at Newcastle; and, at one of the assemblies during the race week, Alinda is introduced, and dances with a Mr. Fitzmaurice, an Irish gentleman, who was bringing up to the bar; and lived, when at his studies, in chambers at the Temple. The following will give our readers the character of this Irish Adonis.

'Fitzmaurice was a true Irishman; ardent and energetic in every thing; very susceptible and enslaved by his passions. He studied the *law* it is true, but acknowledged no law that thwarted his inclinations. He cared not for riches, notwithstanding he made use of them. His drafts on his father attested that fact! But he was a darling, and hitherto had met no check from a too indulgent parent. He dashed away, with a gay

groom, and pair of horses, and with an allowance of four hundred a year, spent a thousand.'

Alinda is much entertained by his vivacity.

'He was very handsome, peculiarly humorous, lively, and attentive. Timid as she was, she found no inclination to repel him, or place a bar against his vivacity; it was so good-natured, so gay. His manner of speaking even excited a laugh, from its novelty to her; and the rapidity with which he expressed his drollery, shewed the fervor of his mind, and the velocity of his ideas. "Sure you will dance another set with me, charming Miss Graham," (for Alinda went by the name of her valuable protector, Mr. Graham), said he, "upon my soul I will not be denied. Not a fellow in the room shall be as happy as myself; I would cut his throat if he was. By all that's heavenly! I never was so happy before. You will dance with me, won't you? Ah! those bright consenting eyes speak compliance; ah! you will now! I am sure you will."'

This gentleman gets introduced to the friends with whom Alinda was visiting, and, of course, attends them every where, when he soon declares himself most desperately in love, and presses her to consent to be his. Alinda, though so young, sees the impropriety of his behaviour, and tells him, she is too young and inexperienced to listen to such declarations. Fitzmaurice exclaims in the true *Tipperary* style,

'It is your youth and innocence that *murders* me, artless as a *new-born baby*, yet matured in beauty and discretion. Oh, what an angel wife!' exclaimed he; 'you must be mine—by heaven you must.'

Alinda endeavours to stop him, and tells him that '*Mr. Graham* would be angry, if he knew she encouraged such a theme.' "The d—l take him," cried Fitzmaurice, "what has an old parson to do with youth and love?" "Ah, you don't know him," rejoined Alinda; "he would merit more respect from you if you did." "Why, don't I know his wife, and that's all the same?" replied Fitzmaurice; "sure, the first word she spoke, I saw she was a ninny; so I dosed her up with a potion of flattery, and I saw she sucked it down like flummery: she will never stand in any body's way, I'll engage for that. I should recommend her to study the longitude with all speed, for they say it will be found out by a fool." "Hush, hush," cried Alinda, "I do not allow of this; they are both sacred characters with me, and must not thus be sported with." "No, indeed, and I won't say another word of them," replied he, "for I only live to please you, and to get your promise that you will be mine." "Five years hence, if Mr. Graham pleases," said Alinda. "You had better say five-and-fifty," cried he; "but never mind, an Irishman does not stand upon trifles, Miss

Graham; take your own way, I will be a *match* for you," added he, emphatically.'

This is rather a curious specimen of an Irish courtship; and what few English ladies, we presume, would relish or encourage. Alinda was alarmed; but the next time she saw Fitzmaurice was at the play-house, when he was serious and almost thoughtful. Alinda rejoiced at it—and attended to the performance. A cry of fire suddenly issued from the gallery. In an instant all was confusion and tumult; and Alinda, in endeavouring to escape, fell down and was raised up by Fitzmaurice, who carried her in his arms out of the house, and placed her in a carriage that was waiting at the door of the theatre—and drove off at full gallop.

Our female readers will, we doubt not, by this time, perfectly understand the plot. The alarm of fire was given by Fitzmaurice's servant; and during the confusion his master, after securing Alinda's person, makes the best of his way to Scotland. Whilst on this expedition he implores her to marry him; and at last threatens to destroy himself, if she negatives his request. Alinda renewed her entreaties to be taken back; but, without avail; and finding tears and intreaties useless,

'She calmly met her fate; and when the marriage was solemnized in Scotland, she silently prayed that she might be enabled to keep the contract that had been obtained by such unlawful means.'

Though Fitzmaurice's father was rich, it was necessary, as her husband informed her, to keep their marriage secret for two years, when he should attain his majority; and, as his father lived in Ireland, this was thought very feasible.

The bride and bridegroom return to Durham, where they reside for a short time; but as Fitzmaurice was obliged to go again to London, Alinda returns to her friend and gaardian Mr. Graham. After some months Fitzmaurice is summoned home by his father; and he sends for Alinda to follow him to Ireland. This is a heart breaking affair to poor Alinda, who is in expectation of becoming a mother; and, as she is to be kept in *petto* when she gets there, her prospects are by no means of the most enlivening sort. Fitzmaurice puts her into a dilapidated castle of his father's, some miles from Dublin, where he visits her secretly, and where Alinda is delivered of a son. After this event Alinda sees a paragraph in the newspaper, which announced that sumptuous preparations

were making for the marriage of Charles Fitzmaurice with the beautiful Miss Mongomerie; and she next receives a letter from her husband, with the following development of his views.

'He said he had been ten days confined to his bed with a fever, arising from the anxiety of his mind. He professed to be fonder of her than ever, and that he never would or could forsake her; and in order to secure for her the property of his father, and to prevent being disinherited, he had at length fallen upon an excellent plan, which was to marry Miss Mongomerie, who had also a large fortune, to be paid on her marriage, and to keep his marriage with Alinda a secret, till his father should die; when she must immediately put in her prior claims, which the law would justify, and it would be published to the world that she was his real wife, and her son come in for the succession.'

Our fair heroine now finds herself wedded to a miscreant, void of honour, honesty, or humanity. After some consideration, she determines to fly from him, and write to Miss Mongomerie to warn her of her danger. She goes to Cork attended by her maid Judy, who takes care of her infant, and sets sail for England, determining to hide herself from the search of her abandoned husband. In the mean time Miss Mongomerie, who dislikes Fitzmaurice, makes her escape in the disguise of a youth from her father's house, and embarks in the same vessel for England with Alinda, when seeing the name of Fitzmaurice on Alinda's trunks after their arrival in Devonshire, where the vessel puts in, she makes herself known; and a mutual confidence and friendship are the result. These two ladies agree to take up their abode in a small cottage which they hire near the little harbour of Ilfracombe. We must pass over the many circumstances and events which occur during their residence in this place, which are very interesting and pleasing, particularly their acquaintance with the Molineux family.

After some time had elapsed, Fitzmaurice dies. Alinda writes to his father, and states her marriage and the claim which her son has on his protection, &c. Mr. Fitzmaurice is at first unwilling to believe the marriage valid; but, on enquiry, he acknowledges Alinda as his daughter-in-law; and receives her son as his grand-child.

Alinda again returns to Ireland; and, on the first interview with the father of her husband, fancies she sees in him the stranger who committed her to the care of Mr. Graham. The shock is so great, that, for a time she is deprived of her reason; but, on her recovery, she learns

from an old domestic that Fitzmaurice, her father-in-law, is her uncle, who had deprived her of her fortune by giving out that she died at school in England; and that having had a false funeral imposed upon the world, he had seized the property of his niece.

Such is the old Fitzmaurice's desperate character that Alinda dared not disclose to him she has discovered her birth; and, though he treats her with kindness, it does not lessen her misery.

'These splendid rooms, these daily feasts, these far-sought luxuries,' said she to her friend Miss Mongomerie, 'suit not me; the acrid features of Fitzmaurice poison them all; and yet he strives to unbend them towards me; but his smile seems like a mask; it is not his natural face; the vizor does not fit; and he appears only to hold it up before him in disguise.'

Fitzmaurice, at length, proposes that Alinda should marry a Russian prince who had fallen in love with her; and, on her refusal, he shuts her up in a ruined tower. From this place she is making her escape, when she discovers her uncle who, in a struggle with his servant whom he had confined also in the same tower, had accidentally broken a blood-vessel. On the sight of his danger her own safety is thought of no more; and she waits upon him with all that tenderness with which a noble mind ministers to the sufferings of a fellow creature. Fitzmaurice, however, conveniently dies; and declares her his niece whom he had so cruelly injured.

This is a slight sketch of the story, omitting all the love-*business* between Miss Mongomerie and Lord Hazelford, and Alinda and Sir Herbert Molineux. The following description of the management of an Irish gentleman's household will, perhaps, be amusing to our readers, and teach our fair friends economy in domestic concerns. When the haughty Lady Molineux paid a visit to her husband's relations in Ireland,

'Mrs. Dalton perceiving that her ladyship grew weary, she conducted her to the rooms that were prepared to receive her, which were not very uncomfortable, as every room in the house had subscribed a something to decorate them. On observing her ladyship look round, Mrs. Dalton asked if any thing were wanting. "No," said her ladyship, almost in tears, "but who could exist in this place without breaking their heart?" "O, that is the last thing I should think of," said Mrs. Dalton, gayly. "I have been fifteen years at Balgoney and never was sad, and yet I was a smart girl when I came first. At eighteen I married Dalton, with a nominal property of two thousand a year; though somehow we can make out but eight hundred; but what of that?

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I am as happy as the day I married. I never go to a town because I can't afford it; but I have neighbours enough, and I have ten children and twenty servants, so that we have a town in ourselves, and I have my coach and my car, and am looked up to as the queen of the country." "A coach and a car, and twenty servants," exclaimed her ladyship, "upon only eight hundred a year, with ten children to feed and maintain, 'tis out of the nature of things!" "Wait awhile, and I will tell you," said Mrs. Dalton. "In the first place, the coach is an heir loom with the estate; and by the help of the blacksmith and good strong ropes it serves at particular times. The car is what we use to bring the turf from the bogs; on which, when we go abroad, we put a palliase and feather bed; then I and the elder girls set ourselves at ease, singing and laughing merrily, and if we roll off the laugh is louder, as no harm can arise from the tumble. As to servants we might keep a hundred of them, as the butter we export yields more butter-milk than feeds the servants and the pigs; potatoes we not only grow, but export, as well as feed the family upon; for my children rarely taste of meat, and habit makes them prefer the lighter food. When I have a young one, which sometimes happens once a year, off it goes the moment 'tis born, and I send as many bags of potatoes as there are children in the nurse's family, or more if it is required, while my child stays with her; a bag of oatmeal now and then is an extra present for good care of my bantling. At four years old I take it home, and send it for a month to my infirmary, (for we all of us have a room of that kind) there my old nurse purifies the child from the *irruption* it is sure to contract when it first goes off, which is a thing of course, and thought wholesome amongst us; when cleansed I take to it, and let it loose without shoes, stockings, or hat, till it is ten years old: and finer creatures you never beheld than my whole brood. I am very proud of them, and would shew them off with any ten in the kingdom. My farm supplies me with every thing, and I would not change situations with any one, bad as you think it is." "Astonishing," cried her ladyship, "but how will you educate these brats, and put them into the world?" "They must take their chance," replied Mrs. Dalton. "They can most of them write and read, as our butler stands schoolmaster, and Dalton inspects their progress; and they sing and dance intuitively." "The butler! how has he time to give lessons?" asked her ladyship. "O my dear soul," cried Mrs. Dalton, "he is every thing; schoolmaster, coachman, salter of beef and pork, that is, he is the principal in every thing; for he has so many to command, that I may add, he is house-steward and overseer; and when company are in the house, add butler to the list of his occupations." "What a treasure is this man," said her ladyship; "I never heard of the like, what will my English coxcombs think of this? what a lesson for them."

The lively character of Judy, the Irish servant, who at-

tends upon Alinda, very much contributes to enliven the whole; and is one of the best and most natural characters in the book.

ART. VIII.—*Essais Historiques et Critiques sur la Marine de France, de* 1661 *a* 1789, *par un ancien Officier de la Marine Royale de France.* Londres: Se trouve chez les principaux Libraires. 1813.

THESE essays on the French marine from 1661 to 1789, or from the death of Cardinal Mazarine to the Revolution, appear to be the performance of an officer of the navy in the time of the monarchy, of considerable ability, experience, and observation. He makes a variety of sensible remarks on the maritime affairs of France during the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI; and criticizes the state of the French navy, with the causes of its increase or decline, its excellencies or defects, during those important portions of European history.

Between the year 1661 and 1789, the French navy experienced great vicissitudes and alterations. It was both created and destroyed, and created and destroyed again. After the peace of 1763, Louis XVI paid great attention to the French navy; and in the next war, after the fleet of France was combined with that of Spain, it became almost doubtful whether the English or their enemies were the sovereigns of the ocean. The French and Spaniards had at least a numerical superiority; and, in 1779, they were masters of the channel and threatened a descent on the coast of Devonshire.

In his introduction the author examines the causes of the difference between the maritime prosperity of England and of France.

'The construction of the French ships,' says he, 'is superior to that of the English; and I think that the officers of the French marine have more theoretical knowledge than their rivals. The difference which exists, notwithstanding their vicinity, in the climate of the two kingdoms, in their productions and their geographical situation, appears to me the first cause which has operated on the state of their marine. France produces more than sufficient for the consumption of its inhabitants. Its climate is generally mild, but varied, and even hot in some of the provinces. This favours the growth of a great variety of productions, the low price of which places them within the reach of the lower orders of the people, whilst the large quantity ren-

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ders them objects of an advantagous export. In England the temperature is equally moderate, but it is not sufficiently varied to ripen many fruits; and it is only at great expense that she procures those objects which go beyond the necessaries of life. England does not even grow all the corn which is necessary for her consumption; and, in this respect, is obliged to have recourse to foreigners. Her metals and her wool are the only natural productions which she can export. The coasts of France and its geographical position are less happily disposed for commercial and maritime aggrandizement. France indeed possesses the advantage of having good ports in the Mediterranean, and on the ocean; but, to unite the squadrons which are fitted out in those different stations, is always a tedious operation and liable to be interrupted by the enemy. The ports which are in the north of Britanny are fettered in their commercial proceedings in time of war. England, placed at the entrance of the German Ocean, appears invited to keep the keys. Her coasts which are more than twice as extensive as those of France were in 1789, abound with excellent harbours, several of which are fit for arsenals, and the communication between which is not interrupted by any foreign localities. But the difference, which exists in the maritime prosperity of these two powers, is more the effect of their social institutions than of any other cause. The spirit of nations has, at all times, been subject to the influence of these institutions. It was that influence which produced the great actions of the Greeks and the Romans; hence in India the peaceable Hindoos have been subdued by the followers of Mahomet, whilst the Europeans rule over both; and hence the Tartars, who are at once pastoral and military, still preserve their independence.'

In his observations on the war from 1778 to 1783, the author says that Louis XVI was principally induced to engage in it in order to restore the honour of his marine. 'This,' says he, 'was also the wish of France.' The commerce of France was certainly better protected in this than in former wars; but its most unfortunate result was, that it brought on the Revolution, which destroyed both the monarch and the monarchy; and led, in its consequences, to the temporary annihilation of the French commerce and marine.

The author makes some good remarks on the policy of having a body of seamen in constant readiness to man the navy. He recommends with respect to the navy the imitation of the mode which some governments have adopted with respect to their army. 'In time of peace they reduce the number of soldiers in every company, whilst they preserve the officers and non-commissioned officers entire.'

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Hence, when a war breaks out, they know that the example, the discipline, and conversation of the old soldiers will soon produce discipline and excite enthusiasm in the new. The author thinks that a similar advantage would result to the navy, if the government would keep constantly in its pay a certain number of mariners of all kinds, equivalent to about a fifth of the crews which man the royal navy. The sailors, whom they selected for the purpose, should be those who have given proofs of most nautical skill, or who may perform the functions of gunners, sail-makers, carpenters, caulkers, or steersmen. This establishment would more than defray its own expence by the various useful works relative to the marine in which it might be employed both at home and abroad in time of peace; and by the facility which it would afford for equipping the fleet in time of war.

The observations, which the author makes on naval promotion, and on the means of preventing it from being influenced by favour rather than by merit, are not unworthy of consideration even in this country, though more particularly applicable to the state of the old French marine.—It is difficult indeed in any system, however judiciously regulated, to exclude the interposition of favour to the prejudice of merit; but this may always be effected in a great degree; and perfection is more to be desired than to be expected, and rather to be sought than to be obtained in any human institutions.

In his remarks on the minister of marine, or first lord of the admiralty, he says, with great truth, that very different talents are requisite in those who are at the head of the naval administration, and those which are required in the captain of a ship or the admiral of a fleet. A sea-officer should be acquainted with that variety of details which relate to the structure, equipment, and management of a ship, &c. but a first lord of the admiralty should consider things more in the mass, and should embrace in one grand view the protection of the coast, of the commerce, and of the colonies of a country. He should discern at a glance the situation where the enemy is most vulnerable; he should be intimately acquainted with the whole force in men, and ships, and money, which are at his disposal; the countries from which he can best procure the naval stores of which he is in need; and the dispositions of neutral powers. The knowledge indeed which is requisite for a naval officer and for a first lord of the admiralty is of a very different kind. Hence there are few good admirals

who make good first lords of the Admiralty. More of the minutiæ of nautical detail are requisite in the one, and more sagacity of political observation, or extent of political intelligence are necessary in the other.

Under the head of '*Tactiques*,' the author gives the result of his observations on the events of the American war. The cannon decide the fate of engagements at sea; and the advantage must be in favour of him who can discharge the greatest weight of shot in the same space, or whose guns take the surest aim. A ship, which is in chase of another, ought to endeavour to shoot away its masts in order to overtake it. The ship, which is compelled to fly, should endeavour to do the same. But, with the exception of these circumstances, the author says that we ought to fire at the hull of an enemy, since it is only by dismounting his guns, and killing his gunners, that we can silence his fire; and, till her fire is silenced, no ship should surrender. In an engagement of two ships, when one of them shoots away the masts of her adversary, she may hope to take an advantageous position either fore or aft; and do her much mischief without being exposed to the chance of receiving any in return. But as it is difficult to deprive a ship of its masts so as to render it ungovernable, the attempt is usually a loss of shot and time, whilst the fire may, with more effect, be directed at the hull.

In the section of the work entitled '*Colonies*,' the author remarks that the European, born under the temperate zone, seems adapted to inhabit all parts of the globe. His industry, combined with his science, furnishes him with the means of resisting the equatorial heat and the polar cold. And, wherever he forms an establishment, we see him live, increase, and prosper, notwithstanding the obstacles by which the establishment is opposed, when it is directed by ability and skill. It is a matter of curious speculation whether the whole world will not be finally peopled by Europeans. That portion of it, which is denominated America, will certainly in the end be entirely peopled by nations of European origin. European colonies have at present almost effaced the aboriginal inhabitants; and it is more than probable that they will at last entirely disappear. But it is not so certain that the tide of population which, in the beginning, passed from Asia into Europe, will experience an inverse direction, and be rolled from the remotest west to the farthest east. Europeans have more energy, both mental and corporeal,

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than the Asiatics; and if European colonies should ever become very numerous in the East Indies, we believe that the native population would gradually vanish, or be swept away.

The author states it as his opinion that the emancipation of South America will finally be fatal to the West India islands, whose wealth depends upon the cultivation of the sugar cane.

'This plant,' says he, 'requires only a moderate heat, which is generally found up to the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, and consequently in a zone greater than half the habitable globe. Here the proprietors, not being obliged to employ large capitals in order to procure labourers, will be able to sell their product at a much lower price. The sugars of Mexico are already sold cheaper at new York than those of Jamaica. Though the consumption of this article became almost indispensable from the number of uses to which it is applied, yet it is limited in its extent in Europe; and it will experience successive diminutions of price in proportion as the improvement of the roads shall facilitate the exportation; and when Europeans, by importing it directly from the territory of Mexico, shall encourage the augmentation of the commodity in that part of the world.'

The mighty establishment of the English in the East Indies excites the surprize and admiration of the author. It is indeed the most singular phenomenon in the history of colonization. What indeed can be more extraordinary than to behold comparatively only a handful of Europeans in the pay of a company of merchants, rule over an immense territory, and hold in subjection sixty millions of inhabitants! This mercantile company, whatever may be the obloquy which it has experienced, or the violence with which it has been reviled, must certainly have exhibited talents of no common kind; and indeed a degree of policy and of wisdom which has not often been surpassed, to have obtained such a prodigious sovereignty in opposition to the will of the natives, and of the jealous hostility of the other European nations.

In his concluding remarks the author says that, when we consider the history of the French marine, we are struck by the facility with which that kingdom has continually repaired its losses by the simple expedient of order and economy. Hence he infers that France, by the great riches of its soil, ought principally to attend to its agricultural prosperity, and to pay no more attention to commerce than what is necessary to give an increased value to its territorial productions. Though Louis XIV. had a

navy to create, yet in 1675 he obtained a superiority over the combined fleets of Spain and Holland; and in 1690 over those of England and Holland. But the great number of enemies, which his ambition had excited towards the conclusion of his reign, exhausted his resources, and annihilated his marine. Cardinal Fleury, who was minister in the first part of the reign of Louis XV. did not give much attention to the French navy, though he greatly benefited his country by his economical and pacific administration. In the war of 1740 the united navies of France and Spain were too weak to contend long against that of this country; and at the re-establishment of peace in 1748, France was without ships, money, or credit. But, in 1756, the navy of France was again in sufficient force to excite the maritime jealousy of this country; though at the peace in 1763, France, owing to the loss of her North American colonies, was in a worse state than at the preceding peace. In 1778 the French navy became again superior to that contempt, which amongst nations is produced by weakness; and, combined with the Spanish fleet, it at least showed that it was not incapable of a formidable rivalry with that of this country. Thus we cannot but be struck by the remark which the author has made on the rapidity with which France has repaired her immense maritime losses in the short intervals of repose which the wars of the last century and a half have allowed; and which, if we except the long peace during the administration of Fleury in France, and of Sir Robert Walpole in England, have indicated rather a cessation of actual hostilities than the security of undissembled repose, in which *the spirit of peace* presides at the helm of nations. In the year 1789 the following is supposed to have been the relative force of the different maritime powers in Europe.

England - - -	120	ships of the line.
France - - -	80	ditto
Spain - - - -	60	ditto
Russia - - -	40	ditto
Holland - - -	30	ditto
Sweden - - -	23	ditto
Denmark - -	18	ditto

Thus we see that, at this period, the navies of France and Spain had, at least, a numerical superiority to that of this country; and that, though England was far superior to any one of the maritime powers, her maritime supremacy was more ambiguous and disputable than it has since

been. The revolutionary war has hardly left any navy in Europe but that of this country; and the English fleet has become paramount, not only by the annihilation of that of other nations, but by a great positive addition to its strength. France certainly at present possesses greater resources for building ships than at any former period of her history; and though she cannot so readily make sailors as she can construct ships, yet there is little doubt but that, whatever form her government may hereafter assume, or however her present overgrown power may ultimately be reduced, it is so probable as to be almost certain that she will again emerge into a naval power of considerable magnitude. The author thinks that, as the wealth of France is rather agricultural than commercial, she ought not to aspire to the sovereignty of the ocean, but rather to the attainment of that degree of maritime strength which might render her an efficacious arbiter in the disputes of other naval powers. But we must exterminate the spirit of ambition, which has so long predominated in the French councils in every reign, and under every species of government, before we can expect that those who administer the affairs of that country, will make it their object to render France the great mediator of peace, and the efficacious barrier against those continual wars which she, more than any other power, has been the means of fomenting in the world. This spirit of ambition is, in the present period, more than ever vigorously active in the cabinet of the Thuilleries.

ART. IX.—*Leaves of Laurel; or, new probationary Odes for the vacant Laureatship. Collected and Edited by Q. Q. and W. W.* Becket and Porter, 1813: Twenty-four Pages.

WE were so much out in our judgment on a little work entitled 'Rejected Addresses,' which, at the time of reviewing it, we supposed to contain the genuine productions of those bards whose initials appeared at the head of the several performances, but which we have since understood to be a most impudent, though certainly a very witty, forgery, that we must be cautious how we advance on a ground so similar as that which is presented to us under the form of the present compilation. In the first place, then, *it is certainly not true*, (and we speak thus positively in consequence of having made the most labo-

rious enquiries in quarters the most unexceptionable) that Mr. Grimaldi was the judge, or Sadler's Wells the place, appointed for the choice of poet laureat. This, with some impatient critics, may be sufficient to throw discredit *en masse* on the whole of the present collection. But we have thought it our duty to examine the pieces it contains, one by one, and, without making any quotations, (which, from works so very small, would be to copy the whole book), shall briefly state which of them are, in our opinion genuine, and which not so, together with the general reason that has influenced us in each particular instance on a diligent examination of the internal evidence.

First then, 'Pye of Pinner, or the Suburban Cottage,' we should pronounce *not genuine*. It does not bear sufficient marks of that laboured inversion and tortuosity of expression, which so eminently distinguish the exquisite poem of Gertrude. 'The Pleasures of Poetry' *may be* Mr. Rogers's, though we cannot pronounce that *it is*. We can only say, the lines possess all his sweetness and harmony, without any depth of thought sufficient to make us doubt. 'The Lay of the Last Laureat' is by no means equal to Mr. Scott, except the comparison of the moon, that

> ——— 'half-hid, and half displayed,
> Shows like warm blush of Highland maid,
> But, redder as it gleams through Heaven,
> Blushes like sinner unforgiven,'

which must be allowed to be extremely like some of his most splendid passages. We should not have been disposed to allow my Lord B. the credit of 'Man was made to Mourn,' not because it is *unlike*, but because it is *too like* certain well known passages of Childe Harold, and we could not have supposed his lordship so decided a plagiarist from himself. But there is one line in the composition that has determined us in favour of its genuineness. It is the answer to the question, 'What is Man?'

> 'His fast how long, his feast how short in span,
> *Bairam three weeks, to four months' Rhamazan.*'

'Middlesex Melodies by T. M.' is a close parody upon one of Mr. Moore's own Irish melodies, and therefore we should say *not genuine*. Nevertheless, it is full of spirit. The sonnet by the Rev. W. L. B. bears marks of identity that incline us to a different judgment. 'The Parish Poet,' by the Rev. G. C. is not very characteristic of its alleged author, and we pronounce it accordingly, but a scurvy

imitation. We say the same of Coleridge's 'Resurrection Tragedy,' and Southey's 'Blessings of a Sinecure.' 'The Monk and the Stranger' we also think far beneath the horrific dignity of Mr. Lewis. But there are two pieces on which our opinion is decidedly the reverse, and we will never trust our own judgments again, if Mr. Wordsworth denies 'Hush-a-bye, Baby'—and Mr. Spencer, the whimsical but spirited little composition entitled, 'a Poem on several Subjects.'—We have just room for the first of these 'undoubted originals,' and produce it accordingly.

'A child so small, I cannot tell
How small she was indeed,
Met me, while walking in the dell,
That's nigh to Pinner mead.
She pull'd me by the coat, and oh!
She look'd as if she wish'd I'd go,
Where stood a cottage in the lane
That borders upon Pinner plain.
I went with her—and then she said,
"The poet laureat, Pye, is dead."
Ah me! I answer'd sad; and so
We reach'd the little house of woe.
The wicker gate was open'd wide,
The flowers were trodden down beside;
It look'd, as if some friend had past
Eager on P—e to look his last.
I know not—but I heaved a sigh—
The little child stood weeping by.
We enter'd at the cottage door,
And saw the man who was no more,
That child—I never will forsake her,
Though sneer'd at by the undertaker.'

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*Usefulness the great Object of the Christian Ministry. A Sermon preached at Worship Street, Finsbury Square, Sunday Morning, August* 15, 1813, *on the Decease of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, who died July* 26, 1813, *in the fortieth Year of his Settlement at Salter's Hall, and in the Sixty-first Year of his Age. With a complete List of the Subjects discussed at the Wednesday Evening Lecture, held at Salter's Hall, for Fifteen succeeding Winters. By John Evans, A. M.* London: Sherwood, 1813, 8vo. 2s.

THIS is an affectionate tribute to the memory of a worthy man and a Christian minister of considerable talents and ex-

emplary worth. Mr. Evans has done ample justice to the intellectual, moral, and religious character of his departed friend. He has not meted out to him a niggardly, or scanty portion of praise; but still we are far from thinking that he has praised him more than he deserved. The talents of Mr. Worthington appear to have been admirably calculated both to impress and to move his audience. His great characteristic was that earnestness, which is the result of undissembled sincerity; and, where the preacher is thus earnest, it is almost impossible for his hearers to be listless. The two specimens which Mr. Evans has adduced of Mr. Worthington's pulpit eloquence, are very forcible and animated.

ART. 11.—*Letters to the Rev. John Pye Smith, D. D. on the Sacrifice of Christ; occasioned by his Sermon, preached March* 11, 1813, *before the Patrons and Students of the Protestant Dissenting Academy at Homerton. By W. J. Fox.* London, Johnson, 1813, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THESE letters are seven in number, and on the following topics.—'I. On Sacrifices in general.—II. On the application of sacrificial language to the death of Christ.—III. Propositions implied in the doctrine of satisfaction.—IV. Inconsistencies connected with the doctrine of satisfaction.—V. Scriptural evidence for the doctrine of salvation by the free grace of God.—VI. Comparison of the moral tendency of the doctrines of satisfaction and free grace.—VII. Miscellaneous Observations.'

The author first disputes the description which Dr. Smith had given in his sermon of the nature, objects, and end of ancient sacrifices; and he shows that the account of Dr. S. is not sufficiently comprehensive. The author particularly combats the notion of Dr. Smith, that sacrifices were designed as symbols or representations of the death of Christ. Sacrifices were not merely acts of supplication, but of thanksgiving; and they consisted not merely of animal, but of vegetable offerings.

'In the whole compass of sacred history, from Adam to Moses, and from Moses to Malachi, we meet with no trace of any known connection between sacrifices and the vicarious sufferings of the promised Messiah. Ceremonial observances are brought into contrast with holiness of heart and life frequently, with a future and more valuable sacrifice, never.'

'Your hypothesis,' continues Mr. Fox, in another place, 'that the ancient sacrifices were designed representations of the death of Christ, has then to struggle with the following difficulties: being vegetable as well as animal, it obviously was not the general principle on which they were founded; their origin is unrecorded, and consequently their design is incapable of direct proof; the patriarchs, who offered them acceptably, do not appear to have been conscious of any such reference; it is unsupported by the Levitical institutions; no mention of it occurs in the pious meditations of holy men of those ages; and when

they are represented as comparatively worthless, it is uniformly in reference, not to a future and greater sacrifice, but to moral obedience.'

In Letter II. Mr. Fox shows, that the passages in Scripture relative to the effects of Christ's death are applied to the moral influences of that event. As sacrifices constituted such a large part of the ancient Mosaic ritual, and had consequently very generally affected the theological idiom of the Jews, it would have been a sort of prodigy, as it would have been a deviation from the great law of the association of ideas, if Jewish writers, in speaking of the New Dispensation of Christ, had not mingled what they said with the phraseology to which they had been early accustomed in the school of Moses. But it is very remarkable how much less the language of Christ, in speaking of his improved scheme of religion, is tinctured with the idiom of the Jewish law, than that of St. Paul. The latter is for ever accommodating the Jewish phraseology to Christian notions; and has hence contributed not a little to perplex modern commentators in their explanations of the Christian doctrine.

The author of these letters argues very legitimately in Letter III. that if we admit 'the doctrine of *Satisfaction*,' we must 'admit the consequences which may be fairly deduced from it, and the premises upon which it rests.'

The author thus begins his fourth letter to Dr. Smith.

'A house divided against itself cannot stand; nor can a system of doctrines. If it can be shown that yours is inconsistent with itself, it will at least prove that a part of it must be relinquished: it will prove that, considered as a whole, it is not the system of divine revelation.

'The first contradiction which offers itself to notice is that, on your system, God *pardons* and *punishes* the *very same offence*. Christ has borne the guilt and punishment of believers, and yet they are said to be forgiven. A debt is only once payable: a crime only once punishable. Let the principle of substitution be admitted; still the sinner cannot be required to suffer both in his surety and his own person. If another for him has discharged the debt, sustained the curse, he need not implore his deliverance of the mercy of God, but may demand it from his justice. When a man tells me that God has forgiven his sins, and in the same breath, that Christ endured, in his stead, the punishment of those sins, he makes two assertions, either of which may perhaps be correct, but which cannot both be true.'

We adduce the following as another specimen of the manner in which Mr. Fox argues with his antagonist.

'You have laboured hard to show that, although when Christ, who was God, suffered, God, who was Christ, did not suffer, yet the Divinity was not unconnected with those sufferings. What is the result of your exertions? That although only the human nature of the Messiah could suffer, yet that "all the acts and

sufferings of that human nature, by reason of its union with the divine, come under a *relative consideration* very different from that which similar acts and sufferings could have in any mere man." This union between the divine and human natures either was such as to preserve to each its separate consciousness, in which case it was the same in kind, though superior in degree, to that which the prophets possessed: or it must have given them but one individual consciousness; and if so, the Deity suffered. On the latter supposition your "relative consideration" will not apply; on the former, it will not be peculiar to Christ.'

'It is as necessary to the constitution of a human person that he should not have infinite knowledge, as that he should have rational powers. He who has the first is God; he who has not the latter may be a brute; neither can be properly a man. If Christ were God he could not be properly a man. If he were not man, he could not, on your own principles, make satisfaction to divine justice for the sins of men.'

We have not room for farther notice of this work; but the good sense merits our approbation. The rational Christian will be pleased by the perusal; and it may help to edify those who are irrational.

ART. 12.—*A Sermon on the Text of St. Matthew, Chap. 22, V. 21. Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's; preached in the Bavarian and Spanish Catholic Chapels, London, on Sundays the Second and Ninth of May, 1813. By the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, Author of the Two Letters to Dr. Marsh. Printed by request.* London, Keating, 1813, 4to. 1s.

IN this sermon, Mr. Gandolphy has marked out the line of separation between the spiritual jurisdiction of the church and the civil power of the state. The reverend author disclaims the infallibility of the pope with as much zeal as any Protestant could wish. 'Popes,' says he, 'are but individual members of the church, and no ways privileged against the common passions or failings of human nature, which will find their way to the sanctuary as well as to the throne. There is no article of the Catholic faith which teaches that Popes are either immaculate, or infallible. Sinners like ourselves, my Brethren, they have even been deposed by the church of which they formed the head.' All this is so far right, and as it should be. But Mr. Gandolphy proceeds as follows. 'It is not to Popes exclusively, my Brethren, I wish you clearly to understand me, but to the Universal Church, *to the body of its pastors, whether collected or dispersed, that we look for infallibility in doctrine.*' Now the sagacious author must certainly be aware that, if no pastor of the church, singly, be exempt from error, all the pastors put together cannot be infallible. Infallibility cannot arise out of a congregated mass of fallible persons. Where a church or council is fallible individually, it cannot be infallible in the

aggregate. The more fallible persons you bring together to decide on any particular doctrine, you do not proportionally diminish the chances of a wrong decision. As no church, therefore, whether Romish or Protestant, has or can have any infallible mode of determining what doctrines are true, and what false, this proves the necessity of allowing the right of private judgment, in matters of theological opinion. This right is the GREAT CHARTER OF PROTESTANTISM; and it matters not whether it be taken away by a pope, or a council, or an assembly of Divines, or a body of articles. Where it is not allowed without limitation or restraint, there PROTESTANTISM may exist in name, but the reality is vanished; and the substance gone. But to return to Mr. Gandolphy. We entirely assent to what he says about the loyalty of the Catholics in the worst of times; and though we do not coincide with him in opinion respecting the infallibility even of a General council, yet we respect him as a Catholic for the following declaration.

'Had the Pontiff himself, however, landed, you will say, upon our shores, as a priest, and a Catholic, would you have dared to resist his mandate? The very child that learns his catechism can distinguish for you, my Brethren, between the spiritual and temporal authorities of the Pope;—the one essential to the character of Chief Pastor, the other merely accidental. I answer, therefore, *my duty would have taught me to preach up opposition against him, as an enemy to my sovereign and country: and had I been a Catholic prince, I would have carried war to the very gates of his capital.* But there, though I behold him, by the fate of war, despoiled of all princely dignity and confined in a dungeon, still would I revere him as the vicar of Jesus Christ and the Universal Head of the Universal Church.'

As far as the Protestant adheres to the fundamental principle of the large denomination of Christians to which he belongs, the leading difference between him and the Catholic is, that the first forms his creed upon inquiry; and the last takes it upon trust. The one acknowledges no guide in matters of faith but his own reasonable conviction; the other abandons his belief to the decisions of a general council. The one is governed more by reason, the other by authority. But, in proportion as intellectual improvement becomes more diffused and scriptural knowledge more general, we trust the Catholic will more and more assimilate to the Protestant, in allowing the right of private judgment even in matters of faith, and of taking for his motto in matters of theological opinion as well as in opinions of other kinds,

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

ART. 13.—*A Letter to the Rev. T. Watson; occasioned by his Pamphlet entitled "Evangelical Principles exemplified." By George Young.* London, Baynes, 1813, 8vo. 1s.

THIS rejoinder of Mr. Young, like his former work, exhibits much force and causticity of remark. But, as the true spirit of

religion is not one of strife but of peace and good will, we are always sorry to see theological controversy degenerate into any thing like personal altercation.

POETRY.

ART. 14.—*The Shannon and the Chesapeake, a Poem.* London, Cradock, 1813.

THE glorious conduct of the Shannon in the engagement with the Chesapeake is well worthy of being celebrated in verse. If Tyrtæus had been living, he could hardly have chosen a subject of more resplendent heroism for his song. The present writer has not the energy of the Græcian bard; but he has some merit in attempting, what he has failed in executing so successfully as we could wish.

ART 15.—*Gaul, King of Ragah, a Tragic Drama, in Three Parts.* London, Rickman, 1813.

This is 'the first effort of an *infant* muse, on the side of religion and virtue.' As the age of the writer is so tender and the intention so good, we shall not stay to cavil at particular defects, but shall regard the performance, like the buds of spring, as the promise both of flowers and fruit. But, if the author composes more tragedies, we would recommend him not to let them jingle in rhyme. The flimsiness of the French language cannot support the dignity of blank verse; nor can an English tragedy well be written so as to interest, if it be written in rhyme. Rhyme gives to dialogue, at least in our language, too much the appearance of burlesque for the seriousness and pathos of the Tragic muse.

ART. 16,—*The Rival Chiefs; or, The Battle of the Boyne, a Poem, in Six Books.* London, Underwood, 1813.

TO those who love jingling verse, and, at the same time, do not care much about the absence of sense, we beg leave to recommend the Battle of the Boyne. The author pays Mr. Walter Scott the compliment of taking Marmion for his model; and he also tells us, at the close of his introduction, that he dedicates his poem to the 'Sweet Minstrel of the North." We very much doubt whether the Northern Minstrel will thank the author of the Battle of the Boyne for the favour of dedicating to him such a farrago of dulness and insipidity. We must confess, that for our own parts we should not feel much gratified by such mark of the author's admiration and esteem.

ART. 17.—*Blümchen der Einsamkeit. Von Christian Ludwig Reissig, Rittmeister der K. K. Oesterreichischen armee, &c. &c.* London, Boosey, 1813, 12mo,

THESE are very pretty poems, and will prove an acceptable

present to the readers of German. They are easy and unaffected; and exhibit much delicacy of sentiment and expression, without insipidity or extravagance.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*The Curate and his Daughter, a Cornish Tale. By Elizabeth Isabella Spence, Author of Summer Excursions; A Caledonian Excursion; The Nobility of the Heart; The Wedding Day, &c. &c., in 3 Vols.* London: Longman, 1813.

Miss SPENCE has given us a very interesting little history in 'the Curate and his Daughter,' from which a moral may be deduced which will be found of no small service to many young women of a romantic turn of mind, or a too sensitive heart, who frequently lay the foundation of their own future discomfort, if not ruin, by yielding with too little consideration to what is called a *first impression*. Blinded by passion, they perhaps forsake a parent's for a lover's arms, before they well know their own hearts or the disposition of the man to whom, with improvident rashness, they confide their future destiny.

This story ends very happily; and just as it should do, except that we are not quite satisfied with the destination of so agreeable and gentlemanly a personage as Sir Charles Dashwood. And we feel almost inclined to quarrel with Miss Spence, for making the most sensible and deserving man of her party wear the willow. This is not just; this is not generous; and, therefore, we do advise, that Miss Spence will again draw upon the well-furnished bank of her fancy, and, in another tale, produce an amiable and accomplished young woman that will prove an agreeable help-mate for the discarded Baronet, who is sighing away his soul in the island of Madeira.

Miss Spence has interspersed many judicious and feeling remarks in these little volumes, without making them vapid or dull. She seems aware, as every sensible woman must be, of the danger of making music one of the first points of female education. Sir Charles Dashwood speaks our sentiments, when he answers Mrs. Aldersay's extravagant disquisition on the opera. We shall extract his opinions for the sake of their good sense, as well as a specimen of the work itself.

'I am almost afraid, madam,' said Sir Charles, 'to confess, I should not be sorry to see the opera put down altogether; though I acknowledge, with you, the music is highly grateful to every person of taste; yet, even taste may become vitiated from the prevalence of fashion. The luxury and extravagance of the age are now carried to such excess: we lavishly confer thousands on foreigners and spies, (the hirelings of a most ruthless enemy) whilst our honest men and women are sinking under indigence with fine talents, which rather prove their misfortune for want of adequate encouragement, than, as was intended, their means of

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support. "Is it necessary," continued he, "allow me to ask, to instruct young women of fashion in the accomplishment of music, as if they were to become public performers? Those, of an inferior class, might apply their time to more advantage. I am, at this moment, acquainted with some girls, whose parents are far from rich, that pay Tremazzani a guinea, for only three quarters of an hour, to instruct them to sing, with very ordinary voices; and more than six hours of a day is lavished to the practice of music. What sort of wives do you imagine these women are to make men of moderate fortunes? for, as they are very plain, it cannot be an attraction to any coxcomb of fashion.'

It is a melancholy truth, indeed, that young women are now educated more for show, than for usefulness; and the majority are certainly more fit for performers in a ballet at the Opera House, or for bravura singers at the Hanover-square Rooms, than for sensible companions to their husbands, or for instructive mothers to their children. But things are turned topsy turvy in these days: for, as Mrs. Aldersay exclaims—

'No person of fashion, now, leaves London till August. Don't you know that things are quite reversed? We spend all the winter in the country, and all the summer here. It is perfectly gothic to reside on your own domain; when, formerly, the nobility were so extravagant to keep open house. We are grown wiser in this age: we live only for ourselves; and turn every thing to the best advantage. Our houses, when we don't inhabit them, are let to the highest bidder; no matter whom, if it is but let. Our very carriages we convert into stage-coaches. Nay, the master is so condescending as to drive his own men; and, whilst they are idly rolling at their ease, he endures all the fatigue of coachmanship. I would advise your ladyship to have a dicky-box to your coach, to convey you even out of town. "Never," cried Lady Seyntaubyne, with indignation; "it is my pride to preserve our old fashioned respectable customs. If every person had kept their proper place, we should have had no revolutions in Europe. But equality is a fine thing: we feel the blessed effects of it. I drive my coach and six, and will drive it as long as I live. It becomes the wife of a British nobleman to do so. In my house, you should know the footman from his master, if it had one. None of your servants out of livery, aping gentlemen, nor ladies-maids, drest unbecoming their station. It is an excellent idea of some Scotch Countess, I don't know her name, who dresses all her female domestics in a uniform of tartan stuff. I think when I return into Cornwall, all mine shall wear camblet.'

Such are the different changes which time and fashion have made in our mode of living, though we should not wish to be quite so antiquated as the old Lady Seyntaubyne, nor quite so *outré* as our fashionable four-in-hand of the present day.

Though we were much gratified by the perusal of this per-

formance of Miss Spence, we cannot forbear from expressing our surprise at the numerous typographical errors by which the pages are slurred; and which, we trust, will be corrected in a second edition of her Cornish Tale.

ART. 19.—*Mount Erin, an Irish Tale, in 2 Vols. By Matilda Potter.* London: Souter, 1813, 10s. 6d.

This is the age for Irish tales, and tales of every description. Some merry, some stupid, some horrible, and many vulgar, meet our eye. We have been absolutely overwhelmed with Irish priests, O'Neils, O'Kellys, O'Connors, O'Connels, and half a thousand other great O——s, who all trace their origin from one of the first kings of sweet Ireland, and of course are all famed for deeds of arms, deeds of virtue, and every other deed beside. There is, however, one great resource an author has in writing an Irish story, for if, as may possibly be the case, he now and then feel himself *guilty* of *dulness*, as he proceeds, he has nothing else to do but introduce a blundering Paddy, who is good nature and fidelity personified, and all is right again. In 'Mount Erin,' Miss Potter has very sensibly avoided all national vulgarisms, and has favoured us with a very elegant, pleasing, and interesting little tale.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART 20.—*The Works of Damiano, Ruy-Lopez, and Salvio, on the Game of Chess, Translated and Arranged; with Remarks, Observations, and copious Notes on the Games. Containing also several original Games and Situations by the Editor. To which are added, The Elements of the Art of playing without seeing the Board. By J. H. Sarratt, Author of a Treatise on Chess, and Professor of the Game.* London: Boosey, 1813, 8vo. 12s.

Mr. SARRATT has provided a rich repast for the lovers of chess in the present publication. A translation of the works of Damiano, Ruy-Lopez, and Salvio, will be a very acceptable present not only to the student who is learning, but to them who have attained a considerable proficiency in the knowledge of this interesting game.

ART. 21.—*A Hebrew Grammar in the English Language, by Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey. Editor of Van Der Hooght's Hebrew Bible.* London: Gale 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE author of the present grammar is a convert from Judaism to Christianity. He has been in the habit of teaching Hebrew amongst persons of his own nation; and subsequently amongst Christians. The grammar, which he has now published, is the result of his own professional labours as a teacher; and he says that he has availed himself of the labours of others in the 'Hebrew, Latin, English, and German languages.' Each

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chapter of the grammar is followed by exercises adapted to the preceding rules. This is a useful part of the work. In order to facilitate the pronunciation, the author has shewn how the Hebrew words are pronounced by corresponding sounds in the English.

ART. 22.—*The Age We Live In. A Fragment. Dedicated to every young Lady of Fashion.* London: Lackington, 1813. Price 6s.

THIS fragment is supposed to be the journal of a young lady of fashion who, having sprained her ancle, (we presume in dancing, for her ladyship frequently expresses her fondness for that fashionable exercise) is confined to her dressing-room for a great length of time, which confinement, as we are led to suppose by her account, brings on other complaints which finally put a period to her existence. Her ladyship, being at a loss how to amuse herself, and being tired of the sameness of letter-writing, determines to amuse herself by retracing, in the form of a journal, the events of the last year. The following are her ladyship's notions on the *amusing practice* of duelling.

'Last year, now I think of it, there was a duel, and poor M— was obliged to fly. I declare it was a shame: for M— was the handsomest man in town. His antagonist, by the bye, was a very elegant dancer, and made a charming partner; so that we lost two beaux at once, that, to do them justice, we could very ill spare. That is the worst of duelling. If either happens to be killed you lose the other into the bargain; and in such a case as this it is a serious loss. Now if they would but fight without killing each other, it would be of no consequence at all, I should like a duel every day; for certainly it makes a pleasant stir in the world; or if only the old and ugly ones were to be killed, I should not care; but to take off two such charming men as M— and St. L—, 'tis abominable! I wish somebody would challenge that wretch Sir John, and just take one leg off, and then they would be both out of my way; for if ever I set my heart upon dancing with any particular person, he is sure to come and prevent me. I am determined, if ever my ancle gets well, that I will stand upon ceremony no longer, but refuse him flat at once. There are two or three more frumps, that I should like amazingly to be improved by the help of a bullet or a few shot. For instance, that fop Colonel T—, who likes to hear no one talk but himself; I would pepper one side of his tongue with a little lead, and that would help to steady it, and give more weight to what he says. Lord Charles D— should have his head set straight with a bullet, for he is always twisting it over one shoulder or the other to look at his beautiful eyes in the glass. Sir Francis X— should have the tip of his elbow grazed, just enough to make the joint stiff, and then he could not always be picking his teeth. I would have fingers and

thumbs shot off by hundreds; and then there would be a chance of getting rid of that filthy practice of taking snuff. I am determined never to marry a snuff-taker; of all creatures, they are the most odious. I prefer a monkey to a snuff-taker.—I mean a real monkey; I think they are fifty times more human and civilized; even an ourang-outang is more bearable than a man who takes snuff.'

Her ladyship seems to have a very serviceable idea of duelling. She thinks that, when managed under her ladyship's directions, it would cure those

'of bad habits who were worth mending, and kill those that were not: so that, in the course of time, mankind would be a little bearable. But it should be a penalty for a good dancer to either give or accept a challenge. O, how painful my ancle is! I shall never dance again!"

Amongst the disagreeables of life, of which her ladyship enumerates many, first and foremost on the list, is having a bad pen without being able to mend it. She then communicates the following discovery which she made of a right reverend bishop's accomplishments in this department.

'The Bishop of **** made us a morning call, and hearing me speak of the distress I was in, (for a good pen) his lordship very politely offered to make me one. I was ashamed to refuse, but was in a terrible pucker, lest my writing should look like part of a sermon; but to my joy and surprize, it ran on so glibly, that you would imagine the maker of it had been used to write nothing but notes of compliment all his life. I am determined henceforth always to pick out a bishop to mend my pens, they all visit at our house, that is one good thing; and, though there are some cross ones among them, they will not surely be so uncivil as to refuse a poor invalid, who can move nothing but her fingers. I must spare the near-sighted ones. When I want to write a letter to court, I'll apply to one of their graces; for if a bishop's pen writes so well, what must not an archbishop's do? I should think it would write of its own accord without head or fingers.'

Such are specimens of the above fragment.

ART. 23.—*Delectus sententiarum Græcarum, ad Usum Tironum accommodatus; cum Notulis et Lexico.* Londini: In Ædibus Valpianis; Venit apud Longman. 1813. 12mo.

THIS work is admirably contrived for initiating the young scholar in the knowledge of the Greek language. The sentences are judiciously selected; and the directions and explanations at the end are well adapted to facilitate the improvement of the pupil.

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ART. 24.—*A practical Treatise on the Globes: Containing a most extensive Variety of Problems, number of which are entirely New, Exercises for the Student, Names and Situations of the Constellations, a Catalogue of all the principal Stars, with their Positions newly calculated, and a Description of the different Appearances of the Heavens at every Hour of the Night throughout the whole Year. By W. A. Bellenger, Author of a Dictionary of Idioms, Modern Conversation, Fables, &c.* London: Sherwood, 1813. 12mo. 6s.

Mr. BELLENGER does not make any pretensions to originality in the present treatise; but it is well methodised for the purposes of practical instruction, and the problems are numerous and useful.

ART. 25.—*The whole Duty of Constables, containing Instructions to Constables, petty Constables, Headboroughs, Tything-men, &c. in the several particulars of their Office. By a Magistrate of the County of Norfolk. To which is added, by the same, an Analysis of the Law of Settlements, for the Use of Magistrates, Solicitors, and Parish Officers.* Norwich: Stevenson. London: Scatcherd, 1813, 8vo. 2s.

A CONSTABLE is such an important agent in the subordinate mechanism of society, that his duties cannot be too accurately defined or too generally understood. The magistrate, to whom we are indebted for the present compilation, appears to have collected his information from the best authorities: and he has arranged it in alphabetical order, which is the best for ready reference and easy consultation. The analysis of the law of settlements at the end, is a useful addition to the work.

ART. 26.—*An Essay on Average; and on other Subjects connected with the Contract of Marine Insurance. Dedicated, by permission, to the Committee for managing the Affairs at Lloyd's. By Robert Stevens of Lloyd's.* London: Richardson, 1813. 8vo.

THIS essay treats of a subject of great importance, and involving interests of great variety and magnitude particularly in this country at the present period. Many millions of British property are continually afloat on the ocean, both the owners and the insurers of which are immediately interested in the subject before us; but that subject is, in itself, so intricate and embraces such a variety of details that it would be almost impossible for us to do it justice within the narrow limits of a review. And, indeed, if we were to discuss it at length, it would be almost impossible to render it attractive to any but merchants, ship-owners, or underwriters, for whose instruction it is particularly designed. But though the subject is one of great complexity and embarrassment, we feel it our duty to state that Mr. Stevens has simplified it as much as possible, and explain-

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ed his meaning so as to be intelligible to any moderate capacity. He, who reads this essay, will find that the author has the talent of developing his ideas with great perspicuity and precision, which is particularly necessary in a discussion of this difficult and uninviting kind. We have but few writers on the practice of insurance. We wish that we had more, as the discussion of the subject through the medium of the press, might have served to settle some points which still remain in that state of fluctuating ambiguity which is more favourable to expensive litigation than to the real interests of the merchant and the underwriter.

Insurance branches out into a multiplicity of questions; the discussion of which requires not only a mind well stored with the broad principles of equity, but furnished with great acuteness of intellectual sight and superior nicety of discrimination. To make a code of laws upon the subject so comprehensive, and, at the same time, so minute as to be applicable to every particular case would, as the author suggests, be probably impracticable. But it would be very possible to make a much nearer approximation to fixed and definite rules suited to the mass of individual cases and consequently more adapted for a pacific medium between merchants, ship-owners, and underwriters, than are, at present, established in this country, where they are more requisite than in any other part of the world. Mr. Stevens appears to have bestowed a good deal of pains upon the execution of the present work; nor has he laboured in vain; for it is a valuable performance on the subject of which it treats.

We are equally surprised with Mr. Stevens that the collection of maritime edicts and customs, called *Il Consolato del Mare* of which there are versions in most of the European languages, has not yet been translated into English. A French translation was published in 1808. There is a valuable note of Grotius on this work in his Treatise de Jure Belli ac Pacis, p. 661. Ed Barbeyrac Amstel. 1720.

ART. 27.—*Review of some important Passages in the late Administration of Sir G. H. Barlow, Bart. at Madrass. Comprehending the Details relative to his interference in the Trials of certain Persons convicted of Forgery and Conspiracy in the King's Supreme Court of Judicature at that Presidency. By Charles Marsh, Esq. M. P. Second Edition.* Black, 1813, 8vo. 9s.

WE have not much space to afford to the discussion of the particular merits or defects of Sir G. Barlow's administration at Madrass. But we are still unwilling to pass without all notice the respectable work which Mr. Marsh has produced on particular parts of that administration. To some of these we have adverted in preceding numbers of our Review. Mr. Marsh has

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reprobated the conduct of Sir G. Barlow with great severity; and we must own, that that severity appears to have arisen, as if uninfluenced by less worthy considerations, out of the facts of the case. Acerbity of diction may be the effect of natural temper, but no honest man will let personal enmity incite him to misrepresent facts, or to attack even an adversary with unfounded obloquy and malicious calumnies. No tendency of this kind is apparent in this work of Mr. Marsh; and we give him full credit for not having sacrificed truth to the feeling of indignation.

In reviewing the administration of Sir G. Barlow, the most prominent feature is that part of his conduct, which certainly provoked, though it did not justify the mutiny which took place in the army. Military men are not readily incited to mutiny. They are trained up in habits of unconditional obedience, which they do not easily relinquish; and when men are led to act in direct opposition to long established habits, and to what, in this instance, may be called professional feelings and sentiments, it is an indubitable proof, that the impulse has been more than usually strong, and the excitement of the most violent kind. The mutiny of the army, therefore, at Madrass, would appear, on the first view of it, without taking the particular circumstances of the case into consideration, to reflect blame on the folly or the temerity of the government. But when we come to examine the details of the transaction, to trace the series of aggressions which led to the final catastrophe in the insurrection of of the military, we behold in the measures of the administration at Madrass a tissue of weakness and indiscretion, of precipitation and rashness which naturally influenced, and, indeed, almost necessarily produced the events which followed. A little more pliability of temper, and a little less degree of hauteur on the part of Sir G. Barlow, would probably have prevented the general disgust and resentment amongst the military which were the precursors of their disobedience to the civil power. But when a little mind is invested with power, it is usually actuated by an irritable jealousy of official importance; and whilst it exacts the most minute deference from others, it is not equally prompt in showing any deference to others in return. The character of Sir G. Barlow, as it is thrown out into prominent view from the surface of the transactions which are censured in this work of Mr. Marsh, appears to have been splenetic and intractable. The first act of indiscretion was continually made worse by the pertinacity which led to a second, and so on to a third, till an accumulation of affronts and indignities was heaped on the military, which they, at last, wanted patience to endure. A greater mind than that of Sir G. Barlow would have been more conciliating, for a greater mind would have scorned to exact the minutiæ of deference and respect, over the omission of which an inferior intellect broods, as if the neglect were the annihilation of its dignity or endangered the basis of its power.

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Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in September, 1813.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We received a Letter from Mr. Blair at the beginning of the Month, which we have accidentally mislaid, but in which we believe he requested us to state that the Offer which we mentioned at p. 110 of our Number for July, to print the Rhenish Version of the New Testament to be distributed amongst the indigent Part of the Catholic Body, was not made by what is commonly called The *Bible Society, but by a Society of Independent Protestants.*

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV. OCTOBER, 1813. *No. IV.*

ART. I.—*Letters written in a Mahratta Camp, during the Year* 1809, *descriptive of the Character, Manners, domestic Habits, and religious Ceremonies of the Mahrattas. With Ten coloured Engravings, from Drawings by a Native Artist. By Thomas Duer Broughton, Esq. late Commander of the Resident's Escort at the Court of Scindia.* London: Murray, 1813, 4to. £2. 8s.

WHOEVER wishes to see the interior of a Mahratta camp, may gratify his curiosity by the purchase of this work, without the expence and trouble of a voyage to the peninsula of India. We have perused the account which Mr. Broughton has given of the character, manners, domestic habits, and religious ceremonies of these military vagabonds, called Mahrattas, with no ordinary satisfaction. Mr. Broughton describes what occurred during his continuance amongst them with a clearness and vivacity, which interest the reader as he proceeds; and the narrative is of that simple unaffected kind which strongly impresses us with a conviction that there is no deviation from truth in the details. A propensity to exaggeration seems to form no feature in the character of the writer; and certainly is not in any way visible in his work.

The first letter is dated Kiruolee, Dec. 26, 1808; but we shall not stay to notice any of our author's details till we find him arrived at the camp of Scindia, or, as the name is spelt in the letters, Seend, hiya. In the third

letter we have the following description of a Mahratta camp, which offers a striking contrast to an encampment after the European mode.

'On marching days, the *Beenee Wala,* or quarter-master general, moves off at an early hour; and upon reaching the ground where the army is to encamp, he plants a small white flag, to mark the spot where the tents of the Muha Raj (the title by which any Hindoo prince is commonly designated), are to be pitched; and which collectively are termed *Deooree.* The flags of the different Bazars, or markets, are then fixed as they arrive; always in the same relative situation to each other, and generally in as straight a line as the ground will admit of. The shops called *Dokans,* are pitched in two lines running parallel to each other; and thus form one grand street from the front to the rear of the army. This street often extends from three to four miles; the *Deooree* being situated about three-fourths of the whole length from the front, having only the market called the *Chuoree Bazar* in its rear. The different chiefs encamp to the right and left of the principal street; generally, however, in the neighbourhood of some particular *Bazar.* Their respective encampments are made without the smallest attention to regularity, cleanliness, or convenience: men, horses, camels, and bullocks are all jumbled together in a mass; which mass is surrounded on all sides by others of a similar nature, in a continued series of comfortless confusion. This forms what is termed the *Bura Lushkur,* or main army; and is generally about as many hundred yards in breadth, that is from flank to flank, as it is miles in length from front to rear; thus exactly reversing the order of encampment which obtains in the disciplined armies of Europe. The shops, which compose the *Bazars,* are mostly formed of blankets or coarse cloth stretched over a bamboo, or some other stick for a ridge pole, supported at either end by a forked stick fixed in the ground. These habitations are called *Pals;* and are of all sizes, from three to eight or nine feet high, and proportionally wide and long, according to the circumstances of the owner. Under these miserable coverings not only are the goods exposed for sale, but the family of the shopkeeper resides throughout the year, and for many years together. The wealthiest merchants of the *Bazars* use these *Pals;* but the military men, and others attached to the camp, generally possess a dwelling of a somewhat more comfortable description, regularly made of two or three folds of cloth in thickness, closed at one end, and having a flap to keep out the wind and rain at the opposite one: these are dignified with the name of *Ruotees,* and come nearer to our ideas of a tent. The *Ruotees,* like the *Pals,* are of all descriptions and sizes; and most of the chiefs of the highest rank inhabit them. I do not believe that there

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are, throughout the camp, ten tents fashioned like our European marquees, even including those of the Muha Raj himself.'

The above account will sufficiently prove that the household gods are not much heeded amongst the Mahrattas. Indeed their desultory mode of life is very unpropitious to the growth or culture of the domestic charities. They are unacquainted with the fruition of a cheerful fire or a clean hearth; 'a snug room or the light of a candle.' In the cold weather, during which their sufferings seem to exceed those of the inhabitants of more northern climes, these pugnacious wanderers

'huddle round a miserable fire made of horse or cow dung, or dirty straw collected about their tents; and wrapping themselves up in a coarse blanket or cotton quilt, contrive with the aid of a pipe of bad tobacco, to while away a few hours in listless indolence.'

But others, who despise this sobriety of enjoyment, labour to destroy the vacant hours in sensual excesses of the most disgusting kind.

The great camp of the Mahrattas almost corrupts the air in the vicinity by the fetid exhalations from the carcases 'of horses, bullocks, and camels,' with other nuisances which no one takes the trouble to remove.

The vices of a semi-barbarous people are sometimes on a level with those of a more polished state of society. Thus, for instance, the most refined gambling is not merely confined to the purlieus of St. James's Street in London, or of the Palais-Royal at Paris; but it may be found in the highest perfection in the filthy camp of the Mahrattas. In the camp of these high-minded warriors there is a regularly organized corps called *Shohdas*, commanded by a chief named Fazil Khan, who, in addition to their other honourable functions, have the controul and superintendence of the gambling houses, where they are said to employ all the arts 'of accomplished villany to decoy and impose upon the unwary.'

Whilst our author is encamped near Soopoor, in the month of January, he mentions the weather as extremely cold; and speaks of his enjoying with as much relish as if he had been many degrees nearer to the pole, 'a bottle of old port' 'over a large chafing dish of live coals.'

Before the Mahrattas removed their camp from Soopoor to Kutolee, on the river Parbuttee, Mr. Broughton accompanied the acting resident to an audience of Scindia,

whom they found seated nearly in the centre of a small tent,

'On a large square cushion covered with gold brocade; his back supported by a round bolster, and his arms resting upon two flat cushions; all covered with the same costly material, and forming together a kind of throne, called a *musnud*, or *guddee*. He is turned of thirty; about five feet five inches in height; and inclined to be fat, but not largely made. His complexion is rather dark, and his features agreeable: but his whole appearance strongly indicates a debauchee; and, in so doing, does not, most certainly, belie him. He was dressed very plainly, in a purple turban, an old yellow silk robe, called *ilkalik*, and a faded lilac shawl thrown carelessly over his shoulders. He wore several strings of valuable pearls and uncut emeralds round his neck: of the former he is particularly vain; and even affects to be styled *Motee Wala*, or the "Man of Pearls." Some horse cloths were spread upon the floor to the right and left of the *guddee*, which on great occasions are exchanged for carpets; and on these were seated the Surdars, or chiefs, and others who had business to transact at the Durbar. It is contrary to etiquette for the Muha Raj to speak often himself; but when he does his voice is soft, and his address pleasing; indeed he is universally allowed to be naturally a mild and a good-natured man.'

Our author describes Scindia, in this and other parts of his work, as involved in great financial embarrassments, and as constantly in want of money to pay his troops. In the following we have a description of the curious process called *dhurna*, to which recourse is had in this part of the East, in order to compel the payment of a debt, or to extort money from those who are not willing to part with it except from imperious necessity.

'The man who sits the *dhurna*, goes to the house or tent of him whom he wishes to bring to terms; and remains there till the affair is settled; during which time the one under restraint is confined to his apartment, and not suffered to communicate with any persons but those whom the other may approve of. The laws by which the *dhurna* is regulated are as well defined and understood as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant carries a number of his followers, who surround the tent, sometimes even the bed, of his adversary, and deprive him altogether of food: in which case, however, etiquette prescribes the same abstinence to himself: the strongest stomach of course carries the day. A custom of this kind was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares, that Brahmuns were trained to remain a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some

rich individual, where they made a vow to remain without eating till they should obtain a certain sum of money. To preserve the life of a Brahmun is so absolutely a duty, that the money was generally paid: but never till a good struggle had taken place to ascertain whether the man was staunch or not: for money is the life and soul of all Hindoos. In this camp there are many Brahmuns, who hire themselves out to sit *dhurna* for those who do not like to expose themselves to so great an inconvenience.'

Scindia is said not to be much discomposed by the strictest *dhurna* which can be placed at his tents, unless, during its continuance, he should hear of a tiger being in the neighbourhood; as the hunting of that animal is one of his favourite amusements.

Mr. Broughton describes an entertainment which a Mahratta chief gave to a party of Brahmuns at a feast called *Sunkrat*, when each of the holy guests was, according to custom, actually crammed till he could eat no more. We have a lively engraved representation of this saturating festival, where the Brahmuns appear to be giving very satisfactory proof of their gormandizing powers. The author remarks that the Brahmuns,

'after eating till they are ready to burst, will sometimes consent, at the earnest entreaty of their host, to cram down a little more; receiving for each successive mouthful an increasing number of rupees, till nature revolts at the oppressive load; and instances have not unfrequently occurred of this being repeated till the poor gorged wretch tempted by, perhaps, some hundred rupees, has forced another morsel into his mouth, and expired on the spot. In this case no kind of blame attaches to the feeder, while the fed goes straight to heaven, *ex officio*.'

The whole labour of grinding the corn in a Mahratta camp is assigned to the fair sex. The process is performed by a mill of very simple construction. It consists

'of two flat circular stones about fifteen inches in diameter; the upper one of which is turned by a handle upon a pivot fixed in the lower one. The woman sits on the ground with the mill, which is called a *chukkee*, before her; and, if she works hard, may grind from forty to fifty seers of corn in the day. Servants and others of the poorer sort, who have their wives in camp, earn something in addition to their wages by employing them in this manner at their hours of leisure. An industrious woman, when not inclined to sleep, will arise at any hour of the night and busy herself with the mill; and any person lying awake, would be sure to hear two or three women so employed, singing over their work in a strain which, if not positively beau-

tiful, is far from being unpleasing; and accords well with the stillness of the hour.'

The progress of the Mahrattas from one place of encampment to another usually presents a track of indiscriminate desolation. The author often mentions these rapacious plunderers as foraging on the green corn, while men, women, and children were busily employed in tearing it up by the roots. This merciless horde of erratic warriors seem always on their march to threaten a desert in their van and to leave one in their rear.

As we have at present some jugglers from the eastern peninsula in this country, and have witnessed their wonderful feats we can the more readily believe the following.

'A set of jugglers called *Bhanmittees*, came into our camp this morning, and exhibited some surprising feats of activity. One woman in particular astonished me: she rested on her head and feet, with her back toward the earth; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, the blades also inwards, under her neck: she then traversed round in a circle with great rapidity; keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords whenever her breast chanced to be downwards. The *Bhanmittees* are of the lowest classes of the people, and support themselves by travelling about, and exhibiting their feats in the towns and villages through which they pass.'

The author says that the common mode of execution amongst the Mahrattas is to break the head of the culprit with a large wooden mallet, which is kept with great care for the purpose. Mr. Broughton, at p. 87, describes the curious ceremony or amusement of what is called the Hohlee, which was performed in a large tent erected for the purpose, and of which the following are some of the principal particulars.

'Playing the Hohlee consists in throwing about a quantity of flour, made from a water-nut, called *singara*, and dyed with red sanders: it is called *abeer*, and the principal sport is to cast it into the eyes, mouth and nose of the players, and to splash them all over with water, tinged of an orange colour with the flowers of the *dak* tree. The *abeer* is often mixed with powdered talk, to make it glitter; and then, if it gets into the eyes, it causes a great deal of pain. It is sometimes also enclosed in little globes, made of some congealed gelatinous fluid, about the size of an egg, with which a good aim can be taken at those whom you wish to attack; but they require to be dexterously handled, as they yield to the slightest touch.'

In the large tent, in which our author witnessed this

sport, there was a temporary fountain into which some of the courtiers of the Muha Raj were plunged for the amusement of the company; and as butts for the joke of the sovereign. If this sort of ducking were practised on the numerous class of the same description in more northern courts, it might tend to moderate the servile ardour of the fawning race. When our author and his party had taken their seats, in order to partake of the joyous festivity of the Hohlee, he says that each individual was provided with a large silver squirt, whilst, in addition to a vase of yellow coloured water, large brazen trays were introduced filled with *abeer*, and with the little balls or globes which are mentioned above. Every one now began in good earnest to squirt the water or to throw the abeer in his neighbour's face. The Muha Raj, however, had taken good care not to be vanquished in this contest of good fellowship in water and dust; for he had provided himself on the occasion with the pipe of a large fire engine filled with yellow water, and worked by half-a-dozen men, with which he squirted about him so dexterously that there was very soon not a person in the tent who was not wet to the skin.

'Sometimes he directed it against those who sat near him with such force that it was not an easy matter to keep one's seat. All opposition to this formidable engine was futile; whole shovel-fulls of *abeer* were cast about, and instantly followed by a shower of the yellow water; and thus we were alternately powdered and drenched, till the floor on which we sat was covered some inches in depth with a kind of pink and orange-coloured mud. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life. Figure to yourself successive groups of dancing girls, bedecked with gold and silver lace; their taudry trappings stained with patches of *abeer*, and dripping, like so many naiads, with orange-coloured water; now chaunting the Hohlee songs with all the airs of practised libertinism, and now shrinking with affected screams beneath a fresh shower from the Muha Raj's engine: the discord of drums, trumpets, fiddles, and cymbals, sounding as if only to drown the other noises that arose around them: the triumph of those who successfully threw the *abeer*, and the clamours of others who suffered from their attacks; the loud shouts of laughter and applause which burst on all sides from the joyous crowd; figure to yourself, if you can, such an assemblage of extraordinary objects; then paint them all in two glowing tints of pink and yellow, and you will have formed some conception of a scene, which absolutely beggars all description.'

The festival of the Hohlee, which is celebrated in the

last month of the Hindoo year and the commencement of the spring,

'is observed by all classes throughout Hindoostan: it is the season of universal merriment and joy; and the sports, that take place at its celebration, bear some resemblance to those which were allowed in Rome during the Saturnalia. The utmost licence is permitted to all ranks; the men, old and young, parade about the streets, or the camp, in large groups, singing *kuveers*, extemporary stanzas, full of the grossest indelicacy; into which they freely introduce the names of their superiors, coupled with the most abominable allusions; the whole party joining in the chorus, and expressing their delight by loud peals of laughter, hallooing, and almost frantic gestures. An individual sometimes exhibits himself, dressed in a most grotesque and indecent manner, as a personification of the Hohlee, and is followed by crowds throwing about the *abeer*, and singing the *P, hagoon* songs, to the great annoyance of such women as they may happen to meet, whom they delight to attack with the coarsest ribaldry.'

On the last night of the month *P, hagoon*, which is followed by the expiration of the old year and the commencement of the new, the joyous but disorderly rites are terminated by 'burning the Hohlee.'

'A quantity of wood having been collected for the purpose, a lucky moment is fixed upon for setting fire to the pile: every family has a small one within their own premises; where they burn little balls of cow-dung strung upon a rope, called *bulha:* and a larger one is burned in every street or market-place, around which all the neighbours assemble. In the morning, when the fire has burned out, they, who have watched it through the night, cast the ashes upon one another, and throw them into the air, laughing and hallooing, and repeating for the last time their favorite *kuveers*. This concluding ceremony is allusive to the demise of the old year, now just expired, and expressive of their joy at the approach of the new one now commencing. The riotous crew then bathe themselves, put on clean clothes, and go about to compliment their friends.'

The author considers the Mahrattas as divided into two grand classes, of which the first consists of Brahmuns, and the other is made up of almost all the inferior *castes* of the Hindoos, but principally 'of *Aheers*, or shepherds, and *Koormees*, or tillers of the earth.' The Brahmuns confine themselves to vegetable food; but the *castes*, comprised in the second class, eat without scruple any species of animal food except beef. The following is the account which the author gives of the physical appearance and moral qualities of the Mahrattas.

'The Brahmuns are fair, have prominent features, and come-

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ly persons; the rest are dark, with broad flat faces, small features, and short square persons; but are very seldom if ever stout. I have never been able to discover any quality or propensity they possess, which might be construed into a fitness for the enjoyment of social life. They are deceitful, treacherous, narrow-minded, rapacious, and notorious liars: the only quality they are endowed with, which could, according to our systems of ethics, be placed to the credit side of the account, being candour: for there is not one of the propensities I have enumerated to which a Mahratta would not immediately plead guilty: in his idea of things, they are requiste to form a perfect character: and to all accusations of falsehood, treachery, extortion, &c. he has one common answer.—"*Mahratta durbar hue,*" 'tis a Mahratta court.'

Whilst Mr. Broughton was in the camp of Scindia, that monarch made a change in his councils, and Surjee Rao, the father of the Baee, his favourite wife, became his prime minister. He had been before in office, when he incurred the abhorrence of his countrymen by his cruelties and extortion. The author furnishes several details of his profligacy and injustice. He appears to have been at this period, as other ministers as well as their sovereigns have sometimes been, under the imperious domination of a dancing girl of as little principle as himself. Mr. Broughton represents this 'Nach girl,' as having so completely captivated the affections of the prime minister, that he was 'miserable when separated from her even for the shortest space of time. She lives at his tent, accompanies him in a palanquin whenever he goes abroad, and is herself attended by a far more numerous train than that of her venerable lover.'

Surjee Rao, says our author,

'has so much injured his constitution by excess, that he has constant recourse to provocatives to excite his appetite and stimulate his failing powers; dishes of young pigeons and goat's flesh stewed down to rich jellies are daily served up at his table, and the female, or, as she is generally termed, the queen of the white ants, a sovereign remedy in cases of exhausted vigour, is carefully sought after and preserved for his use.'

We pass over the details which the author has given respecting the siege of Doonee, which, though a weak place and defended by hardly any thing more than a ditch and a mud wall, defied the whole power of Scindia for nearly two months. This siege affords a striking proof of the total want of military skill and energetic activity in the army of the Mahrattas. But we are to recollect that the operations of the army and the measures of the camp

were, at this time, directed by a besotted and imbecile voluptuary, who had no conduct when he was sober, and no courage except when he was drunk.

Though the affairs of Scindia at this period were in no very prosperous train, though his troops were ready to mutiny, or to desert for want of pay, and his financial embarrassments were aggravated by the disgrace of his measures and the failure of his plans, he bore every species of mortification and shame with that sort of *non-chalance* which marks some of the great personages of the present day; and is the product either of callous depravity, or of torpid indifference to the good of others and even to their own. Whatever dissatisfaction Scindia might feel for a moment, it was readily diverted by some new pastime or bauble.

'A tiger or a pretty face, an elephant fight, or a new supply of paper kites, have each sufficient attraction to divert his chagrin, and restore him to his wonted thoughtlessness and good humour. It is only, however, upon such occasions as the siege of Doonee, that he tastes of almost unalloyed happiness. Under the pretence of attending to the operations of the siege, he directed a small suit of tents to be pitched for him in a garden in the rear of the trenches, and there, surrounded by a set of parasites and buffoons, he passed his time in one constant round of the grossest debaucheries. Emancipated from his two greatest plagues, his wife and his ministers, he refused to listen to any business; and seemed to think of nothing but fresh modes of whiling away his hours, and indulging his own profligate propensities. Women and low company have been his bane, and appear to have quite corrupted a heart and mind originally meant for better things. Virgin charms have been diligently sought for, and almost daily sacrificed upon the altar of his lusts: and in the conclave of his wretched minions, scenes are said to be enacted for his amusement, so gross, and at the same time so ridiculous, as would stagger belief, and call a blush into the cheeks of the most depraved European. These miscreants are systematic in their infamy; their sports are regularly classed and organized: but as common language is inadequate to their description, fancy is called into their aid, and to every new diversion is given a new and unheard of designation. Yet Seendhiya has no less than three wives with him in camp; all of them young and eminently handsome. To one only, however, the daughter of Surjee Rao, does he ever dispense his favours. The others pass their time in a wretched state of penury and neglect; objects at once of aversion to their husband, and of scorn and contempt to their favoured rival, emphatically called, as I before observed, the *Baee*.'

The flying of kites, which is a very princely occupation,

is one of the favourite diversions of Scindia; and we wish that all his diversions, as well as those of other sovereigns, were equally innocent. When the season for flying kites arrived, the Muha Raj, according to our author, was 'to be seen every evening, attended by large bodies of cavalry,' partaking of this noble sport.

'It is a favourite amusement in every part of India. The kites have no tails, and bear some resemblance in shape to the ace of clubs. Matches are fought with them; and frequently for large sums; which he, whose string is cut, loses; and his kite is reckoned lawful plunder for the crowd assembled to see the sport. A composition of pounded glass, called *munjun*, is rubbed over the string to enable it to cut; and for this purpose all the empty bottles of the residency have been put in requisition by the Muha Raj; who also goes to the expence of having kites and strings brought for him from Delhi, which is celebrated for their manufacture. I can assure you that, ridiculous as it may appear to you, no small degree of skill and experience is requisite to manage one of these kites, and gain a victory.'

After quitting Doonee, the Mahrattas encamped on the banks of the Bunas. Mr. Broughton describes the treatment of the Mahratta women as less strict than amongst the other natives of India. He is speaking of them whilst the army was on its march to the Bunas.

'Such as can afford it here, ride on horseback, without taking any pains to conceal their faces: they gallop about, and make their way through the throng with as much boldness and perseverance as the men. Among the better sort, it is common to see the master of a family riding by the side of his wife and children, all well mounted, and attended by half a dozen horsemen, and two or three female servants, also on horseback: and I have often seen a woman seated astraddle, behind her husband, and keeping her seat with no small degree of grace and dexterity, while he was exercising his horse at a good round gallop. The Mahratta women are, generally speaking, very ugly; and have a bold look, which is to be observed in no other women of Hindoostan.'

'The poorest women tie their infants in a bag, which they sling over their shoulders; and so trudge along a whole day's march, without appearing to suffer the slightest inconvenience: and this is often done when the child has been actually born upon the road. They must, however, be very poor indeed who have neither a bullock nor a *tut, hoo* to carry their baggage. These tut, hoos are a breed of small ponies, and are the most useful and hardy little animals in India. It is surprising to see them getting on, during a long march, at a quick walk, under loads which appear sufficient to break their backs; and which

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commonly consist of all the goods and chattels of the family, including the tent; with the mistress seated on the top, a child in her lap, and a pet kid, or a little dog, tied on before her. They are generally vicious, and will fight, after getting rid of their load, with as much vigor and spirit as if just loosed from their night's pickets.'

The body of a Mahratta Surdar, was burned near the English tents whilst our author was encamped on the banks of the Bunas. The funeral procession consisted of the elephants and horses of the departed chief 'gaily painted and caparisoned,' a train of friends on foot 'weeping and lamenting aloud.'

'Some pieces of money were scattered over the corpse, which with the clothes in which it was enveloped, become the perquisites of the *B, hungees* ; a set of men of the lowest *caste,* or rather of no *caste* at all; who perform the vilest offices for the living, and are remunerated by receiving, after death, that which no one else is permitted to touch; every thing that has been used about a corpse being deemed unclean by all classes of Hindoos. His most intimate friends and relations bore the couch on which the body was laid, and the nearest relation set fire to the pile.'

The following exhibits another proof, in addition to what we have before adduced, of the dignity, decorum, and neatness which are to be found in a Mahratta court.

'I went yesterday with the resident to the Durbar, which was held in a small tent made of *kus,* and being kept constantly wet, was exceedingly cool and pleasant. While Captain C— was conversing with Surjee Rao, one of the Muha Raj's favourite companions came into the tent and stood before him; and his highness immediately began to amuse himself by making most indecent signs and gestures, and winking at him, whenever he thought himself unperceived. As the man was directly behind my back, I could not observe whether these extraordinary communications by signal were replied to by him, but rather suppose they were not, as it is contrary to the etiquette of this polite court to retaliate any of the prince's jokes at the Durbar, especially in the presence of foreign ambassadors. The stench arising from the numerous carcases, which lay strewed about the Bazar, was almost intolerable; it is hardly credible, that any people should prefer submitting to such a nuisance, to the little trouble of removing it from their immediate neighbourhood.'

The author describes the Fuqeers, who are a sort of religious mendicants, as very numerous and very troublesome in the camp of Scindia. They consisted of men, women, and children; and were not easily to be diverted

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from their turbulent importunities to those from whom they thought that any thing was to be got. These Fuqeers were composed both of Mohammedans and of Hindoos; and the Mohammedans are represented as exceeding the Hindoos in the pertinacity and impertinence of sturdy beggary. Mr. Broughton indeed intimates that their sanctity was estimated by the degree of their effrontery.

'When we first came to camp, we were so much annoyed by crowds of these fellows, that we were obliged to give our sentries orders to prevent all, but two or three, from entering the lines. One of these lives almost entirely upon opium; who is said to have been once a leader of horse in this very army: he exists in a constant state of intoxication; and in his diurnal round through the camp, breathes forth the most curious vows for our individual prosperity. A month or two ago, one of our officers gave him a pair of pantaloons, an old military jacket, and a cocked hat and feather: and in this equipment he used to make the tour of the great camp, to the no small astonishment and entertainment of the Mahrattas; till the things were all stolen from him during his state of insensibility. Another of our licensed Fuqeers sings his petitions, and dances, in a most ridiculous manner, to a pair of dry sticks, which he uses like castanets. Many go about in groups, and earn a livelihood by singing old Hindoo songs in a manner that is far from being disagreeable.'

The financial system of the Mahrattas, as it is described by the author, appears to be one of the most wasteful and destructive kind, and to threaten the dissolution of this once powerful state.

'The usual mode of raising money here, is by making out *Pats*, or statements of the sums required for the public expenditure, which are negotiated with the bankers of the camp; and fetch a price, regulated by the value set by these bankers upon the security offered by the government for repayment. These securities are generally either assignments of the revenues of a province actually under the authority of the Muha Raj, or about to be attacked: or else bills upon different states, from whom a claim of tribute is set up. The *Pats* are always sold at a considerable discount: and when the bargain is concluded, the purchasers accept bills drawn upon them, generally at a long date, which are called *Burats:* and which are issued to the troops as pay. They who receive them are commonly so much in want of ready cash, that they are obliged to sell the drafts, often at a discount of twenty or thirty per cent. to procure a present supply of necessaries: and the bankers, on whom they are drawn, (and not unfrequently the agents of the Muha Raj himself,) eagerly purchase them again at this rate.'

By the above system a few individuals, by whose agency it is conducted, are enriched, but the mass are impoverished. Scindia appears to have no regard to punctuality or truth in his pecuniary promises or engagements. From this, rather than from any other cause, mutiny and desertion were very common during the abode of our author in his camp. But, whilst Scindia seems to have made no payment except from compulsion, the apprehension of force, or the influence of superstition, and the public treasury was apparently in the most impoverished state, the sovereign himself had a private purse, which was computed to have contained not less than fifty lacks of rupees. But it was the maxim of Scindia that no consideration of honour or justice, no exigency of the state, and no distress of his subjects, should ever induce him to make any disbursements out of this royal hoard. Avarice may, sometimes, be almost a pardonable failing in common men; but it is a most destructive vice in kings; as it is wont to occasion the most extensive mischief both to individuals and to the community, and to occasion the most flagrant violations of justice and humanity.

We have often heard of savages handling the most venomous reptiles without fear or injury, probably by means of some artificial preparation by which their poisonous powers were annihilated, or they were rendered incapable of exerting them.

'It is not uncommon to see men who will take up the most venomous snakes, and allow them to creep about their persons, with impunity: they pretend to do this by a certain *muntur*, or charm; and if we refuse them their claim to supernatural powers, we must at least acknowledge some art, by which they render so dangerous a creature quite harmless. I have known a Sipahee dig out one of these snakes, and keep him for several days in a cloth tied about his loins; feeding him daily with the utmost care and assiduity. Scorpions are easily rendered innocent by pinching their tails just below the sting; which deprives the animal of the power of darting it forward. It is, to be sure, rather a nice operation; but all that is requisite is to keep the hand behind and below the creature, who can only inflict a wound forwards and over its back.'

Our author, more than once, adverts to the disputes which had arisen between Scindia and his prime minister, which gradually increased in violence till they were terminated by the destruction of the latter, whose atrocities had excited general detestation. We shall extract the account of his death, which though it was one of those sudden and unexpected catastrophes that are wont to act

forcibly on the common feelings of mankind, produced, in this instance, not even a faint symptom of grief or commiseration. If the plunderers and oppressors of mankind would occasionally anticipate the sensations of joy which their end, whether the effect of natural means or of vindictive violence, will sooner or later occasion, they might be tempted to alter their course, and to cultivate those qualities which are more likely to conciliate the love than to provoke the abhorrence of their fellow-creatures.

'The minister had gone to the Durbar, and was earnestly pressing Seendhiya to accede to some of his proposals; to which the Muha Raj, as usual, returned evasive and unsatisfactory replies, and ordered his equipage to be got ready to go to an elephant fight. As he was about to depart, Surjee Rao repeated his remonstrances, and at length had the temerity to seize the skirt of his gown, and endeavoured to detain him forcibly in his seat. Some of the *Hoozooriyas* present, incensed at such an insult, thrust him back, and Seendhiya escaped from the tent; giving an order, however, to secure his person. The minister snatched his sword from the hand of an attendant, and resisted those who attempted to execute the order of the Muha Raj. A violent scuffle ensued, in which some individuals of both parties were killed, and several wounded; and Surjee Rao at length effected his retreat to his tents, after having killed two men with his own hand. He was followed thither by the enraged party from the *Deooree*, headed by Anund Rao, and a son of Mannagee Fankra, two distant relations of the Muha Raj's family. In one minute the ropes of the tent, in which the unfortunate minister had taken refuge, were cut, and he himself dragged from beneath it; and in the next he fell dead in the public street, pierced with a dozen wounds inflicted by his pitiless enemies, Anund Rao himself having set the example. The commotion excited by this event was much less than could have been expected. At first all was uproar and confusion; of which the *Shohdas*, and other rabble of the army, took due advantage, and plundered every thing that came in their way. The troops, however, were almost immediately under arms, and the whole camp was speedily surrounded by parties of horse, who received orders not to allow any individual whatever to enter or to quit it. This morning all was again quiet, as if nothing of any consequence had happened. So universally was the very name of Surjee Rao detested, that none were found even to feel a moment's pity for his sudden fate; much less to think of revenging it. Thus has fallen the most unprincipled, sanguinary, and daring public man that has for many years figured in Hindoostan.'

Our author informs us, (p. 291) that the odes of Hafiz are consulted at the court of Scindia, for the same purpose of developing the secrets of futurity as the works of Vir-

gil once were in this and other countries. The Brahmuns are said to have turned the propensity of the Muha Raj to believe in omens to a good account.

'I remember,' says he, 'once the Durbar being thrown into confusion by a crow flying through the tent: it was said to predict some fatal event; and to avert it, the Muha Raj was enjoined to construct a crow of gold, with a chain of pearls round its neck, and present it to the Brahmuns; an injunction with which he literally complied.'

It will naturally be supposed, that the Mahratta mode of passing life in a camp must, in particular circumstances, be productive of the most poignant distress to the softer sex. The following is an instance in point. The author mentions that, on one of his marches with this itinerant nation of warriors, he beheld a poor creature sitting by the side of the road, who had been just delivered.

'She belonged to Muha Raj's own camp, and had been prevented, by approaching labour, from keeping up with her friends. She was quite alone, and had performed for herself all the painful offices of a midwife. She did not appear to be much distressed; and they who passed by, merely observed that a child was born, without thinking it at all necessary to offer assistance to her who had given it birth. When a little recovered from the first effects of her illness, she probably took up her little burden, and walked on to camp; or if her strength did not allow her to get so far, took refuge in some village on the road, till she was able to proceed and rejoin her family.'

We have been interested by the perusal of this work, and have found it a lively, and we have no doubt faithful representation of the manners and customs of a very singular race of people, which is well worthy the attention not merely of the general reader, but particularly of those who are curious in examining the varieties of the human character, as it is modified by peculiar institutions.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. &c. Late President of the Royal Academy. Comprising original Anecdotes of many distinguished Persons, his Contemporaries; and a brief Analysis of his Discourses. To which are added, Varieties on Art. By James Northcote, Esq. R. A.* Colburn, 1813, 4to. 600 Pages. £2. 4s.

AT no period, since the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, would the public have more thankfully received a regular

and well-digested account of his life, and a judicious estimate of his genius and professional character, than at the present, when we have been lately gratificd by the exhibition of so large a portion of his best and most celebrated works, and come from it prepared, in a greater or less degree, to appreciate from our personal observation the justness of the censure which taste and experience may pass upon his merits. The execution of such an office, at such a time, by one who is well known, not only as an eminent artist himself, but as having been the favourite pupil and intimate associate of the person he has undertaken to memorialize, cannot have failed to excite a very considerable share of curiosity and high hopes of gratification in all who are interested in the history and progress of art: and, whatever judgment we may be compelled to pass on the general merits of that execution, it would be unjust to deny that the work contains enough to answer, at least in part, the expectations raised, and afford the gratification it appears to promise.

Mr. Northcote announces himself, in his preface, to be of opinion that an artist is alone qualified to give to the world the faithful memoir of an artist; and that it is owing to the general inexperience of persons of that profession in the arts of literary composition, that the lives of painters have generally been written with so much ignorance of the subject, and consequently with so little practical utility. To have set the example, under this impression, of bringing back this branch of the history of science to its proper channel, deserves acknowledgment, if only for the attempt and the motive which actuated it. We might perhaps have wished for more method in the arrangement, more selection in the choice of anecdote, greater felicity of expression; yet, under such circumstances as these, we feel that it would be a mere waste of time to consume it in general censure or barren criticism, and we therefore proceed to notice such particulars as appear to us most novel or best deserving of attention.

The low state to which the arts, particularly that of painting, were confessedly reduced in the early part of the last century, is conceived by our author to be attributed in a great degree to the want of sufficient encouragement, and this cause he imagines to be itself 'a natural consequence proceeding from the customs and manners of the preceding ages.' Thus he continues,

'What the fury of Henry the Eighth had spared at the reformation was condemned by the puritans; and the arts, long dis-

turbed by civil commotions, were in a manner expelled from Great Britain or lay neglected in the sensual gallantry of the restored court of Charles the Second; nor were its hopes revived by the party contentions that immediately followed, and wholly occupied the attention of all men, rendering them unfit to relish, and without the leisure to protect, the fine arts.'

From this state of depression into which the art, from whatever cause, had certainly fallen, the subject of this memoir was destined, alone, and by the unassisted energies of his own mind, to relieve it. The history of his life is, therefore, so far as it extends, the history of the modern English school of painting, and, as such, possesses higher claims to the interest and attention of his fellow-countrymen, than that of any other artist either of older or later date than himself.

It would be unjust to the county of Devon not to notice the constellation of talent to which Mr. Northcote, with the generous partiality of a native, prides himself on its having given birth, in the art to which he is personally attached.

'Of that county,' he says, 'was Thomas Hudson, the best portrait painter of his day, in the kingdom, and famous for being the master of Reynolds; also Francis Hayman, the first historical painter of his time; and Mr. Cosway, R. A. Mr. Humphry, R. A.; Mr. *Downham*, (qu. *Downman*?) Mr. Cross, all eminent in their profession. Of that county also was Sir Joshua Reynolds, eminent in the highest degree;"

And to this list we have the satisfaction of adding yet another name, which the author from modesty has in this place omitted, but which must ever stand next, in the opinion of the public, to that of Sir Joshua himself in the catalogue—we mean Mr. Northcote's—but to proceed.

Sir Joshua was born at the town of Plympton, near Plymouth, on the 16th of July, 1723, three months (as the curious in those matters have observed) before the death of Sir Godfrey Kneller. His father was the clergyman of Plympton, and an extremely worthy and respectable personage. We do not find it incumbent on us to do more than refer our readers to the work before us for the particulars which it contains relative to his paternal and maternal connections, and for the notable contest with Mr. Malone respecting the reason which influenced his parents in the choice of the good old scriptural name, Joshua, for his prænomen.

The perusal of Richardson's Treatise on the Theory of Painting is mentioned as the circumstance which (ac-

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cording to Mr. Northcote's favourite hypothesis) first, or at least principally, stimulated the rising genius in the path which it afterwards followed; and we are not surprised at the effect it is said to have produced. No book was ever written with more enthusiasm or a more honest zeal in favour of the cause it espouses, none that tends more directly to the elevation of the art which it is designed to promote and encourage.

Whatever was the immediate cause, however, the bent of young Reynolds's genius soon became most evident and most decided, and, in conformity with his ruling passion, which it would probably have been in vain to counteract, he was, on the 14th of October, 1741, being then not quite eighteen, launched on the ocean of a London life under the tuition of Hudson the portrait painter, an artist who, although the most renowned in his time, was altogether unequal to the task of fashioning such a genius as that which was now committed to his management. As a specimen of the state of the arts at that period, it is related that the talent of this once fashionable painter was confined to the production of a good likeness, that, after having painted the head, his genius failed him altogether, and

'he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken to put it on the shoulders and finish the drapery, of both which he was himself totally incapable. Unluckily, Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must have quitted his lucrative employment: he was, however, fortunate enough to meet with another drapery-painter, named Roth, who, though not so expert as the former, was yet sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory.'—P. 12.

To the credit of Hudson, however, it should be remembered, that, besides Reynolds, Mortimer and Wright of Derby were among the number of his pupils; and these 'at that time formed a matchless triumvirate.' His mode of instruction appears to be deservedly stigmatized;—'probably from pure ignorance, instead of directing him (Reynolds) to study from the antique models, he recommended to him the careful 'copying of Guercino's drawings, thus trifling his time away.' This serves, adds our author, as an additional specimen of the state of the arts at that period;

'however, the youthful and tractable pupil executed his task with such skill, that many of those early productions are now preserved in the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom;

most of which are actually considered as originals by *that master.'*

(Qu. what master? Guercino, Reynolds, or Hudson?)

No wonder that the pupil should, in no long space of time, have, by the display of his natural genius, excited the jealousy of such an instructor. He remained with him studying in London for two years, during which his biographer thinks it worthy of record, that he one day had the great happiness of touching the hand of Pope at an auction-room.

The three following years were spent by him in Devonshire, but Mr. Northcote refuses to admit with Mr. Malone that this time was wasted or unprofitably spent. It was during this period that he produced a portrait, which is still esteemed among his happiest productions; that of 'a boy reading by a reflected light,'—'and several others, which are undoubtedly very fine, as he himself acknowledged on seeing them at the distance of thirty years, when he lamented that in so great a length of time he had made so little progress in his art.'

The appointment of his early and firm friend and patron, the Honourable Augustus (afterwards Viscount) Keppel, in the year 1749, as commodore on the Mediterranean station, may be justly accounted the most fortunate circumstance of Sir Joshua's life, as it afforded him the opportunity he probably would never otherwise have enjoyed, of visiting Italy, 'the mother and nurse of the arts,' and there imbibing from the fountain head that knowledge of his profession, which in the then corrupted state of the science in his own country, he could never have hoped to attain by any course of study he would have been enabled to pursue at home. The manner in which he employed his time at Rome, as delineated by his biographer, it is important to notice for the advantage of future professional travellers, especially sanctioned, as the account here is, by the experience and taste of Mr. Northcote.

'When arrived in this garden of the world, this great temple of the arts, (where I have enjoyed so much pleasure, now almost fading from my memory), his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such a manner as might have been expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated, with unwearied attention and ardent zeal, the various beauties which marked the styles of different schools and different ages. He sought for truth, taste, and beauty at the fountain head. It was with

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no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence; and by his well-directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the best works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter. In attending more particularly to this, he avoided all engagements for copying works of art for the various travellers at that time in Rome; knowing that kind of employment, as he afterwards said in a letter to Barry, to be totally useless. "Whilst I was at Rome, I was very little employed by them, and that little I always considered as so much time lost."'—P. 24.

It is a remarkable circumstance, which Sir Joshua has recorded in his own writings, that the first sight of Raphael's works in the Vatican afforded him only disappointment, and that the admiration he afterwards conceived for them was the result of long study. Mr. Northcote is disposed to account for this 'from the difference in the dispositions of the two painters.' The severe grandeur of Raphael disdained the allurements of colouring and of the chiaroscuro, 'parts of the art which delighted Reynolds, whose natural disposition inclined him solely to the cultivation of its graces, and of whose works softness and captivating sweetness are the chief characteristics.'—P. 28.

Another curious circumstance is here recorded, which (we imagine) is not generally known. There are few, at least, who imagine that the genius of Reynolds led him, at any period of his professional life, to the art of caricature. Still less should we suppose that he cultivated the practice of it at Rome, and our astonishment becomes greater when we learn that he employed it in a 'sort of parody' of the school of Athens of Raphael. This very parody still exists, however, as an evidence of the fact, and is said to be in the possession of Mr. Joseph Henry, of Straffan, in Ireland. The good sense of Sir Joshua taught him soon to abandon an amusement which may easily be imagined destructive of true taste, or at least of the enthusiasm which is necessary to awaken and exalt it.

Reynolds returned to England in 1752, and, in the course of the same year, took up his residence in St. Martin's Lane, London, 'at that time the favourite and fashionable residence of artists.' His first pupil was Giuseppe Marchi, a young Italian whom he had brought

with him from Rome, and who continued to reside with him, in the quality of an assistant during the principal part of his life.

The year 1753 was a period of great celebrity to Sir Joshua as a portrait painter. He now removed to the house in Great Newport Street, where he lived for the next eight or nine years. In this commencement of his fashionable career, he had, however, to struggle with a rival in every respect unworthy of him, John Stephen Liotard, whose rank as a painter Sir Joshua himself appears to have justly estimated, when he said of him,

'The only merit in Liotard's pictures is neatness, which, as a general rule, is the characteristic of a low genius, or rather no genius at all. His pictures are just what ladies do when they paint for their amusement; nor is there any person, how poor soever their talents may be, but in a very few years, by dint of practice, may possess themselves of every qualification in the art which this GREAT MAN has got.'

It is one of the most mortifying trials to which rising genius is exposed, to be placed, by the blindness of popular opinion, even for a moment in competition with such pretenders in art.

The noble portrait of Commodore Keppel, 'in which he appears to be walking with a quick pace on the seashore, and in a storm,' allusive to his wreck in the Maidstone frigate in 1746, forms an era in the history of the art in Great Britain.

'The novelty and expression introduced in this picture were powerful stimulants to the public taste; and, as it has been well observed by one of his biographers, he "soon saw how much animation might be obtained by deviating from the insipid manner of his immediate predecessors; hence, in many of his portraits, particularly when combined in family groupes, we find much of the variety and spirit of a higher species of art. Instead of confining himself to mere likeness, in which, however, he was eminently happy, he dived, as it were, into the minds, and manners, and habits, of those who sat to him; and accordingly, the majority of his portraits are so appropriate and characteristic, that the many illustrious persons whom he has delineated, will be almost as well known to posterity, as if they had seen and conversed with them.'"—P. 37.

It was about this period that his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced, for which he had been prepared, in the manner that Boswell has mentioned, by reading the life of Savage. Of the many anecdotes here given, relating to the 'great moralist,' the greater part are repeated from Boswell and other well-known sources. We

shall select a few that appear best worth noticing, from those which Mr. Northcote has added on the authority of his own recollection or of private communication.

'Roubiliac, the famous sculptor, desired of Sir Joshua that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson, at the time when the doctor lived in Gough Square, Fleet-Street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument, on which Roubiliac was then engaged for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced the sculptor to the doctor, they being strangers to each other, and Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; in which, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen, and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this, Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, (as may be seen by his works,) began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the doctor was to write down for him in correct language: when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying, "Come, come, Sir, let's have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous, rodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality, of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write.'"—P. 43.

'I have heard Sir Joshua repeat a speech which the doctor made about this time, and in which he gave himself credit for two particulars. "There are two things," said he, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public.'—P. 49.

Their tour to Plymouth together in the autumn of 1762, contributed greatly to strengthen the intimacy already formed between Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua, and which (as is well known) continued uninterrupted through life. We cannot avoid noticing the tribute of respect and affection which Mr. Northcote takes the opportunity of paying to the family of Mr. Mudge, who were, upon this occasion, the hosts of Sir Joshua and his fellow-traveller. But our limits will not allow us to dwell on the subject, any more than on a curious anecdote of Dr. Johnson's

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willing faith on subjects of a mysterious and supernatural nature, recorded in p. 67, which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere. The Literary Club, which was instituted in February, 1764, still further cemented the friendship of these British worthies.

The following is characteristic of Johnson's best style of thought. An engraver was consulting Sir Joshua on the title to be placed under a portrait of Rubens, enquiring into all the particular dignities and offices enjoyed by the painter, the honour of knighthood in three different countries, secretary of state in Flanders, minister from the court of Madrid, magistrate at Antwerp, &c. &c. Dr. Johnson happening to be present while this discussion was going on, interfered rather abruptly, saying, 'Pooh! pooh! put his name alone under the print, Peter Paul Rubens; that is full sufficient and more than all the rest.'—P. 142.

We cannot afford to lose a single specimen of Johnsonian gallantry.

'At the time that Miss Linley was in the highest esteem as a public singer, Dr. Johnson came in the evening to drink tea with Miss Reynolds, and when he entered the room, she said to him, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company, for I had an offer of a place in a box at the oratorio to hear Miss Linley; but I would rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing." "And I, Madam," replied Johnson, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne." The doctor would not be surpassed even in a trifling compliment.'—Ib.

We will not destroy the effect of this high refinement of courtesy by producing two speeches, which follow, of a very different cast, but pass over them to two succeeding ones. A friend was lamenting the disagreeable situation of persons eminent for their witticisms, who are always expected to say something good—'that it was a heavy tax upon them.' "It is, indeed," said Johnson, "a very heavy tax upon them; a tax which no man can pay who does not steal." A prosing dull companion was making a long harangue to Dr. Johnson on the *Punic war*, in which he gave nothing new or entertaining. Johnson, afterwards, speaking of the circumstance to a friend, said, 'Sir, I soon withdrew my attention from him, and thought of Tom Thumb.'

'Dr. Johnson knew nothing of the art of painting either in theory or practice, which is one proof that he could not be the author of Sir Joshua's discourses; indeed his imperfect sight was some excuse for his total ignorance in that department of study. Once being at dinner at Sir Joshua's, in company with

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many painters, in the course of conversation, Richardson's Treatise on Painting happened to be mentioned, "Ah!" said Johnson, "I remember when I was at college, I by chance found that book on my stairs: I took it up with me to my chamber and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Sir Joshua, who could not hear distinctly, desired of one of the company to be informed what Dr. Johnson had said; and it being repeated to him so loud that Johnson heard it, the doctor seemed hurt, and added, "but I did not wish, Sir, that Sir Joshua should have been told what I then said."—P. 146.

The latter speech of Johnson, as Mr. Northcote justly remarks, denotes a delicacy in him, and an unwillingness to offend, which he has not always had credit for possessing.

That Dr. Johnson, however, could justly appreciate the high moral purposes of the art of painting, is evident from several passages of his works, especially where he so beautifully says, "I should greive to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendour and to airy fiction, that art, which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead." In this, and also in another passage cited by the biographer, the defence of portrait painting is as just and ample as it is eloquent; and, for our own parts, we cannot help thinking that those who are accustomed to lament that Sir Joshua and other great painters should have received such continual occupation from the little vanity of the day in painting portraits as to have consumed that valuable time which ought to have been consecrated to the higher departments of art, must have felt disposed to alter their language while contemplating the late exhibition in the gallery of the British Institution, or at least to entertain some doubt whether this is altogether so much a matter of regret as they have been in the habit of thinking it. The fact is that portraits, when painted on the liberal and intellectual principles according to which the art was practised by Sir Joshua, become with the lapse of time, to all intents and purposes historical pictures. But this is a subject on which modesty should forbid us from expatiating in the presence of Mr. Northcote, who has treated it with all the feeling that we ourselves experience, and with a knowledge of the art to which we do not pretend. He shall speak for himself.

'Under this view of art so well described by Johnson, it is that portrait may assume a dignity: and certain it is that all

those portraits which have been executed by the higher order of painters have it; as we may perceive in them how much the genius of the artist has been able to discern, and faithfully to represent that which was characteristic and valuable in the individual which was his model, and thereby clearly demonstrated the possession of high powers. But the reason why portrait is treated with so much contempt, is because there are more bad pictures of this class preserved than of any other branch in the art, on account of their local value, being the resemblance of some favourite object, whereas, the bad performances in any other branch of art having no value, are neglected and perish. It may be observed also, that more bad portrait painters get employment than bad painters of any other class; which adds to the comparative plenty of those works: and this excessive plenty of bad portraits, from the above causes, has, in the end, given a degraded rank to that department. But could we see in portraiture all the qualities displayed of which it is capable, it would be found to contain many of the highest merits of even history itself; and those who treat it slightly surely cannot have examined it with sufficient attention, nor have had a clear idea of all its difficulties and merits. It appears to me to be in many respects similar to that of writing a distinct character of an individual, which, when it is done with justice and nice discrimination, I apprehend to be a greater effort of genius than to write the life or memoir. But the department of portrait alone may be divided into different classes as practised by different professors according to their abilities and inclinations. Three are distinct; for instance, and first, those portraits which are true but not ingenious, where their merit consists in a careful endeavour at similitude to the person represented, but in a manner dry, laboured, and tasteless; secondly, those which are ingenious but not true; in these much skill is often to be found, but then the pure imitation of nature has been sacrificed to ideal graces and adscititious beauties; Lely and Kneller are instances; the consequence of which is, that manner and sameness become the poor substitute for truth, variety, and nature. Such works are too much like each other to be like any thing else, and create no interest; but that order of portrait which does honour to the department is both true and ingenious, as may be exemplified in the works of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Vandyke, Reynolds, and Titian.'—P. 148, &c.

The year 1753 is noted for the first attempt at instituting an academy of arts, but jealousies happened which then broke off the design, and the general yearly exhibition which formed part of that project did not take place till 1760, at which time Sir Joshua was in the zenith of his reputation, and had established himself in his final

place of residence, in Leicester Square, where he had bought

'a handsome house, to which he had added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and a commodious and elegant room for his sitters. In this speculation, I have heard him confess, he laid out almost the whole of the property he had then realized. He also set up a carriage, and his mode of living was in other respects suitably elegant.'—P. 53.

The terms in which Johnson writes to Baretti on the establishment of this public exhibition are sufficiently curious.

'The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Barretti. This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists, and lovers of art. Surely, life, if it be not long, is tedious; since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles, to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return.'

This mixture of kindness for his friend and pride in his superior genius, with cynical contempt for his art, is singularly characteristic. It is well known that, notwithstanding that contempt, (which must have partaken of a considerable share of affectation, as it so ill accords with his sentiments so deliberately expressed elsewhere) friendship induced him to compose the preface to the first catalogue of this same exhibition.

Several anecdotes are given of Garrick. The following strikes us as the best worth recording.

'Sir Joshua Reynolds had it long in contemplation to paint a picture of extensive composition, purposely to display the various powers of David Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groupes of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which he had gained fame on the stage. This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick, at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously, saying, "That will be the very thing I desire; the only way, by G—, that I can be handed down to posterity."'—P. 59.

It is much to be regretted, adds our author, that this fine conception was never carried into effect. We should

question, however, whether any thing very great was to be expected from a design so gigantic, and in its absence we may be very well satisfied with the noble picture of the actor placed between comedy and tragedy contending for possession of him, which will always rank among the first masterpieces of the artist.

Mr. Northcote gives an account of his own first meeting with Sir Joshua, which is interesting as affording a specimen of that early enthusiasm which we can hardly think reconcileable with theory which excludes the supposition of a natural bias, commonly called *a genius*, for such or such particular department of art. It was at a public assembly in Devonshire, on Sir Joshua's visit to that county with Dr. Johnson already related. The author, at that time very young, and knowing nothing of Reynolds but from having seen a few of his works at Plymouth, describes in lively terms the feeling which actuated him to press through the crowd for the purpose of touching the skirt of his coat, '*which*,' adds he, '*I did, with great satisfaction to my mind.*'—P. 66. It was not till many years afterwards, (1771) that Mr. Northcote was placed under Sir Joshua's tuition, a circumstance, to which we are indebted for this memoir, at least for all the original information it contains.

'If I might now be suffered,' says Mr. Northcote, 'to say a little of myself, I would declare that I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of art; having until this period been entirely debarred, not only from the practice of the art itself, but even from the sight of pictures of any excellence, as the county of Devon at that time did not abound with specimens, and even those few which are scattered about that county I had no opportunity of ever seeing; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar: but as the admiration and respect which I now honestly confess I always felt for him, render me liable to be considered as a partial judge of his various merits, this consideration inclines me to give the authorities of others in preference to my own, whenever it will suit my purpose—of such as knew him well, and may be considered as less prejudiced encomiasts.

'As one prominent cause of Sir Joshua's cultivating the very best society, and which almost may be said to have been domesticated with him, M. Malone is certainly correct in stating, that finding how little time he could spare from his profession,

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for the purpose of acquiring and adding to his knowledge from books, he very early and wisely resolved to partake, as much as possible, of the society of all the ingenious and learned men of his own time, in consequence of which, and his unassuming and gentle manner, and refined habits, his table, for above thirty years, exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland; there being, during that period, scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there.'

The description of our author's introduction, at this grand place of rendezvous, to another very celebrated personage, is laughable enough.

'It was very soon after my first arrival in London, where every thing appeared new and wonderful to me, that I expressed to Sir Joshua my impatient curiosity to see Dr. Goldsmith, and he promised I should do so on the first opportunity. Soon afterwards Goldsmith came to dine with him, and immediately on my entering the room, Sir Joshua, with a designed abruptness, said to me, "This is Dr. Goldsmith, pray why did you wish to see him?" I was much confused by the suddenness of the question, and answered, in my hurry, "because he is a notable man." This, in one sense of the word, was so very contrary to the character and conduct of Goldsmith, that Sir Joshua burst into a hearty laugh, and said, that Goldsmith should, in future, always be called the notable man. What I meant, however, to say was, that he was a man of note, or eminence.'—P. 153.

In p. 174, Mr. Northcote corrects an inaccuracy in Cumberland, who observes that the idea of Sir Joshua's great picture of Hugolino was borrowed from Dr. Goldsmith. It seems that for the *complete* picture, such as it now is, we are indeed indebted to a suggestion either of Goldsmith's or Burke's; but the *head* of Count Hugolino had been painted two years previously, as a study, without any precise object, and it was only on its being exhibited in this state that the hint originated which Sir Joshua had afterwards the good sense and the genius to improve upon so as to produce the grand result which the public has so lately had a fresh opportunity of admiring. The living *model* of Hugolino, as we have been informed, was a paviour who worked at that time in Leicester Square, and whose picturesque head and profile caught the attention of Sir Joshua, and gained him, among the artists of the day, the appellation of *St. Paviarius*. Supposing this to be correct, we are rather surprised at its not being no-

ticed by Mr. Northcote, but perhaps we may ourselves have confounded two distinct anecdotes.

It is a circumstance worth noticing as, though only in a slight degree, somewhat illustrative of Sir Joshua's character, that having, on a visit to Devonshire in 1773, received the compliment of being elected alderman and mayor of his native borough of Plympton, he frequently afterwards declared, (and, we doubt not, with perfect sincerity) 'that this circumstance gave him more pleasure than any other honour which he had received during his life.'—P. 184.*

The Rev. Mr. Alcock, vicar of Cornwood, presented to him on this occasion a distich to be affixed to the portrait of himself, which he sent to the corporation; it was one which, if he had not rejected from modesty, it is to be hoped he would from good taste.

'Laudat Romanus Raphaelem, Græcus Apellem,
Plympton Reynolden jactat, utrique parem.'

Many of our readers will remember a fine allegorical picture by Sir Joshua, representing Dr. Beattie with his Essay on Truth under his arm, and the angel of truth going before him, beating down the vices, Envy, Falsehood, &c. on his approach—and they will doubtless recollect the likeness, in the principal head of this latter groupe, to Voltaire. This likeness is so strong as not to be mistaken by any who are at all acquainted with the very uncommon and striking features of the French *patriarch*; the intention is indeed acknowledged in express terms by Sir Joshua in his correspondence, and he at the same time notices, *without denying it*, the design likewise imputed to him of representing 'Hume' in the person of another of his dæmons. Can it then have been unknown to Beattie himself at the time the picture was painting? and if known, was it not a piece of rather pitiful vanity in him to suffer it, and yet more pitiful to conceal his knowledge of it, in a letter to a friend, in which he talks of 'prejudice, scepticism, and folly, shrinking from the light of the sun that beams on the breast of the angel?' It is singular enough that Beattie's biographer should also

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* When Sir Joshua was, some time afterwards, met by the king, who told him 'that he had been informed of the office that he was soon to be invested with, that of being made the mayor of his native town of Plympton,' the painter replied 'that it was an honour which gave him more pleasure than any other he had ever received in his life,' but, recollecting himself, added, 'except that which your majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me;' alluding to his knighthood.—P. 195.

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have been ignorant of the painter's intention; though we can more easily give credit to the honesty of *his* ignorance, than of the Doctor's. To speak candidly, as at this distance of time we may well do, it was but a sorry invention in itself; and the painter should not altogether escape the censure which, we are sorry to say, must fall somewhat more heavily on the shoulders of Beattie. But the angry logician had done irreparable injury to the meek, enthusiastic, and benevolent poet; and we may now be suffered to lament that the years devoted to the 'Immutability of Truth,' were not passed in the calm, sequestered, and *truly* philosophical retreat of the 'Minstrel.' It gives us some pleasure to observe that the simple and honest mind of Goldsmith was, even then, impressed with feelings somewhat similar to our own at present.

'When Dr. Goldsmith called on Sir Joshua and saw this picture, he was very indignant at it, and remonstrated with him, saying, "It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character, Sir Joshua, to condescend to be a mean flatterer, or to wish to degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie; for Dr. Beattie and his book together will, in the space of ten years, not be known ever to have been in existence; but your allegorical picture, and the fame of Voltaire, will live for ever—to your disgrace as a flatterer.'—P. 188.

It is not flattery, however, of which Sir Joshua deserved to be accused, but merely of having yielded in this instance to the influence of that polemical, that most anti-philosophical, spirit, which can never appear so justly the object of our aversion as when we see it prevailing over the natural benevolence and uprightness of such minds as Reynolds's and Beattie's.

In speaking of Goldsmith, we cannot avoid noticing a circumstance relating to his family, which our readers will be curious to hear. The only brother of Goldsmith's who is generally known to have survived him, was Maurice Goldsmith, who received the appointment of inspector of licenses at Dublin from the Duke of Rutland, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and has been now dead about fifteen years. In one of Oliver's letters to Maurice, is the following passage. 'You talked of being my only brother—I don't understand you. Where is Charles?' This question, as Mr. Northcote says, Maurice was then unable to answer; but Mr. N. *himself* answers it by relating the following particulars: viz. that

a friend of his, (Mr. N.'s) travelling in 1791 in the stage coach towards Ireland,

'was joined at Oswestry by a venerable looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was *Goldsmith*; when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, that name would be a passport for him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason why? to which the other replied, that the memory of *Oliver* was embalmed among his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who immediately answered, "I am his brother." The gentleman who had first made the observation on the name, looked doubtingly, and said, "He has but one brother living; I know him well." "True," replied the stranger, "for it may be said that I am risen from the dead, having been for many years supposed to be no longer in the land of the living. I am Charles, the youngest of the family. Oliver I know is dead; but of Henry and Maurice I know nothing."'

To cut short a long story, of which we must refer to Mr. Northcote himself for the further particulars, Charles Goldsmith had, it seems, in early life, being of a roving disposition, strayed to London in the vain hope of participating in the grandeur which he supposed poor Oliver to be enjoying among the great circles of the British metropolis; but being very soon undeceived, 'proceeded, a poor adventurer, to Jamaica,' where he had since been fortunate enough to acquire some little property, and was then on his return to his native country, with the purpose of enquiring out the subsequent fortune, and the remaining individuals, of his family. Maurice was the only individual left, and the account of their meeting, which Charles afterwards transmitted to his stage coach companion, presents a most interesting and pathetic picture of genuine kindness of heart and family affection. We are sorry the tale ends here, and wish much to know how the poor old Jamaica adventurer ended his days, whether any of his own descendants are now living, and what are their circumstances; for we omitted to say that he had left a wife and children behind him in the West Indies, intending to send for them to Ireland when he should have succeeded in acquiring a comfortable settlement. These are questions which Mr. Northcote has not been able to find the means of answering.

The latter part of Sir Joshua's life, during which Mr. Northcote was no longer an inmate of his house, does not of course furnish him with so much matter for original remark and anecdote as the former; and the passage which we principally regret that the contracted space of

our Review prevents us from inserting is, that which contains the opinion of Mr. Northcote himself on Sir Joshua's general character as a painter. But none of those who, from the nature of their professional pursuits, are most particularly interested in this character, will be long without personal reference to a work which on so many accounts claims the painter's regard and attention. To the general reader, we are obliged in justice to add, that the multiplicity of the materials of which this work is composed, the great want of order and arrangement in their distribution, and the little discernment which the author appears to have possessed, (on all subjects in which his art was not immediately concerned) of what is really worth recording, and what is too trifling, or too dull, or too hackneyed to convey any portion of interest, must of necessity render its perusal a task of some irksomeness and insipidity.

The analyses of Sir Joshua's lectures, with which the memoir of his life is interspersed, are, (we have no doubt) worthy the attention even of those who are already well acquainted with the originals. It is impossible that one eminent artist, in discussing the opinions and principles of another, should fail to throw upon them new light and additional importance. The miscellaneous papers at the end of the volume we have no room to notice any farther than by observing, that, however useful or interesting some parts of their contents may also prove to the professional, and however amusing to the general reader, we cannot approve of the conformity to a too prevalent custom of these book-making times, which has induced their author to append them to a work which ought to be complete in itself, and unincumbered with such a load of entirely irrelevant matter.

ART. III.—*Tableau de la Littérature Française, pendant le Dixhuitième siècle.* Londres: Chez Colburn, 1813.

De la Littérature Française pendant le dix-huitième siècle. D'après la seconde Edition de Paris. A Londres: Chez Dulau, 1813.

Mr. COLBURN, and M. Dulau, have rendered an acceptable service to the public by re-printing in London this characteristic Sketch of French Literature during the

eighteenth Century. It presents us with a sort of brief abstract of the intellectual causes which conspired to produce that turn of thinking in the eighteenth century, particularly on religious, moral, metaphysical, and political subjects, which alienated the reason and the sympathies of the people from the existing civil and ecclesiastical institutions; and, finally, occasioned the revolution by which they were overwhelmed. The French revolution, therefore, incontestably proves the mighty influence which is possessed amongst the civilized nations of Europe, by an order of men who, in a political point of view, hardly ever entered into the calculations of government, or were considered of any moment or interest as a distinct part of the state. We mean the men of letters, who may be called the intellectual aristocracy of a country, and before which, at least where the press is in any degree free, the aristocracy of wealth and rank, considered merely as such, and separated from the frequent concomitant of superior mental illumination, must finally hide their diminished heads, and yield the palm of victory. Ever since the invention of printing, which rendered books more cheap, and of course more widely diffused and more generally read, those persons, who have made literature their pursuit and have devoted themselves to it, either as the means of procuring subsistence or of obtaining renown, have been gradually increasing till during the last, or perhaps the latter part of the preceding century they began to constitute a distinct class of society; and, if we may so express it, to perform the office of thinking for the rest of the community. From this period public opinion became by a slow but very effective process, more and more subject to their controul; and the influence of a more artificial aristocracy, except as far as the men of letters were marshalled in its ranks, imperceptibly declined, or was vigorously counteracted by a force to which all resistance was ultimately vain.

If matter be subject to mind, or if that portion of matter in which there is most intellectual power, be essentially higher in the scale of being than that in which there is less, then it appears certain that that class of the community, which is constituted of men of letters, must finally influence the volition, and consequently more or less controul the conduct of the rest of the community. Physical strength is only brute agency, unless under the direction of moral force; but, where moral force can apply its power of exaltation to physical strength, it is indefinitely increas-

ed; and in particular circumstances becomes irresistible. Enthusiasm is one of the exalting and aggrandizing powers which Mind, in favourable circumstances, can communicate to what may be called the material strength of individuals. For the religious or political enthusiasm, or enthusiasm of any other kind, which has wrought such mighty effects in particular regions and periods of the world, has usually been in its origin the impulsion of some commanding mind, or minds, which set in violent motion or impassioned activity the less reflective mass of the community."

Though the men of letters in France, who were instrumental in producing a turn of thinking, which, when it became general, excited such a violent concussion of new opinions against established institutions as accelerated the revolution, were very numerous; yet we may select three or four of transcendent intellectual capacity, to whom the rest were in a great measure subordinate; and who were, though not exclusively, yet principally active in dissipating the congregated host of ancient prepossessions, and in preparing the way for a new order of things. Amongst those minds of the highest class, who were thus particularly instrumental in accelerating the pace of the revolution, the author particularly specifies the names of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Montesquieu, and of Buffon. Of these four intellectual agents, whoso powerfully contributed to excite the spirit of opposition, and to multiply the opponents to the ancient institutions of the French, the influence of Voltaire embraced the widest circumference, and operated with more or less vivacity of impression or extent of effect on a multitude of all classes from the prince to the seavenger. Rousseau had not so many admirers as the philosopher of Ferney; but his votaries were generally men of a more impassioned temperament; and, what the citizen of Geneva wanted in numbers, was supplied by enthusiasm. The fifth-monarchy men were hardly greater zealots than some of those disciples whose principles were nurtured and whose sentiments were sublimed in his school. What Buffon wrote tended particularly to impress the more strictly philosophical part of the community: but it helped to discredit the system of Moses, and to disturb the creed of Christendom. The writings of Montesquieu, in the then state of things in France, had a strong revolutionary tendency; and contrary, probably, to the belief, or concealed from the consciousness of the writer, they disgusted no small number of persons with

the existing political institutions of their country, and excited a vague and indefinite desire of liberty, which, when it had once got rid of a system of oppression, did not well know what to substitute in its place. In political changes nothing is more pernicious than a restless solicitude after some phantom of abstract perfection without any definite object of pursuit, which, though terminating in imperfection, may nevertheless comprise a great aggregate of practical political good. The Spirit of Laws, helped to put in motion a great mass of the thinking power in France on the high subjects of government; and the comparisons, which it excited, probably led many to speculate on some airy scheme of policy which might eclipse all the codes for the distribution of political power, and for the preservation of liberty, which had been known in any period of the world.

The writers, whom we have mentioned, with their numerous auxiliaries and partisans, all panting for change, or teeming with hopes of halcyon days, when philosophy should be paramount over every obstacle, ultimately combined an aggregate of force in opposition to the old establishments, both civil and ecclesiastical, in France. The American revolution proved the mean of giving a forcible impulsion, and a vigorous activity to the mass of discordant opinions which had been long collecting in that country against the then order of things; and the deficit in the taxes occasioned by the American war, and either aided by the improvidence of Neckar, or rendered incurable by the prodigality of the queen, completed the catastrophe.

We will now exhibit some specimens of the author's sentiments on some of the great men whose writings had a powerful effect in bringing on the revolution. The following is part, but only part, of what the author says on Voltaire. We have not room for more.

'Voltaire was endowed by nature with astonishing faculties. So much force of mind could not be entirely the product of education and circumstances. But it would not be possible to prove that the employment of this talent was constantly directed by the opinions of his time; and that the desire of success and of applause, which is the first motive of almost all writers, influenced Voltaire in every period of his life.'

The French is,

'cependant ne serait-il pas possible de montrer que l'emploi de ce talent fut constamment dirigé par les opinions du temps, et que le besoin de reussir et de plaire, premier mobile de presque tous les écrivains a guidé Voltaire dans tous les momens de sa vie.'

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We must confess that we cannot precisely define what this means; and we must here remark that we have found some other passages in this work which are equally vague and indeterminate. Even the best of the Gallic literati occasionally resort to the notable contrivance of treating their readers with phrases instead of ideas, and with sound instead of sense. But to proceed with our author's remarks on the character and writings of Voltaire. 'At the same time no one was more susceptible of such impressions.' (The reader will perhaps ask what impressions? and we can only tell him that we suppose the writer means '*les opinions du temps, et le besoin de reussir et de plaire*;' but how the *besoin de reussir et de plaire* can properly be called an impression, we do not see. But we must not stay strictly to scrutinize the sense or the accuracy of particular phrases in this or in any other French work. We will therefore pursue our course.)

'His genius appears to me to exhibit the singular phenomenon of a man who is frequently deprived of that faculty of the mind which we call reflection, whilst he is, at the same time, pre-eminently endowed with the faculty of feeling and of expressing what he feels, with extraordinary vivacity.'

That we may not do any injustice to the author in the remarks which we are going to make on the above, we will first quote it in the original.

'Son génie présent à ce qu'il nous semble, ce singulier phénomène d'un homme le plus souvent dépourvu de cette faculté de l'esprit qu'on nomme réflexion, et en même temps doué, au plus haut degré, de la *faculté de sentir* et d'exprimer avec une merveilleuse vivacité.'

We have no objection to the author's calling reflection a faculty of the mind, though we should rather term it an operation, particularly if we consider the mind as one and indivisible; but we cannot admit his '*faculté de sentir*,' his *faculty of sensation*. For a faculty is that which we may exercise upon deliberation or choice, or in which voluntarity is more or less concerned; as in moving the tongue and talking on a given subject, or moving the legs and walking to a given point; but, sensation is not a *faculty* of this kind, for it has no dependence upon the will. Our sensibility is not optional. We cannot exert it as we will, and when we will; possess it at one time, and keep it in suspense or abeyance at another. We cannot feel according as we are inclined, nor help feeling what we may be disinclined to feel. Sensation, therefore, is not, as the author seems to think, a *faculty* of the mind.

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The author goes on to tell us that this *faculty* which Voltaire had 'de sentir et d'exprimer avec une merveilleuse vivacité,' was

'undoubtedly the cause of his success and of his defects. This mode of considering every thing only in one point of view, and of yielding to the actual sensation which an object excites, without heeding those which it may occasion in other circumstances, filled the writings of Voltaire with numerous contradictions, caused him often to deviate from justice and from reason, and proved injurious to the plan of his works and to their perfect unity.'

We have rendered the above more clear than it is in the original, but it is still rather indefinite and obscure. We rather conjecture what the author means, than see it distinctly determined or perspicuously developed. The first beauty of writing is perspicuity; and this beauty is combined with the highest degree of usefulness; for no literary work can be useful except in proportion as it is intelligible. But some of the sentences in this writer are almost as vague and indefinite as some of the responses of an heathen oracle. The fact is, that he has become obscure by an elaborate endeavour to appear deeper than he is. But a very shallow stream may sometimes appear deep where the bottom is muddy, or where the surface is darkened by some contiguous shade. The writer of this 'Tableau,' has marred many of his remarks by endeavouring to seem profound where he is only shallow and superficial. Profundity is not his characteristic excellence, though he has painfully toiled to make us mistake the affectation for the reality. The writer is certainly often acute and discriminating; but we can seldom bestow upon him any higher praise.—Having said thus much on the work before us, we will now resume the remarks of the writer on the character of Voltaire, and prosecute them without any farther interruption, though even part of the following would furnish us with sufficient specimens of *verbiage*, or of phrases to which no definite ideas are annexed.

'Mais cet abandon entier à son impression, cette impétuosité de sentiment, cette irritabilité si dèlicate et si vive, a produit ce pathetique, cet entraînement irresistible, cette verve d'éloquence ou de plaisanterie, cette grâce continuelle qui decoule d'une facilité sans bornes; et quand la raison et la verité viennent à être revetues de ces brillans dehors, alors elles acquièrent le charme le plus séduisant; il semble qu'elles naissent sans effort, toutes brillantes d'une lumière directe et naturelle, et leur interprète laisse loin derrière lui tous ceux qui les recher-

chent péniblement par le jugement, la comparaison et l'experience.'

'Voltaire would certainly have been more modest and reserved if, instead of bursting into fame in the commencement of his career, his success had been more gradual and he had not all at once acquired such a degree of celebrity as made him courted by men of the highest rank and fortune. The style of his early productions shows that he was not born with any remarkable independence of mind. In some of them we discern that levity of principle and frivolity of thought on every subject which his contemporaries possessed in such a high degree; but nevertheless we may trace something humble and even like courtly deference to every species of authority. But when the young author, intoxicated by the applause which his dramatic writings had inspired, and still more by the flattering familiarity of the great, perceived that he had imposed superfluous restraints upon his licentiousness; and that the more he made a joke of every thing the more he was sure to please those by whose friendship he felt himself honoured, he gradually threw off the reserve which he had at first practised, and had the effrontery to treat every subject with irreverence. Such is the species of progression which is particularly visible in his fugitive poetry, those master-pieces of elegant trifling, in which we are incessantly struck with the seductive and dangerous contrast between the weighty seriousness of the subject, and the airy frivolity of the execution, but in which there is, at the same time, a show of reason and of truth.'

The author remarks that Voltaire was the first person who, in his writings, professed an admiration of the English. But he supposes that Voltaire and others who praised England, did it only as a covert means of blaming France. Few authors have written on such a variety of subjects as Voltaire; and perhaps few have altogether written so well. Nor is it hardly possible to read a page of his voluminous works without being convinced that we are conversing with a man of high intellectual powers and great copiousness and diversity of information. If we are not made wise by his reflections we are dazzled by his wit, and where his wit flags there is no dearth of thought. The exuberance of his ideas does not terminate in barrenness; and his prodigality does not occasion want. His mind appeared to the last to be a reservoir incapable of exhaustion.

The author of this work first endeavours to estimate the merits of Voltaire as a tragic writer. Here he stands on lofty ground; and there are few whose heads tower above his. In his tragic compositions, though he is often

too declamatory, yet he often shows himself in possession of the master keys of the human heart. Zaïre, is mentioned as the first successful effort of his dramatic genius. The beauties of *Zaïre*, which are characterized not only by brilliancy but by rapture, may be truly said to render us insensible to its defects. The Zaïre of Voltaire has not

'the perfect versification of Racine, nor its honeyed melody; it does not exhibit the same scrupulous nicety in the tissue of the plot and in the gradation of the interest. It has not the lofty imagination or dignified simplicity of Corneille; and yet there is in it a something which is wanting in other tragedians, and which we cannot help wishing that they possessed. There is an impassioned glow, an unaffected negligence, a sentimental rapture, which hurries us down the stream of emotion, with a grace which enchants the taste and captivates the heart. We are convinced that a man, who produced such verses must have had an imagination instinct with fire; and, if any thing can give us an idea of an author who was a victim to the delirium of passion and of poetry, it is such a work as the Zaïre. Even when we take it to pieces and scrutinize it with minute deliberation, it is impossible not to be struck with the energy, the facility, and the grace which are resplendently visible in the tragedies of Voltaire.'

The fugitive poetry of Voltaire is not without its peculiar charms.

'One of its principal merits, and which particularly heightens its interest, is, that it serves to make us acquainted with the thoughts and sentiments of the author. We love to see poetry lend its blandishments to real impressions. In many cases it is only a vain jingle of words. But here we trace the sentiments of Voltaire from his infancy to the closing evening of his life. He made his verse the interpreter of what he thought and felt.'

In the first historical effort of Voltaire, the subject was happily chosen and as happily executed. His hero was

'the most romantic and most enterprising of sovereigns. As reflection had little to do with the life of the king of Sweden, it would have been out of its place in the detail of his achievements. What was wanting was rapidity in the narrative and force in the colouring. Profound knowledge of men and nice discrimination of character were not very necessary in delineating a sovereign who shewed himself without disguise. There were no grand conceptions to criticise, no secret motives to disclose; for Charles was all in all in his acts. His historian had only to paint; and painting was one of the talents of Voltaire.'

Notwithstanding the splendour of the reign of Louis XIV, the history is far from interesting us so much as that of the Swedish sovereign.

'It has less unity. It is more complex: it comprehends more personages, more causes, more objects. The facts are not the immediate result of individual passion and character. It is less dramatic, and has less hold on the imagination.'

The author remarks that Voltaire, in his history of the reign of Louis XIV, directing his attention exclusively to its victories, its literature and its arts, paid no regard to the character of the government and administration of the sovereign.

'He did not remark that perhaps there is no epoch in the French history in which more important changes took place in the manners of the people, in their social relations and in the ancient spirit of the constitution.' 'Our unbounded admiration,' says he, 'for the reign of Louis XIV, is owing to the brilliant colouring of Voltaire. He made us forget that a king has other duties to perform besides those of acquiring glory for his people. This was not the opinion which was entertained of Louis XIV in the period immediately subsequent to his death; when the delusion of prejudice had been dissipated by the noxious policy and calamitous events of his reign. This had been followed by a strong and even exaggerated feeling of resentment. Voltaire was the first to weaken the general, and, in some measure, unmerited sentiment of disaffection to the memory of this king.' * * *

Voltaire

'lived at a time when there was a great want of morals, at least in the superior ranks of society; and morality was no object of his respect. Envy and malevolence assailed him with weapons drawn from the armoury of religion, though religion was no longer revered even by those whose peculiar province it was to defend it. He regarded it only as a means of persecution. The government of his country was without energy, without respect; which it did nothing to acquire; and he was ambitious of independence and prone to opposition. This was the real source of his opinions.'

This reasoning appears to us rather vague and inconclusive. Nor is the statement corroborated by facts. The author's remarks on Voltaire, though occasionally acute, do not altogether seem the product of a very vigorous intellect.

The author says that it is the Persian letters of Montesquieu, in which we more particulary discern

'that temerity of research, that propensity to paradox, those criticisms on manners, laws, institutions, and, if we may so express it, that libertinism of opinion, which are at once proofs of

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the vivacity, force, and inconsideration of his mind. In this work religion is not treated with any more respect. Under the transparent veil of pleasantries levelled against the Mahometan faith, or even by more direct attacks, Montesquieu labours to turn into ridicule the whole method of theological reasoning, and doctrinal creeds of every kind. It may even be said that there is more bitterness in the raillery of Montesquieu than in that of Voltaire; and that it is capable of producing more mischief; for it is more often a direct attack upon prin ciples.'

The following remarks upon the writings of Montesquieu, evince as much discrimination as we usually find in this writer.

'His books discover a vivacity and animation which study and reflection could hardly restrain within due bounds. As soon as an idea takes the form of an image, or particular facts may be thrown into picture, Montesquieu is easily induced to exhibit them in this point of view. His mind had an invincible fondness for brilliant and poetical conceptions, whilst his pursuits and his circumstances led him to devote himself to questions of morality, of policy, and of government. All the works of Montesquieu manifest traces of this double direction of his mind.'

Montesquieu was certainly always studious of truth. Truth was the object which he constantly sought; but, if he never wilfully deviated from truth, he often involuntarily lost sight of plain sense in a certain injudicious fondness to give his sentences an epigrammatic turn, or to produce a picturesque effect. The author very justly says that the march of genius is not tardy and circuitous, but prompt and direct: that hence general ideas almost exclusively occupy its attention; and that it readily supposes a capacity 'to comprehend and modify what it says, so as to render it true and applicable in every particular circumstance.' Some other remarks which the author makes on the writings of Montesquieu as well as on those of other persons amongst the *gens de lettres* of the eighteenth century, prove that he was impressed, at the time, with a *profound reverence* for the new imperial government which has arisen out of the vortex of the revolution. The revolution itself is mentioned with execration, not more from an abhorrence of its crimes, which it is meritorious to feel, but as an indirect means of paying court to the tyranny of Bonaparte; which, if it quelled the republican ferment, has nevertheless only substituted one tyranny for another. Under such a jealous despotism, as that of Napoleon, it is in vain to expect that any person,

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writing within the precincts of Paris, or indeed of the *great empire*, will dare to speak what he thinks on political subjects; or to let his pages glow with any thing like a love of liberty. The terror, with which the sceptre of Bonaparte is beheld by the French nation, may be traced in several passages in the present work: and indeed in all the vapid products of the French press in which there is any show of political remark. The direct tendency of despotism is to benumb all the faculties of the soul; and till the present tyranny of Napoleon is moderated or destroyed it is vain to expect in French writers any bold and manly sentiments, or any generous expression of sympathy in favour of the freedom of France or of mankind.

Rousseau occupies a prominent place in this *Tableau de la Littérature Française:* but the character of that great but eccentric genius has for some time been well understood, and the present remarks do not add much to the elucidation. Rousseau is mentioned as possessing a character more distinct and original than that of all his literary contemporaries. Whilst the character of others is modified by the society in which they live and by the manners and opinions which form a sort of moral atmosphere around them, Rousseau appeared to be affected by this influence less than other men. It seemed to operate upon him in an opposite direction. His mind seemed to imbibe not a resemblance to those around him, but rather 'something more individual, and consequently more persuasive and profound.' His language abounds with 'force, enthusiasm, emotion,' and his philosophy is at least recommended by 'eloquence and sentiment.' The vanity of Rousseau, unlike that of other authors, instead of scintillating without, retired, as if for more powerful concentration, to the inmost recesses of his soul, where it harassed him with perpetual inquietude and for ever troubled his repose. This vanity could never be sufficiently gratified. It was an incessant craving; and at last disordered his understanding. He thought himself of sufficient consequence to have all civilized Europe conspire to thwart his views or hasten his end. The author says that 'he felt the duties of life only as a chain,' by which his liberty was oppressed. The discharge of the common offices of life had no interest for a person of his ardent temperament; and thus, though he possessed great sublimity of sentiment, he seems to have been destitute of any personal benevolence. Virtue was painted in her highest lustre and her most captivating form in the focus of his imagination; but

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beyond that region, there was only a dark void, where none of the charities were seen. Our author says of this prodigy of eloquence, for such he certainly was,—that

'the life which he led was a tissue of egotism: that the pleasures which he sought had always something exclusive and solitary; that he never sacrificed his interest except to his pride; that he was envious of every thing which he did not possess and which he often had made no effort to obtain; that even his affections had the impress of selfishness; and that what he loved, was for his own gratification rather than for that of the object.'

What can be said worse of any man? but we must leave it to others to determine whether it is deservedly said.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Character of Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales. By Alexander Luders, Esq.* London: Cadell, 1813, 8vo. 5s.

'I SHALL endeavour,' says Mr. Luders, in the commencement of this agreeable and instructive essay, 'to regain the truth of history for the character of this great prince in his youth, because it has been hidden in obscurity, or represented in fable. Not having been able to find sufficient authority for the wanton and dissolute character assigned to him in the plays of Shakespear, and that older play which he seems to have followed, I suspect that they are almost as fabulous as Ovid's Metamorphoses. What is to be found in real and authentic history is so inconsistent with those scenes, that I believe, if one of that generation could revive, and behold the person represented on our stage for young Henry of Monmouth, he would be as much puzzled to know him there, as to trace Daphne in the laurel. Yet the earliest chroniclers of those times agree in their story of the young man's excesses; although they relate no particular facts, as some of their followers do.

'Theatrical and poetical perversions of history are, indeed, very common, and being generally innocent are forgiven or unnoticed. Either the audience and readers are not knowing enough to discover them, or their effect is not lasting; and they are seldom carried so far as to give a wrong turn to our judgment of well-known events or characters. But in the present instance, the fame and genius of the poet, and the popularity of his scenes, have perverted our national history in an important article: so deeply, that I fear it will be thought a vain attempt to shew his error and remove its impressions. I want to dispell

a mist that his delicate hand has made us wish to keep before our eyes; and must raise a contention between two great favourites of the nation, the prince and Shakespear. It shall be my study to carry it on without offending their admirers; to distinguish the prince of history from the prince of poetry, and the natural character from the work of art. And so to clean away the tarnish from one of the brightest ornaments of the English throne, that our hero's glory may become more splendid, without lessening the poet's fame.

'His character of Falstaff has been received, without any doubt, for a work of invention: but that of the dissolute young prince as his companion, has generally passed for true; not only with those who hear or read the plays, but with those also whose duty it is to inquire into the truth of what they relate, our historians. It is for them my correction is intended. But I would leave the theatre in full possession of its delight, and be ready to join its votaries there in exclaiming *Errare malim.*'

The above shows, in the author's own words, the design which he had in view in writing the present essay; and we must confess for our own parts that, though we took it up with great repugnance to be convinced that Shakespear had misrepresented the character of Henry V, when Prince of Wales, our conviction was complete before we laid it down, that the character of the prince has been grossly libelled by the poet and by the chroniclers from whom he drew his information.

Mr. Luders has proved in the most satisfactory manner that Prince Henry exhibited in very early life a character very different from that which is commonly imputed to him; and that his conduct and habits, instead of being in the highest degree disorderly and intemperate, were singularly distinguished by the opposite qualities.——The *proof* of the prince's early profligacy rests primarily on a passage in the life of Henry the Fifth, by Thomas Elmham, prior of Lenton, who was contemporary both with Henry the Fourth, and his son, but who survived both. This Thomas Elmham, discoursing '*of the prince's natural temper and disposition, and behaviour in his youth*,' describes him

'as much given to lasciviousness, and very fond of musical instruments. Passing the bounds of modesty and burning with the fire of youth, he was eager in the pursuit of Venus as of Mars. When not engaged in military exercises, he also indulged in other excesses, which unrestrained youth is apt to fall into.' * * *

He afterwards talks of his conduct at a more mature pe-

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riod as '*presenting the sudden change of night into day*,' &c. and, in another place, tells 'a tale of Henry the Fourth's calling his son to his bed-side, when at the point of death, in order to kiss and bless him as Isaac did Jacob, and of the prince's retiring to penitent reflection like the prodigal son.' &c. &c. In this book of Elmham,

'Young Henry is made to retire to confession, after receiving the benediction, where "all alone, he revolves and brings back in bitterness of spirit, with sharp reflections and a contrite heart, the past years of his youth;" concluding with a fine speech of intended reformation, *(which none but the Muse could hear,)* and "shedding a river of tears that flowed the whole day." At night, and while the stream still flowed, he finds out a holy man to give him absolution, from whence he returns "decently adorned with a robe of virtues."

'Then comes on (after many wise sayings and doings of his) the feast of the coronation, in which the young man will not partake; for he resolutely betakes himself to fasting for three days and nights, that he may have time for reflecting cooly upon his exalted station. All which the author would have his readers believe upon the faith of *very credible testimony*, which had induced him to write it. Then, in the next chapter, (8th) the nobility, who were before afraid of his accession, appear to have undergone the same sort of conversion as he, and by the same sudden impulse; for they immediately make him an offer to swear allegiance, by a precipitate and unusual mark of regard and unprecedented ceremony, and are delighted to think of him for their king. Not a word here of his old companions, or of their dismissal.'

As the delineation of Prince Henry's juvenile character by succeeding chroniclers and historians may be ultimately traced to Elmham, as their primary source, there is less occasion to dwell on what they have said; for if what Elmham has reported on the subject can be shown on very probable grounds to have been false, it is not very likely that what later writers have advanced is true.

Mr. Luders has produced several particulars which tend to shake the credibility of Elmham, and to demonstrate the defect or the inaccuracy of his information. This writer appears to have been ignorant of some memorable transactions in the early life of Henry the Fifth, or while he was Prince of Wales. The first fact of this kind which Mr. Luders notices, is the singularly early period at which Henry was knighted. This honour was conferred upon him (June, 1399) in the twelfth year of his age by Richard II, who took him in his suite when he passed over

into Ireland, in order to subdue the insurgents in that country.

'The next mark of inattention,' says Mr. Luders, 'to his subject which I charge upon the author, is his manner of writing of the battle of Shrewsbury, although he ascribes the success of the day to our young hero. This, in my opinion, proves that he did not know his age. He could not have omitted to mention, as an addition to his praise, that he was then not sixteen years old, if he had known the fact: and not to know it is blameable ignorance in a writer of his life.'

In the year in which the battle of Shrewsbury was fought, the king appointed the prince to the high trust of his lieutenant in Wales, in order to prosecute the war against Glendower.

'In executing this commission, he appears to have been active and diligent, and to have given proof of great abilities attended with success, of which there are records remaining. The reader of this part of his life in Elmham, will have only a faint and very imperfect idea of his merit, and will be led by the style to suppose that he was in the full vigour of manhood at this time.'

When we consider the youthful period at which this difficult and momentous enterprize was confided to Prince Henry, it furnishes a most decisive proof that his conduct at that time could not have been such as to have incurred the reproof or excited the displeasure of his father. Instead of having been, according to the common accounts, a tissue of levity, improvidence, and profligacy, or a wild career of folly and of crimes, it must have been remarkable for serious attention to the duties of his station; and for a steadiness of conduct by which the youth of princes is seldom characterised. Mr. Luders has inserted in this essay a letter which Prince Henry wrote to his father in order to acquaint him with the victory which he had gained over superior numbers in the second year of his command in Wales. It is not a little singular that this letter, though contained in Rymer's Foedera in the original French, has been left unnoticed by our historians. There is not only the absence of all ostentation in this letter, but it is pervaded by a tone of seriousness, very incompatible with the turn of mind which is usually but erroneously ascribed to Prince Henry in this season of his life. The following is Mr. Luders's translation of this valuable document.

"Most dread Sovereign, Lord, and Father,

"In the most humble manner that I may in my heart devise, I recommend myself to your royal majesty, humbly praying your gracious blessing. Most dread Sovereign Lord and Father,

I sincerely beseech God graciously to shew his providence towards you in all places: praise be to him in all his works! For on Wednesday the 11th of this instant month of March, your rebels of the parts of Glamorgan, Morgannock, Usk, Netherwent, and Overwent, drew together to the number of 8000 men by their own account; and went in the morning of the same day, and burnt part of your town of Grosmont within your Lordship of Monmouth and Jennoia.

* * only my well beloved cousin the Lord Talbot, and the little troop of my household; and there joined them your brave and faithful knights, William Newport and John Greindre, who made but a very small power altogether. But true it is that *the victory is not in the multitude of people*, (and thus was it well seen there) *but in the might of the Lord*.

"And there by the aid of the blessed Trinity, your men wan the field, and overcame all the said rebels; of whom they slew in the field, by fair reckoning upon our return from the pursuit, some say eight hundred, and some one thousand, being questioned upon pain of death. Nevertheless, be it one or the other in this account, I will not dispute.

"And to give you full information of the whole affair, I send you a person worthy of credit therein, one of my faithful servants the bearer hereof, who was in the battle and very satisfactorily performed his duty, as he has ever done.

"Now such amends hath God ordained you for the burning of four houses in your town aforesaid. And no prisoners were taken except one who was a great chieftain among them, whom I would have sent to you, but that he is not yet able to bear the journey."

"And with respect to the course I propose to hold hereupon, please your highness to give entire credence to the bearer hereof, in what he will himself inform your highness on my part. And pray God ever keep you in joy and honour, and grant that I may shortly have to comfort you with more good news.

"Written at Hereford, the said Wednesday at night.

"Your most humble and obedient Son,

"HENRY."

Though Prince Henry is almost universally represented as having incurred the ill-will of his father by his vicious and licentious conduct, yet this supposition appears to be totally destitute of truth. For facts, which are the most cogent arguments, demonstrate that Henry IV, instead of evincing any relaxation of regard for his son, or any want of confidence in his virtue, sedateness, or diligence, gave him the strongest proofs both of his confidence and regard. Thus in March, 1410,

'Prince Henry was made Warden of the Cinque Ports, and soon after Captain of Calais, upon the death of the Earl of Somerset. This was a greater appointment and more important trust than that of Lieutenant of Wales; and the then uncertain state of peace or war with France doubled its importance.'

'The Captainship of Calais might be called the best thing in the king's gift, if emolument and power were in view. It was this station that enabled the Earl of Warwick in the next generation, to turn the fate of the kingdom, and to make and unmake kings.'

Mr. Luders refers to several other documents which incontestably prove, that the prince, instead of being an object of his father's distrust or disapprobation, had a high place in his confidence and esteem, and was a constant object of his favour and beneficence.

The conduct of the prince in civil, does not appear to have been less distinguished than in military matters. His capacity and his diligence were as exemplary in the cabinet as in the field; and there are several traits which exalt our ideas of his justice and humanity in a political point of view. That part of Mr. Luders's essay, which is entitled 'of the princes conduct in state affairs,' contains sufficient details to establish the character of the prince as a politician.

Mr. Luders has examined with much diligence of research and nicety of observation the common stories relative to the excesses and misconduct of Prince Henry. Mr. Luders thinks that the story of his *striking the judge*, 'came from the stage and play books into the history books,' as he says that he 'can find none of them in which this choice morsel is preserved more ancient than the coarse old play of Henry the Fifth.'

'This adventure,' says the author, 'afforded a droll pantomimical scene for vulgar entertainment in that play. The actor of the clown's part there being a great favourite of the audience, and the piece a popular one; as Malone has shewn, though Steevens had imagined the contrary.* It has the following title, "The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agin-court, as it was acted by the Kinges Majesties servants." I use the collection of *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his, &c.* by Nicholls 1779. We are not told when it was first printed. *The* King's *Majesty* in the title page of the edition followed there, proves

* Reed's Shakesp. V. 3. p. 363, and V. 12. p. 262.

that to be of James the First's time. Mr. Malone's industry has found in the books of the Stationers' Company, an order for printing it in 1594;* which is earlier than the printing of Shakespear's Henry IV. and V. But it was a play acted and well known before 1588; for Tarlton the favourite actor mentioned above, is related to have been clown and chief justice in it, and he died in that year.† Therefore though Holinshed's Chronicle was printed in 1573, the probability is in favour of the priority of the play. The internal evidence of its language and manners confirms it strongly, though the spelling and many phrases have been modernized. But such stuff as this piece consists of, could not have been composed for the stage, even by the clown himself, after Shakespear's had got abroad.'

Mr. Luders produces a sample of the play of 'the famous victories of Henry the Fifth.' The Chroniclers, from whose works Mr. Luders has extracted various passages respecting the early profligacy of the prince, appear to have shown more fondness for what is marvellous than for what is true. The following little trait of Caxton in his additions to the Polychronicon is very characteristic of the disposition of the writers of chronicles to stimulate attention or to gratify curiosity with other ingredients than those of truth. Caxton says,—'if I could have founde moo stories, I would have sette in it moo.' '*More stories*,' as Mr. Luders remarks, 'made the excellence of one above another.'

'The Chroniclers,' says the author, 'having once caught hold of the *new birth* of the penitent it was too good to be given up, and descended from one to another, as it were by unction. But Holinshed, writing while a popular comedy on the subject was in vogue, gave a general currency to the fable past all cure. Thus are chronicles compiled; and length of time, which helps to confound them all, serves also to make them venerable.'

Mr. Luders allows that the prince might, in some degree, have excited the ill will of his father; but, if this were the case, it was not by his licentiousness and debauchery, but by the lustre of his great and amiable qualities, and the popularity which they occasioned. The author remarks, that the reader might be startled if he were to maintain that the Prince of Wales was '*his father's favourite son*,' but that he could maintain this by a piece of evi-

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* Reed's Shakesp. v. 2. pp. 122, 226, 291.

† Ib. v. 12. p. 262 and note to the title of Henry V. There appears to have been another play of Henry V. acted in 1597, that is lost to us.

dence of more unquestionable authority than any which has been adduced to prove that he was in a peculiar manner the object of his father's aversion, owing to his various immoralities.

'The will of Henry the Fourth, dated 21 Jan. 1408, (1409 N. S.) after the prince had left his command in Wales, and may be supposed to have resided more in London and to have been guilty of irregularities, if ever he was, this will names him in an affectionate manner, and him only of all the children. The king particularly recommends to his care to provide for three of his servants who had deserved well; and then makes him his executor in the following words (in modern spelling.) "And for to execute this testament well and truly, for great trust that I have on my son the prince, I ordain and make him my executor of my testament foresaid, calling to him such as he thinketh in his discretion that can and will labour to the soonest speed of my will comprehended in this my testament, And to fulfil truly all things foresaid I charge my foresaid son upon my blessing."'

We have thus put the reader in possession of the principal evidence by which Mr. Luders has shown that the character, which has been usually ascribed to Prince Henry before he came to the crown is, for the most part, a mere fabulous representation, and is disproved by indisputable facts. But though this essay demonstrates that the theatrical character of the prince by Shakspeare is a misrepresentation, it by no means deducts from the merit of the piece. For Shakspeare gave such a representation of the character as was agreeable to the common opinion, and common histories of his time; and, if he had given a different, he would not only have violated what was then considered as historical truth, but would have deprived his play of some of its most interesting scenes.

ART. V.—*Lives of Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, and Titus Pomponius Atticus. The latter from the Latin of Cornelius Nepos. With Notes and Illustrations; to which is added an Account of the Lives of the Five first Cæsars. By the Rev. Edward Berwick, Author of the Translation of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana.* Edinburgh: 1813;—for Longman and Co. (London) small 8vo. pp. 184. 7s.

CLASSICAL Biography, which Mr. Berwick has selected for the occupation of his pen, seems, at the first

view, to be a line of writing, that admits of little or no addition which can lay claim to novelty. The little volume now in our hands, whatever its literary merits may be, proves that such an opinion is not altogether well founded. We are presented in it with a memoir of a man, known indeed to all scholars, or all readers of general history, by name at least, of whom however no biographical sketch descended to the revivers of useful and elegant learning in Europe. Bayle, and all other compilers of biography, such at least as have completed their labours, are silent on the actions of Messala, and consequently all that we can know of one of the most distinguished actors on the political theatre of Rome, at the most interesting period of the history of that city, must be gleaned scrap by scrap from the incidental mention made of him, in writings that relate to the period when he lived, or in discussions of antient writers on literary subjects, where his name is cited to exemplify some peculiar species of excellence. In ancient history, and in ancient belles lettres, the name of Messala is never mentioned without respect, seldom without panegyric; it cannot be considered then as an useless occupation of the leisure of a literary man, to attempt, in the form of biographical narrative, to collect and arrange such notices of so celebrated a personage, as may be able, by a concentration of rays, to show the true colours of a character, on which only a few and scattered beams have hitherto shed but a partial light. As a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, and, we may add, as a practical moral philosopher, the subject of these memoirs never can be considered an uninstructive model to the youth of any age or country; his claims to disinterested patriotism are, in our opinion at least, of a much more equivocal nature. Mr. Berwick would willingly decorate his hero with the insignia of this virtue, but it is the perpetual failing of biographers to become apologists and eulogists: it is possible also that there may be a radical difference in the opinions which our author and ourselves entertain of the composition of a true patriot. The Earl of Moira, is, it seems, by the dedication to this volume, the man, whose spotless patriotism is an example to his countrymen; for the sake of proceeding on good terms with our author, we will not, by stating our own political predilections, show a wish to controvert his, and that we may proceed in good temper together, we allow that Messala may have been much such another patriot as the object of the dedication. To an

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artist who paints a Cleopatra or a Helen, we allow the license of designing according to his own imagination, what is most beautiful in the female form; the only restriction is, that should cotemporary writers uniformly have agreed in any one point, as in representing either the eye as black, or the hair as auburn, the fiction of the brush should not violate the tradition of history. Shall we not then call that Critic too fastidious, who would deny some such similar license to the author who is pourtraying mental qualifications? If this latter indulges in invention or contortion of facts, he is inexcusable; but if from an anxiety not to offer the mere skeleton of a character to our view, he attempts to fill up the deficiencies by describing the capacities and virtues of a mind, such as he infers them to have been *in general*, from the *particular* actions on record, the exercise of the biographer's judgment is surely as venial as the painter's exercise of imagination, and in case of successful delineation as commendable also. It is time to see what success in execution attends the present attempt.

Our author informs us that the idea of first collecting the scattered notices of the life of Messala was suggested to him by a note in Gibbon's history, in which that writer 'in his peculiar manner gives the leading features of it.' Mr. B. alludes, we presume, to a note at chap. 17, vol. 3, p. 46, of the octavo edition, where he, who refers, will read these words.

'The fame of Messala has been scarcely equal to his merit; in his earliest youth, he was recommended by Cicero to the friendship of Brutus; he followed the standard of the republic till it was broken in the fields of Philippi: he then accepted, and deserved the favour of the most moderate of the conquerors, and uniformly asserted his freedom and dignity at the court of Augustus. The triumph of Messala was justified by the conquest of Aquitaine; as an orator he disputed the palm of eloquence with Cicero himself. Messala cultivated every muse, and was the patron of every man of genius. He spent his evenings in philosophic conversations with Horace, assumed his place at the table between Delia and Tibullus, and amused his leisure by encouraging the poetical talents of young Ovid.'

This may be a very good specimen of Mr. Gibbon's 'peculiarity of manner,' but without offering an opinion here on the merits of that manner, we may be allowed to wish that, in this instance, he had sacrificed the alluring flowers of rhetoric to sober accuracy. In the first place, the expression '*in his earliest youth*,' is not merely vague, but, even if received with some latitude, hardly

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justifiable. No one, surely, can read the recommendatory letter of Cicero alluded to above, without presuming that Messala was at that time a tried man, and one who had occupied a very prominent station in politics and at the bar. It will also be recollected that Messala was included in the same bloody proscription with Cicero, which proscription caused the death of the latter very shortly after this letter appears to have been written. This affords another presumption, that before the introduction to Brutus, he had obtained some public eminence, or he would hardly have been marked out for such signal vengeance. We find likewise from Plutarch, that on Messala's arrival at the republican camp, he was entrusted with the command of a legion, a very serious trust indeed to repose in a man yet in 'his earliest youth.' We say little of the poetical flourish which informs us that 'Messala spent his evenings in philosophic conversations with Horace;' possibly he did so; but we know of nothing that favours such a presumption. On the contrary, the solitary invitation to Messala, which occurs in one of the odes, does not lead us to conclude that the intercourse was very constant. We 'do not quarrel with the expression that Corvinus took his place at the table between Delia and Tibullus;' here we are well assured of a friendship equally firm and creditable to both parties. But the greatest fault in this memorable note is the fault of omission, for, under the cover of a sonorous phrase, Mr. Gibbon has concealed the tergiversations of Messala, who not only deserted the fortunes of the republican party, and joined himself to Antony, but afterwards deserted Antony also to side with Augustus. Messala's fame as an orator, a soldier, and a man of every elegant acquirement fully entitles him to a niche in the gallery of fame; as an historian he is referred to by Plutarch frequently, and, if we recollect, by Suetonius more than once, as a person whose writings were entitled to high credit. His other labours in the field of literature, as in eloquence also, are duly and very highly appreciated by Tacitus and Quintilian. But Messala's conduct at two very memorable periods of his life, must always render the purity of his public conduct at least a subject of discussion. After the deaths of Brutus and Cassius the command of the republican party was tendered to Messala by the survivors of the partial defeat of Philippi: a question hence arises, whether the fortunes of this party were so desperate as to render Messala's rejection of this

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offer not merely politic, but consonant to sound principles of humanity. But allowing that this refusal was justifiable on the double grounds above stated, it will be asked, whether it was not the duty of Messala to have retired altogether from public life, instead of countenancing, by his accession to their party, the subverters of the liberties of their country. O! but says Mr. Berwick, such a retirement might have been very unsafe—granted: and pray, Mr. Berwick, was it not very unsafe in Palafox, with a few ragged Arragonese, to risk the displeasure of the great French Leviathan, who, as we lately were taught to pray, was ready to swallow him up quick, so wrathfully was he displeased at him? Yet he did so, and by so doing, and thus acting in a cause then apparently desperate, he kept alive a spark, which rekindled to his country's freedom, though he may have perished in the attempt. Messala's conduct on this occasion *may* have been patriotic; much testimony on the subject is wanting to form a sound decision. On one point, however, the simple fact, unaccompanied with evidence, does enable us to pronounce judgment, it is this, if this Roman was a patriot, his patriotism was of the cool deliberative cast, and had none of that chivalrous romantic character which forcibly arrests the attention, and commands the admiration of mankind, while it often ensures success by the collateral impulse it excites in the exercise of its own energies. Messala had the alternative of suicide, so often resorted to by the vanquished great in Roman annals, and of which such splendid examples had been exhibited within the memory of a few weeks. This indeed was an alternative, which, on the principles of sound sense only, he did right to reject; but we confess it excited our smiles, when we read the apology entered for him by his biographer. 'Messala's *experience of the real situation of things* advised him against siding with the broken fortunes of the republic; and *his virtue*, we hope, against suicide.' It were cruel to check such comfortable hopes in a venerable divine, but he has read a great deal too much of Roman manners and morals to be ignorant that virtue was not likely to be the feeling consulted on such an occasion by a Roman patrician in the prime of life. The next period of Messala's life in which the purity of his conduct is equivocal, is one which relates more to private than public morality, we allude to his secession from the party of Antony, and accession to that of Augustus. History gives us no light to guide us in our

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search after the true motives; but analogy would incline us to believe, that that sort 'of *experience of the real situation of things*,' as Mr. B. expresses himself, which has justified many a modern politician in the mutability of his political attachments, was not without its influence on this occasion. It would be very unfair to suppress the biographer's ideas on this occasion, and we are the more anxious to display them, as they contain a specimen of a new kind of logic, the use of which may be highly advantageous to many persons in public life. Mr. B. writes thus:

'It is not to be supposed, that Messala could relish the dissolute life, which Antony led in the east, and this is an opinion we might have formed, *even had we not had the event to confirm the truth*, which tells us, he was at last so disgusted with his servile meanness to the Egyptian queen, that some time before the battle of Actium, he warmly espoused the interests of Cæsar, which he continued to support during the remainder of his life.'

This new logic, it will be observed, assumes as an axiom that Messala, like the monarch abstractedly considered in our constitution, was incapable of acting wrong, and therefore Messala proves that his motives of leaving Antony were pure, by leaving him. A summary mode of proof enough: and to place this line of reasoning, by which an event proves a motive, in the most familiar view, we had better suppose a case. A nobleman or other public man of presumed sound whig principles, a friend of the people, a patron of the oppressed, is on a sudden found to have acted in a manner altogether at variance with the public opinion formed respecting him. Now according to the logic in use at the universities in our older times, the premises elicited from this fact would lead to the conclusion, that the supposed patriot had been guilty of a mean tergiversation from his former principles. But Mr. Berwick's new system of *proof by event*, teaches us, not that the conduct of the agent was wrong, but the system of action on which he previously went, independent of any abstract idea of right and wrong, is proved to be erroneous by his desertion of it.

Fortunately for Messala some actions of his have descended to posterity, in which he proved an integrity of conduct and independance of action under Augustus,*

* An instance of this nature occurs in the passage in Gibbon, which gives rise to the note of which we have made mention. Gibbon draws his

which will go much farther to obliterate the impressions made by his conduct at the two periods of his life to which we have referred, than the apologies or the logic of his biographer. We should not have entered into the question of the patriotism of Messala, which may seem to some readers to belong more to the province of school declamation, than of periodical criticism; but for two reasons, the one because it afforded us an opportunity of showing something of Mr. Berwick's manner of treating so essential a point of character; the other, and the principal one, that we might add one more example in proof of the very exaggerated idea, which many well-meaning persons entertain of Roman patriotism in general. To call this noble feeling 'the Roman virtue,' as in the course of our critical career we have seen it called, does indeed to us appear one of the most ridiculous things on earth; and is an expression much better suited to a school boy composing his theme, with a string of hackneyed examples at his finger's ends, than to a reader and digester of history. By their union against external foes, the Romans became masters of the world; but in this spirit of union, they have been equalled, though not with the same successful result, by other nations. They have likewise, as other countries have also, the names of some distinguished personages to record, who have sacrificed life and property for the land of their birth: but candour must confess that in no country have so many instances occurred of persons breaking through all the sacred ties of citizenship for the purpose of personal aggrandizement. This undoubtedly is a calamity to which republican forms of government always must be subject; but in Rome the recurrence of it was perpetual. And is this patriotism? After all, if we examine the lives of those

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information from Tacitus, Annal. lib. 6. cap. 11—but the words of Tacitus are of a very ambiguous meaning. 'Primus Messala Corvinus eam potestatem (præfecti urbis) et paucos intra dies finem accepit, quasi nescius exercendi.' Gibbon says that Messala resigned this office from a very honourable motive; which he explains. Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, on the contrary, renders the passage thus: 'Messala was dismissed from this office in a few days, as a man incapable of exercising its duties.' From a consideration of the style of Tacitus, we should not hesitate to interpret the words 'quasi nescius exercendi,' as Mr. Gibbon has done, 'considering the office a dishonourable one' (we quote from memory only); but the words 'finem accepit,' savour more of Gordon's translation, and do not look like *voluntary resignation*. It should be added, that Gibbon has strong authority in his favour, that of Eusebius, who, although so late a writer, as hardly to be called a writer of antiquity, is no mean testimony.

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persons among them, who claim the highest honours for this virtue, we shall find that a very great majority of them *exercised* it only negatively, by which we mean, that having the power to disturb the tranquillity of the state they refrained from doing so.

To return to Messala—our readers will find many interesting anecdotes of him in Plutarch's life of Brutus, which have been of course placed under requisition for this volume. Shakspeare in his 'Julius Cæsar' draws from Plutarch's notices of Messala, in the words which he puts into the mouth of that character. Either the translation which came within his reach was a very garbled one, or he wrote from memory of what he had read, as there is much unnecessary transposition of facts without any advantage in dramatic effect; but there are many parts, especially that between Cassius and Messala, which may be traced to the source we have mentioned. But it is time that we close our observations, as the importance of this little volume will not justify us in extending them much farther.

Mr. Berwick has filled up an hiatus in classical biography. He seems to be well versed in the Latin writers of the best ages, and though few writers have imposed upon themselves a less laborious task, he has not been idle in searching for such collateral information as might suit his purpose. As he states that he is compiling some more lives on a similar plan, we will point out some possible improvement, in case he may choose to avail himself of the hint. In the work before us the passages which are taken from authors or translators remain in their own words, although perhaps they form a part of the general narration; this produces a strange farrago of style, and shows a great want of neatness and finish in the department of the literary joiner. Nor is the awkwardness of style the only fault arising from this neglect, for it breaks in upon that continuity of narrative, which is necessary to preserve the interest of biographical composition. We are fully aware how difficult it is to preserve the chain perfect in a life which is made up of fragments, but the nearer the approach to this excellence is, the greater is the merit of the execution. In the next place we could wish that our author would always consult original works, and not rest contented with translators, as he occasionally does. Where translators disagree, he might offer his own interpretation, or place the passage itself in the marginal

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notes. Some other hints he possibly may collect from other parts of this article.

As the life of Pomponius Atticus is a translation from Cornelius Nepos, we conceive it unnecessary to examine it here. There are some entertaining notes attached. The same reason is sufficient for not entering on the genealogical account of the Cæsars.

ART. VI.—*Sicily and its Inhabitants. Observations made during a Residence in that Country. By W. H. Thompson, Esq.* London: Colburn, 1813, 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

WE have several books of travels in Sicily, and from the present state of our connection with that country, are likely to have many more; and much of the information, which is contained in one, must be expected to be repeated in another. But as different individuals will view the same subject in different lights, and as one will omit, as uninteresting or frivolous, what another will insert as deserving of consideration, we are likely to find something in each which is not to be found in the rest. Amongst the remarks which Mr. Thompson made during his residence in Sicily we shall particularly attend to those which relate to men or manners, to the character of the people, or to the moral and political state of the country. If the Sicilians should be, in any degree, regenerated, or improved in their sentiments and conduct by the recent change in their government, their country is likely once more to acquire a place of distinction and influence amongst the powers of the Mediterranean. Nature has done so much for her soil, has rendered it so rich in its products and so exuberant in its fertility, that nothing is wanting but industry, science, and virtue in the natives to convert it into the abode of affluence and of happiness. Its union with this country, if that union is preserved, which we hope will be the case, will tend greatly to accelerate her progress in civilization and in the arts, which, if they add to the stock of our desires, make a proportionate addition to that of our industry; and give new attractions to the variegated tissue of social life.

Mr. Thompson has very happily expressed the benign influence of the air and climate of Sicily on the nerves of a stranger, when he says that 'it makes him feel more

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inclined to love and assist his fellow creatures.' Merely to respire in such a region and under such a sky, is to possess a degree of pleasureable existence beyond what the tenants of a more inclement atmosphere can readily conceive.

Though we have a high idea of Sicilian fertility and of the productive powers of the soil, we cannot subscribe to the opinion of the author, p. 18, that if certain laws were revised or abolished, and if

'the government set the example, by giving due encouragement to industry, there is no doubt that even now this country might furnish all Europe with grain; particularly as it is a well-authenticated historical fact, that Sicily, even when it fed many more inhabitants than it does at present, was considered, notwithstanding, as the granary of the Roman empire.'

The government might encourage industry; but even industry cannot effect impossibilities. Sicily was not, as our author supposes, *the granary of the Roman empire*, though it exported large supplies of grain to the city of Rome. Notwithstanding the natural fertility of this valuable island, the condition of its inhabitants, owing to their habitual indolence, appears to have all the characteristics of wretchedness.

'It will hardly be conceived, that although in this fertile soil it is only necessary to put the grain into the ground to insure plentiful crops, yet still in most of the villages there are seldom or never to be found the necessaries of life; meat never to be found, often not bread; the worst wine (and that not in abundance), burnt peas, and sometimes *macaroni*, were the only sustenance the wretched inhabitants had to live on.

'How lamentable to see so fine an island so totally neglected! frequently for twenty miles together I have not perceived any appearance of the country being inhabited, or cultivated; and even where it is, the population is so small, and the habitations so thinly scattered, as sufficiently to prove the oppressed state of its inhabitants.'

The author gives the following account of the parties in Sicily, during his residence in that country. He divides them into four.

'The first,' says he, 'was very small in numbers, and chiefly composed of men who wished their country to be dependant on no foreign power. The second, by far the most numerous, was formed of those who wished the interference of England, to give them the blessings of a free government.

'The third consisted of persons who were desirous of seeing Sicily a province of France.

And the fourth, and last, comprised all those who have fol-

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lowed the fortunes of the royal family; all those French who are attached to their interests, many of whom have great influence; and those Sicilians who approve or support the present government.'

'The second party, which I call the English, comprises three parts of the population of the country; not merely men of rank and education, who esteem us as a nation, and wish their country the same advantages that we ourselves enjoy, but nearly all the middling classes of society, who labour under the disadvantages of a government that wants energy to attend to the happiness of its subjects: in short, all those who like our laws, and would wish to enjoy the benefit of them. And here I must be particularly allowed to dwell on the good faith of our own government, and endeavour to disprove an assertion so general at home—that we are compromising the honour and integrity of our country by our conduct towards the Sicilians.

'We originally promised the royal family of Naples that we would not take possession of Sicily for ourselves, but hold it in trust for them, and that we would assist them with men and money.

'For several years we have supported an army in Sicily, at an immense expence: we have paid them four hundred thousand pounds per annum, and have honourably fulfilled every promise we made. Had we wished to take possession of Sicily, no difficulty would have arisen. I can declare, from actual observation, and the sentiments of others, that we need only to have hoisted the English standard at Messina and Malazzo; to have issued proclamations, declaring that we would give them our government and our laws, and would not interfere on points of religion, and they would have joined us on every side: nor could the Sicilian government have prevented this. The populace at Palermo were equally ready to join us, equally attached to us. And why did we not take advantage of this? Why! because we estimated public faith above public advantage: and I should hope such conduct has had the happy effect of removing all jealousy from the mind of a very exalted personage. It will be said, that we have at last interfered, and that, in fact, we are in possession of the country. This is not exactly the case: some interference, indeed, was become absolutely necessary. Public dissatisfaction at the measures of government was so great, that a revolution would, in all probability, have been the consequence of our remaining inactive; and, even when I was there, the common language was—"You are come into this country to protect us. Of what use is your protection, if we cannot derive any advantage from it? We are labouring under all the evils of a bad government: any alteration would be for the better; and we

w uld rather be without you, if you will not produce a change in the measures pursued." What answer can be made to this? Added to which, the late banishment of some of the princes, men deservedly popular in the country, and who, in the late parliament, asserted the rights of the people, produced such general indignation, that I am convinced, had we acted differently, from the line of conduct since adopted, the French would now have been in Sicily. And can any one say we ought to suffe this, and allow our brave army to be driven out of it, after the enormous expence we have been at in defending the island for so long a period? I am certain they cannot. It will be seen hereafter that I have a much better opinion of the royal family than many of my countrymen; but I do not conceive we could have acted otherwise than we have done. If the king, or the queen (no matter which), were misled by men whom they both conceived their friends, but who in reality were in the French interest, were we to be equally blind to our own interest as well as their's? I am certain, but for the English, the royal family would long since have been dispossessed of their dominions.'

The author does not believe that the queen had any intention of delivering up Sicily to the French; but he allows that she was jealous of the English. The representation of her character in our public prints, whether true or false, may have contributed to produce that effect; and may have led her to believe that she was hated by our countrymen. This belief would naturally produce a reciprocal dislike; and this may, in some measure, account for her conduct.

The education of the higher ranks in Sicily appears to have been deplorably neglected; and this seems to have been in some measure owing to the despotic nature of the government. For what despot would wish to have his courtiers more virtuous and enlightened than himself? Despotism is jealous of knowledge and of virtue, as the worst enemies to its power, and as the most likely means of procuring its fall. Though the Sicilian nobles are represented as deficient in all useful knowledge and all solid acquirements, yet they are described as possessed of those qualifications which may, with impunity, belong even to slaves. 'It is rare to meet a Sicilian who does not play or sing.' Despotism delights in those accomplishments which tend to relax the vigour of its subjects; and to soften the manly character into a sort of feminine imbecility.

Our well-meaning author appears to consider the system of female education in Sicily as preferable to that in

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use amongst the other sex. Indeed Mr. Thompson represents the education of the Sicilian women as '*excellent*,' and '*infinitely better than our own*.'—This education, however, whatever may be its excellence in other respects, does not seem well contrived to give them a knowledge of the world in which they are to live; to arm them against its temptations or its lures; to fit them for the important relations of mothers and housekeepers, or for any of the practical duties of life. Mr. Thompson speaks as follows of Sicilian female education.

'In Sicily, girls are placed at a very early age for education in convents, which differ in expence according to the rank of the person admitted, but which are all the same in principle. Here every thing that surrounds a young person is good and virtuous: she has no intercourse with the world, at least she is excluded from the vicious part of it; nor can any one have access to her excepting her own family. Her whole life is of such a nature as to make her virtuous: it is scarcely possible an improper sentiment can enter her mind.

'Early rising, and early retirement to rest, give her health and cheerfulness: the duties belonging to the Catholic religion give her habits of temperance and forbearance: her time is constantly employed, and her amusements are innocent. She is not allowed to visit her friends more than once or twice a year: and even then she must receive permission. At these times she is always with her mother; if not, with some governess, who never leaves her unguarded. She is never left alone in mixed societies, nor early introduced into them; and she is taught every accomplishment, if not to perfection, at least so as to render her an intelligent, amiable, and agreeable companion.

'I cannot imagine any thing more virtuous, more innocent, than a young woman who has been thus educated, leaving her convent to return to her friends.'

The nuptial ceremony in Sicily does not appear to be preceded by that mutual knowledge of character and that reciprocal good opinion and esteem, which are most likely to be productive of matrimonial fidelity and happiness.

'The moment a Sicilian lady is arrived at that age when she can be married, her family (if such is their intention) look out for some suitable match in rank and fortune: the parents consult, and the parties themselves are married before they have had time to become acquainted with each other.

'If both parties were equally amiable, equally virtuous, this might not be of much consequence: love and esteem, in that case, might follow after marriage; but where virtue and vice meet together, the consequence is inevitable. The pursuits of the husband are incompatible with those of the wife: he takes

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no pains to gain her affections, or study her disposition: she becomes disgusted, and finding some other, of more refined manners, who treats her with kindness, delicacy, and affection, she chooses him for her lover, and thinks herself excused by the example of others, and the conduct of her husband: and I must think, if conjugal infidelity is ever capable of an excuse it is under such circumstances.'

What are we to think of marriages formed under circumstances of compulsion or disparity, which almost necessarily defeat the object for which marriage was designed?———As a proof of the respect in which the English character is held amongst the Sicilians, the author informs us, that 'at their conversationes they never refuse credit to an Englishman, even when they will refuse it to a Sicilian.'

The author draws a more favourable picture of the king and queen than has been done by some other writers, though he cannot mention any positive virtue becoming a sovereign which is possessed by the king; and, though the queen has paid more attention to public affairs than her august consort, we leave it to history to describe how far that attention has had for its object the public good, or the great interests of justice and humanity. We do not blame the king for his attachment to field-sports, but for his preferring the pastime of a sportsman to the *duties of a king*. Every king is amenable for his conduct to a king greater than himself; and when a king spends his time in fishing or fiddling, in hunting or card-playing, he is guilty of the same breach of duty as a judge would be who should amuse himself in playing marbles or push-pin when he ought to be seriously attending to more weighty interests, affecting the lives and properties of his fellow creatures.

Mr. Thompson speaks of the queen as an 'affectionate mother, and thoroughly attached to her children;' but these maternal qualities, though of high importance and great usefulness, may belong to a washerwoman as well as to a queen; and when we consider the characters of kings and queens, the domestic virtues are not those by which the merits of sovereigns ought to be principally appreciated.

The following is Mr. Thompson's account of the hereditary prince.

'The hereditary prince, in person and appearance, is like his father, only much fatter; and in his countenance he strongly resembles his mother. He does not appear much in public, at

least he did not when I was in Sicily; but from what I saw of him, he appeared to be extremely pleasing and open in his manners.

'His wife, the hereditary princess, is a daughter of the King of Spain: she is a very charming woman; and I never saw any countenance which more strongly marked goodness of heart. I have seen some handsomer, but none which the eye felt more pleasure in looking at. Her person, without being very large, has that sort of *en bon point* which, I think, adds to female beauty. She has several children, and is a most excellent mother.'

The author describes the Sicilians as 'as fine a race of men as any in the world, not excepting my own countrymen.' Mr. Thompson proceeded from Mazzara to Palermo by sea, in a small open boat called 'a sparonaro.'

'We arrived,' says he, 'at Palermo, early in the morning of the second day, having thus been only two nights and one day in coming the distance of ninety miles in a small open boat, ten hours of which we were at anchor under the rocks of Trapani.

'A great part of this distance we were obliged to row, there being hardly any breeze; but the fatigue a Sicilian sailor will bear is astonishing: they will row a whole day, with short intervals of rest, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, with large heavy oars, at each stroke of which they rise and sit down so as to give the whole strength of the body; and to support this fatigue, coarse bread, bad wine, and a little cheese, form their chief food: notwithstanding which, they are in general large muscular men, with limbs of the finest shape, and of a great size. The contour of their countenance is expressive, and their features marked: the Greek or Roman nose appeared to me most common, with fine teeth, generally dark eyes, and thick curly hair; and though their complexions were dark, it was more the effect of exposure to the sun than any thing else. I confess I had formed a very different idea of the Sicilians, conceiving that they were a small, weak race of men; but this is only so where luxury or dissipation has enervated the constitution, which is not often the case amongst the lower classes.'

We select the following details respecting the mode of living at Palermo, and the manners of the place.

'In hiring apartments, a stranger is always obliged to furnish them. When I was there, rent was very moderate to what it is in England; but I understand that since our army has garrisoned Palermo it is much dearer; and now there is hardly a house to be had at any price. Provisions of all kinds were also reasonable, and in great plenty. Meat is now not very cheap, and milk and butter are very dear: still housekeeping does not cost half so much at Palermo as it does in this country.

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'Servants are also a great deal cheaper; for ten dollars a month, a stranger may hire an excellent man servant, and he will keep and clothe himself: this is equal to about thirty pounds a year English money. There is also some difference in keeping a carriage: if a person occupies his own stable it will cost about one hundred pounds per annum, as a very handsome carriage can be procured for about one hundred and sixty ounces, (one hundred pounds), and if not of the very best kind, for much less; whilst a pair of good horses may be had from eighty to one hundred ounces, about sixty or seventy pounds.

'If a carriage is hired it is very dear, almost as much as in London: they charge an ounce per day, or twenty-five ounces per month, which is equal to about one hundred and eighty per annum.

'Wine is of course cheap: the best sort costs about sixpence per bottle; liqueurs a dollar. They have no malt liquors; some kinds are said not to keep in this hot climate, but English porter retains all its goodness. I conceive therefore, by proper management, all kinds might be made so as to bear the heat.

'Fruit is in the greatest abundance; and every day the finest dessert may be procured for a mere trifle.

'The Sicilians are, I think, good cooks, at least I have sat down to excellent dinners. They are fond of good living, but are, at the same time, very temperate and moderate in their general habits,

'The manners of the Sicilians are extremely pleasing: they are open and friendly in conversation, and many of them keep open house. The ladies that mix in society are in general married, but occasionally a stranger may meet with families who break through the rule of keeping their daughters at home till that even takes place; and there is a much greater degree of liberty allowed in this respect between the two sexes than in any other part of Italy.

'They are extremely gay and animated in conversation, and few people carry gallantry further than they do, and that of the most delicate sort. There are instances of attachment which have continued seventeen or eighteen years. Conjugal infidelity is not attended with the same fatal consequences as it is in other countries: it seldom separates the husband and wife, nor does it disgrace children, as with us: whether this is a wise measure, or one which should be reprobated, I will leave to better judges to determine; but it certainly does prevent an infinite degree of misery.

'In the interior decorations of their houses some of those of the nobility are very magnificent, but, in general, the furniture would be considered bad if in England, yet an Englishman soon gets reconciled to the habit of receiving company in a bedroom; but this is by no means a general system, nor is there

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any thing in it that shocks delicacy after the eye is once accustomed to it. The bedsteads are made of iron, with boards laid flat, and upon these are placed the mattrasses. This is necessary on account of cleanliness, the extreme heat of the country, producing every kind of vermin in such abundance, that it is only by great attention they can be kept away: and it is for the same reason that the floors are always made of tiles or marble. The best kind of flooring is that which is waxed all over, and then painted, which forms an even surface, agreeable to the eye, and can be more easily kept clean than any other.'

When our author was at Palermo, the number of Englishmen in that town did not exceed forty or fifty: but at present 'there is a garrison of several thousands.' This circumstance must have materially affected the habits of the place, and raised the prices of almost every article of consumption. We say nothing on the revolution which has been brought about in the government of Sicily. Time will best prove how far the new constitution is practically beneficial.

The author allows that the greatest crimes are committed with impunity; and that assassinations are frequent.

'Several,' says he, 'occurred whilst I was at Palermo, but chiefly amongst the lower classes. From whatever cause it arises, a Sicilian is undoubtedly revengeful: when once provoked to a certain degree, he will attempt to kill his opponent with the first thing in his way. I saw several instances of this. One day in particular, I was going to pay a visit. The street was very narrow: I perceived all the houses were shut, and people looking out of the balconies, and I had only time to put my back against a doorway, before two dragoon soldiers passed me without swords, running very fast; they had large stones in their hands, which they threw at another soldier who pursued them with a drawn sword, and who was very near cutting one of them down several times; luckily for those pursued, they got into a place of shelter at the top of the street. I did not hear the reason of the quarrel; but the consequences would certainly have been fatal if the pursuer had overtaken the others: what is most remarkable is, that the houses on these occasions are all shut, and every body gets out of the way. In England, was such a circumstance to occur, the passers-by would endeavour to separate the parties and prevent mischief; but at Palermo I have repeatedly seen similar occurrences without any one interfering.

'I was also witness one day to an instance of the strong effect of religious prejudices.

'I had been riding on the Marino, and was returning home by the Porto Felice to the Piazza de Marino. At a corner, on

the right hand, where it turns into the square, is a church, but of which I do not remember the name, Round the steps were a great crowd, and in the street a party of dragoons. I rode up, and perceived a man in a naval uniform, holding by the iron gates which led into the portico of the church. To get up to these gates it is necessary to ascend several steps. Here the man stood; no one attempted to seize him. I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that government had taken up this man; that they were carrying him in a sedan-chair to prison; that as he passed this church he contrived to dart out of the front window, and get hold of the iron railings that encircle it. This became an immediate sanctuary: no one dared to touch him: he crept round to the gates I before mentioned, and there remained.

'In the interim a party of dragoons were sent for, but all to no purpose; and after parading before the church a short time, they left him.' * * *

The author mentions the above as 'a strong proof of the respect paid to religion;' but is it not rather a stronger proof of the little respect which is paid to the laws?

ART. VII.—*An Introduction to Medical Literature, including a System of practical Nosology. Intended as a Guide to Students, and an Assistant to Practitioners. Together with detached Essays, on the Study of Physic, on Classification, on Chemical Affinities, on Animal Chemistry, on the Blood, and on the Medical Effects of Climate. By Thomas Young, M. D. F. R. and L. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to St. George's Hospital.* 8vo. Underwood, 1813, 18s.

IT is impossible to imagine a wider contrast than exists between medicine considered as it is really practised, and medicine as it is found dressed out and decorated in the writings of its professors and teachers. Cicero in his didactic treatises on oratory, labours to persuade his readers that the attainment of almost all human knowledge is necessary to excellence in his favourite art. The writers on medicine imitate, in this respect, this great master of ancient eloquence: medicine, according to them, if to practice it with success, does not demand universal knowledge, requires at least an extent of information which can be obtained only by the application of years, and talents which fall only to the lot of a chosen

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few. A library which from the number of books it should contain, and the expensive nature of particular works, requires considerable funds for its formation, is deemed absolutely necessary to the learned physician. He must pass some years at our own universities, and perhaps complete his education by learning the doctrines or mastering the practice of the most distinguished foreign teachers.

But medicine as it is actually practised is the very reverse of all this. The poor, that is to say, the bulk of the people are farmed out at a price that probably does not amount to a shilling per head per annum, to a set of men who have hardly received the rudiments of a regular education. Even much of the practice among the better orders of the people is engrossed by men of the rank of tradesmen, and whose acquirements are confined to a little Latin picked up at school; whose library consists of a Dispensatory and two or three elementary books, and whose practice is the routine of an apothecary's shop. And it must be allowed that even of the best educated part of the medical profession, many have been raised to celebrity more by their polished manners, or the power of friends, than by the depth of their learning, or the proof of pre-eminent skill.

This is not the place to attempt the solution of these anomalies; though perhaps it might not be difficult to point out the circumstances which have given rise to them. It will, however, be universally allowed, that the functions of medical men are of no trifling importance, and that it is highly necessary that they should be duly instructed; and therefore the student, who is anxious to qualify himself for a conscientious discharge of his professional duties, is under no small obligation to writers who will point out to him the best works in the various branches of the science, to which he intends to devote his life. Several such guides have been from time to time presented to the aid of the medical scholar. But many of them are in a measure antiquated, many are written in Latin, and still more in the German language. The English student will certainly congratulate himself on possessing a safe director of his studies in his native tongue.

The plan of Dr. Young's work was formed many years ago, and is undoubtedly the result of much labour and very extensive reading. His own account of it is as follows:

'About twelve years ago, I had conceived and was preparing to pursue, the design of executing a detailed and general work on the actual state of the practice of physic: my plan was interrupted by the delivery and subsequent publication of a course of lectures on natural philosophy; after this, however, it was so far resumed, as became necessary for the preparation of a short course of lectures on the elements of the medical sciences, which was read, for two successive years, at the Middlesex Hospital. The classifications which are here attempted, were the result of the consideration necessarily required, in such a general discussion of the different departments of the subject.'

The first article of the collection is very properly a Preliminary Essay on the Study of Physic. The student will find in it some useful advice on the course he ought to pursue, not unmixed with some wholesome maxims of worldly prudence. If he is young and open to impressions, he will imbibe no humble notions of the dignity and utility of his future avocation. Dr. Young conceives it to be our duty not to depreciate the advantage of professional assistance; and that we ought not to omit to assign their proper value to the few steps, which the labours of ages have in reality enabled us to advance with security and with confidence. There is little hazard of men being unwilling to perform their duty, when it happens, as in the present case, so nearly to coincide with their interest. The difficulty is when these principles happen, unfortunately, to draw different ways. The real path of duty, however, obviously lies in estimating things according to their real intrinsic value. On the utility of many practices in the art of medicine, physicians are not entirely impartial umpires. Their own credit, character, and emoluments are all on one side; circumstances which are apt to bias even an upright judgment. The different and varying fashions of different ages and countries, give us ground to suspect that many opinions, which pass current as undeniable truths, do not rest upon so secure a foundation, as is imagined.

We are sorry that Dr. Young has loaded his book with some matter which seems to us extraneous, and nearly foreign to his proper object. Such we deem to be the second article of his collection. What has a medical student to do with 'Aphorisms relating to Classification,' extracted principally from the Philosophia Botanica of Linnæus? A student, we presume, is not going to form a new system; nor is it highly important, in the outset of

his career, that he should be a very critical judge of those which he will find formed to his hands. All surely that he wants is to have the most useful set before him, with some remarks enabling him to judge of their respective excellencies or deficiences.

Redundancies of a like nature we have observed in passing a cursory glance through the body of the work. We find, for example, several pages filled with a catalogue of chemical substances; several more with a tabular enumeration of arteries and veins; and again, several more with a similar enumeration of the nerves. Such things are very proper in their proper place; but here we think them mere excrescencies, adding to the bulk of the volume, without giving it an iota of proportional value.

The body of Dr. Young's work, containing catalogues of writers on medicine in general, its various branches, and the sciences intimately connected with it, is from its nature incapable of analysis, and is hardly an object of criticism. To form such a catalogue, after the voluminous labours of Ploucquet, it is not necessary to possess great stores of original erudition. The German work of Rothe, on medical literature, is that of which Dr. Young acknowledges to have made the most use.

A catalogue which is extremely extensive is to the mere student as uninstructive as one that is too contracted; for among such a multiplicity of objects, how is he to select? We think that Dr. Young's catalogue errs on the side of excess rather than of deficiency. He neither does nor can pretend to have read himself very many of the works quoted. Here and there we meet with a line of praise or of censure, sometimes original; but more frequently from Rothe. As some guide to the student, works that are deemed the most necessary are marked with an asterisk. But the reduncancy, we have mentioned, is not without its use; as it frequently happens that upon any given subject, it is important to possess copious references, and occasionally to consult works that are not in every body's hands.

The part of the volume on which Dr. Young must have bestowed most labour is obviously his classification of disease. Of the nosology of Cullen he speaks in terms of very little estimation. Dr. Young has made five classes, three of which have received two or three subdivisions or orders. Diseases are considered as of two kinds:

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1st, as depending on the vital powers; and 2dly, mechanical affections.

If seated in the nervous and muscular system, Dr. Young classes the disease among the *paraneurismi*, or nervous diseases: if in the sanguiferous system, it is one of the *parhæmasiæ*, or sanguine diseases: diseases of the secretions are *pareccrises*, or secretory: and those of the nutritive powers *paramorphiæ*, or structural diseases. The mechanical affections are termed *ectopiæ*, displacements.

The orders are, of the parhœmasiæ, two: affecting the minute blood-vessels only, *phlogismi*, flushes: affecting all kinds of functions, *pyrexiæ*, fevers. The pareccrises are subdivided into three orders. 1st, the secretions being diminished; *epischeses*, retentions. 2. The secretions being increased; *apochemoses*, effusions. 3. The secretions being vitiated; *cacochymiæ*, cachexies. Of the paramorphiæ, there are formed two orders. The first comprehends single or nearly single changes of structure: they are denominated *paraphymata*, local changes. The second contains changes frequently repeated; which are called *epiphymata*, eruptions. The first class, paraneurismi, and the fifth, ectopiæ, are not subdivided.

It is needless for us to enter further into this distribution of diseases: those who think such attempts at arrangement of much importance or utility, will consult the work itself for the more minute ramifications of the system, the genera, the species and varieties. For our own parts we think very meanly of all these attempts at a regular classification of disorders. They may be some little help to a student in finding out what he wants in any system he may wish to consult, or in determining the synonyms used by different writers to signify the same thing. But we are satisfied that as to any real practical utility, such as will assist him in distinguishing any case which may be presented to him, or may suggest a rational mode of treatment, or finally such as may lead him to a due appreciation of danger, and thence to form just prognostics, we are satisfied, we say, that on these important points a young man may be wholly in the dark, though he has his nosological system at his finger's ends. Dr. Fordyce used to say, very justly, that certain ingenious young men knew perfectly *enteritis*, and *carditis*, and *nephritis;* but bring them to the bed-side, and it quickly appeared that they could not tell one *itis* from another *itis*.

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Regarding therefore a nosological arrangement as little more than a *catalogue raisonnée* of names, more or less convenient as a help to the memory, according to the skill with which it is drawn up, we hardly think it worth while to submit its principles to the examination of rigid criticism. Otherwise, that which is before us, offers abundant room for observation. Nothing certainly can be more completely artificial than the sort of system on which it is founded. It is, in fact, any thing but a transcript from nature. It supposes that the various functions of the body are isolated and independent; that some of the most important can be diseased, whilst the remainder are unaffected; whereas, in truth, each one is so intimately connected with all the others, that it is impossible that any one should suffer alone, and without all the others partaking in its derangement. There can be no local inflammation, in the liver, for example, without the digesting organs suffering, the functions of the bowels being disturbed, the muscular strength being depressed, the sanguiferous system excited, and perhaps the sensorium deranged in the form of delirium. And we may extend these observations to almost every disease of the system. It is therefore we think utterly hopeless to attempt to define diseases by limiting their seat to a single organ; though it be often true, that the affection of a particular organ may be deemed primary, and the attendant symptoms may be secondary and sympathetic.

To the nosological arrangement of diseases is added under the title of Pharmacology, an enumeration of the instruments of medicine, that is to say, of the chemical and pharmaceutical preparations which form the basis of modern practice. The list given by Dr. Young is sufficiently abundant; and if, out of this exuberance of medicines, even a few regularly answered their professed object and intention, we hardly see what symptom of disease could remain unsubdued. The medicines are classed according to their properties, real or supposed; and in his lists are placed indiscriminately the simple articles of the materia medica, and the preparations of the pharmacopœia. We believe that in his arrangement Dr. Young has not followed closely the system of any particular writer. Some of his distinctions are perhaps more imaginary than real. Thus we have *expergefacients*, *excitants*, *calefacients*, and *sudorifics*. Certainly many of the substances which are classed under any one of these heads might with equal propriety be transferred to almost

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any other of them. Thus, cinnamon, mezereum, pimento, pepper, mustard, ginger, are called *excitants*. But is not each of them also *calefacient*? And the æthereal liquors, to which nearly exclusively the term calefacient is applied, are they not the most powerful excitants? This part of Dr. Young's work is principally a copy of our Pharmacopœia, and perhaps, if it was necessary to introduce it at all, it would have been better to have followed the order of that work.

The fourth article of the collection are chemical tables. They are of three kinds. The first are tables of simple affinity, and of solubility in water at 60° F. The second are tables of miscellaneous attractions, not exhibited in water only. The third is a table of double decompositions.

Some extracts from the works of Berzelius, particularly from his View of the Progress and present State of Animal Chemistry, form a very large additional article, and which it was by no means necessary to Dr. Young's plan to introduce. The work itself has appeared in an English dress, and will no doubt come into the hands of students, much more to their advantage than by partial extracts.

The Sixth can hardly be called a medical article, though it is entitled 'Remarks on Blood and Pus.' The greater part of it is devoted to the description of an instrument of the Doctor's invention, and called eriometer, from its utility in measuring the fibres of wool. This same instrument may however be used to measure the globules both of pus and blood. Pus may be distinguished from mucus, by being composed of solid particles floating in a fluid, whereas mucus is of an homogeneous texture. Dr. Young says,

'It has commonly been asserted that these coloured particles (of the blood) are readily soluble in water, but this opinion appears to be completely erroneous, and to depend partly on their passing readily through a filtering paper, a circumstance indeed already observed by Berzelius (Djurk. II. p. 3.) and partly on the extraction of a great part of their colouring matter, together with which they lose much of their specific gravity, so that instead of subsiding, they are generally suspended in the fluid; their presence may, however, still be detected by a careful examination, and they seem in this state to have recovered in some measure their original form, which they had lost when first immersed in the water.'

From an examination of the globules of pus Dr. Young concludes that they are of the same size as the

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globules of the blood; from which circumstance there can be little doubt that the globules found in pus are the identical globules of the blood, although probably somewhat altered by the process of suppuration.

The volume is concluded by an original essay on the medical effects of climate; to which we willingly give the praise, which we have been obliged to withold from most of the others, of being both appropriate and useful.

We shall extract two passages from this essay, which may be serviceable to a numerous class of invalids. After presenting some thermometrical observations on the cold of the winter in different places, Dr. Young says,

'It appears from this comparison, that none of the situations here enumerated, north of Lisbon, except Penzance, has any material advantage over London, in the mildness of its winter. The best parts of Devonshire seem to be about a degree and a half warmer; Torquay however may perhaps be a little milder than this; the account which was kept at Ilfracombe, must have been taken from a thermometer, in a confined or a sunny situation. But Penzance may be fairly considered as having a temperature $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than London in the coldest months; nor is the journal here employed the only one which allots such a superiority to the climate of this extremity of our island. It is remarkable, that the temperature of the three coldest months is the same at Paris as at Edinburgh; being in both these cities, about three degrees lower than in London. There are probably particular spots on the coast of Hampshire or Sussex, which, from their sheltered situation, must be considerably less subject to the effect of the northern and eastern winds, than most other parts of the island; and Hastings, or its neighbourhood, may perhaps be reckoned among the most eligible of these; but the further we go up the channel, the more remote we become from the mild gales of the Atlantic, while the prevalent south westerly winds, in passing over a considerable part of the continent, must have lost much of their warmth. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that both Malta and Madeira present, numerically, a mean temperature for the winter months, as favourable for an invalid as can possibly be desired.'

Equality of temperature is another great object, if not to the health, at least to the comfort of the invalid. Dr. Young has expressed the result of many documents on this subject in the following terms.

'It does not appear that Devonshire possesses any decided advantages over London with respect to equability of climate, if we judge of the climate of London from the observations made of the apartments of the Royal Society only; but in so central a situation, the changes must be rendered much less

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sensible by the effect of the surrounding buildings; and they appear to be considerably greater at Gravesend, and still greater at Knightsbridge. In this respect too Penzance retains its superiority even over Devonshire. Lisbon seems to have a less variable temperature than any part of Great Britain; and in Maderia, to judge by the monthly variation only, the advantage in this respect appears to be still greater.

'The greatest possible equability of temperature seems, however, to be obtained in a sea voyage to a warm climate, in which the variation seldom amounts to half as much as in the most favourable situation on shore, even on a small island: and in pulmonary cases, the motion of a ship would probably, in general, be rather beneficial than otherwise, while the fatigue of travelling in bad roads, and the danger of sleeping in damp beds present an alternative, by no means favourable to a journey by land.'

The nature of this undertaking precludes the idea of its having proceeded from the hope of obtaining celebrity, or even emolument. We dare say that to be useful to a respectable order of young men has been the chief object of the author. We believe that he has attained this end; though we think that if he had contrived to have given a less bulky volume, he would have merited still more the thanks of those persons for whom it is principally intended.

ART. VIII. *The Liberal Critic; or Memoirs of Henry Percy, in 3 Volumes; conveying a correct Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the present Times. By Thomas Ashe, Esq. Author of The Spirit of the Book; Travels in America, &c. &c.* London: Crosby, 1812. price 21s.

TO many, and particularly to those, whom we call *right-down* novel readers, the above work will perhaps appear rather defective in amusement. But those persons who read with any other view than the generality of novel readers, will on the perusal of the Liberal Critic find 'some room for meditation.' Nor will it altogether ill repay the trouble of perusal; for there is some information, and much spirited remark throughout the whole. The story is a minor part of the work; or rather it is made subservient to the various episodes, &c. which form the principal ingredients in the composition of these volumes.

The hero, Henry Percy, is the son of a Major Percy,

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who signalized himself in the last American war. A man of small fortune, but noble birth. Having retired from the service in disgust, he marries a beautiful lady of no fortune, but of equally noble family with himself. Some years after their marriage they retire into Wales to bring up their family which is numerous, and to retrieve their embarrassed circumstances. Henry Percy, our hero, when at a proper age is admitted a member of the University of Cambridge. It seems that Major and Mrs. Percy were for some time undecided what profession to fix upon for their son; and, at length, without consulting his disposition, mental powers, or inclination, they peremptorily decide in favour of the church. They said 'we will make our son a parson.' To this hasty decision on the part of parents, our author attributes

'the first cause of the rise of fanaticism and the decline of the Protestant Church. For it is in consequence of this dangerous and hasty determination, that it often becomes the concurring opinion of a numerous congregation that, "their parson," was intended by nature and the nature of things for any other situation in life than that which he so improperly and pertinaciously fills. One 'parson,' is beheld running up the steps of the pulpit, in a manner denoting a jack-tar climbing the main-chains of a man of war. Another, when in the pulpit, imitates the manner of the British Roscius, and exhibits more disposition to inflame the passions than to correct the heart. A third, endeavours to express the honest feelings of his nature, but they do not atone to the audience for the obvious defects of a declamation which should have condemned "the parson" to the pursuits of solitude, or the labours of a merchant or mechanic. A fourth, denounces the peaceable precepts of the gospel, as he would the sanguinary dicta of the law, and the people shrink appalled from a man who should have been a minister of police, and not of a church which inculcates universal peace, and general charity amongst all men. A fifth, with elegance of person, melody of voice, and sweetness of disposition, endeavours to exert his feeble efforts to perpetuate the memory of them on the minds of his female hearers; a clerical coquette, displaying in the pulpit, not the virtues, not the divine attributes of his Saviour, but the happiest combination of his own mental and personal graces. A sixth, by a levity of disposition, an openness of character, an inoffensive irregularity, and an eloquence common to the court, manisfestly expressed that the rigid stoicism of the church was not preferred by him to the gay and inviting qualities of social life. A seventh, though in other respects meriting universal esteem, treats his congregation like a regiment of soldiers, precedes them out of church with a military step,

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and marches a corps to the grave with all the insensibility and gesticulation of an ordinary pioneer.'

But something too much of this.—That such clerical characters may be seen we do not doubt, but we trust that our author in this portrait has darkened the shade too deep. We must now give our readers a description of the hero of this novel, and we cannot do it better than in the author's own words. He was

'Majestic in person, of a lively understanding, and of manners gracious, affable, and sincere; he is ever cheerful, ever light; ever present to his company, never absent to himself; his voice all harmony, his words all sense. His actions answer to his mien, and what he looks he is. Discreetly daring, modest with becoming boldness, sprightly, sedate, easy without levity, solid without solemnity, good by approved principle, and wise by parts anticipating experience. His virtue not stiffened by austerity, nor his wisdom foiled by any fondness of shewing it. Never elated by prosperity, adversity cannot depress him; always serene in every vicissitude of life, not from insensibility, but from thought, resolution, and conscious worth. His unblemished conduct proves him the Christian he professes to be, and fit for the office he is intended to assume.'

Nor are these the sum total of his amiable qualities; for he possesses a thousand others: but, what may prove a greater recommendation than almost any other to the ladies, be it known, that Henry Percy had extremely fine eyes, good features, and was besides a wonderfully handsome man: in fact, a *rara avis*. If we thought that our author in speaking of the clergy indulged himself with too little reserve in his jet-black tints, we suspect that our readers will be inclined to think that, in the portrait of his hero, he has dipped his pencil in very vivid colours indeed.

After Henry Percy has taken his degree at Cambridge, he bids farewell to a college life, and enters into the church. He is appointed chaplain to a nobleman, who is about to give him a living, when his patron dies before the presentation is signed; and the living is bestowed upon another gentleman, for whom our hero officiates in the quality of curate. When Henry preaches, the rector finds that he draws a prodigious audience; but when the rector himself mounts the *rostra*, the congregation was so small that it barely justified the expression of 'when two or three are gathered together.' The rector takes in high dudgeon this partiality to his curate. The curate expostulates with the rector, who denominates him insolent; when the former throws up his curacy and departs for

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London, furnished with letters to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, and other great men, who receive him with marked civility and attention. The duke makes him his domestic chaplain, and gives him the following advice.

'Obtain all the knowledge you possibly can of those springs and powers of the human heart, which, if under due management, may be made productive of the best services to society. The great error of all our churchmen is, that they are intimate with books, and ignorant of mankind. They know nothing of the world. They pass from the cloister to the pulpit, and begin to teach at a time when they must naturally be less informed than any other class of men. I know nothing more offensive, nothing more absurd, than to see a raw youth from college make up his face to be grave in the pulpit, and then affect to instruct a congregation, every man of which must of necessity have more knowledge of nature and society than he himself, though he attempts to instruct. Do you learn before you teach,' coutinued the duke; 'that is, study men and manners; you have hitherto dwelt among the dead; how is such a youth to instruct the living? Go, be not impatient of preferment till you are better informed than from the Greek and Roman page.'

As the author proceeds he notices a variety of errors in what he calls the 'established education of a clergyman.' By the duke's advice, Henry Percy visits every place of public resort which is likely to improve his knowledge of men and manners as well as his oratory; the theatre, the parliament, the courts of law. He attends such churches as were conspicuous for the eloquence of their preachers, and finally takes a peep at the conventicles. Here Mr. Ashe has evidently taken great pains to exhibit what he deems the characteristic defects of a numerous and popular sect. He gives a terrific detail of their love-feasts, as well as the rest of their favourite rites; whilst he inserts a laughable account of a *gamut* or scale for groaning, which was invented by the ingenuity of Mr. Hill; and he concludes with the horrid story of a Miss Bernard, who, having been seduced and afterwards married to one of these evangelical preachers, discloses the 'secrets of the prison house.' We shall not enter into a minute detail of these nocturnal meetings, called *love-feasts*; but we will just lay before our readers a specimen of the opening and conclusion of this pious ceremonial according to the description of Mr. Ashe.

'The preachers address. Preacher.—The design of our thus remaining together, after the exclusion of the impure, is to

obey the commands of God, to confess your faults to each other, and pray one for the other that ye may be healed. To this end speak each of you as you feel inspired; speak plainly and familiarly the true state of your hearts, with the faults of thought, word, and deed, and the temptations you have been in since your last *love-festival*. Remember too, this is the feast of the Lamb. There is now no constraint or tyranny; there must, therefore, be no coldness or indifferency. A lifeless outward compliance is here misplaced. You are to suppress no inward stirrings. At the feast of the Lamb, the *love-feast*, *we* are to encourage no self-denial, no mortification of bodily appetites, no annihilation of sensual passions, for the Lamb presents "the rose." There is no "sinfulness in smelling the rose." Come, my brethren, come and smell the rose of the Lamb, the rose that decorates the temple of the Holy Spirit.—Is no person in love with the rose? is no person in love with the Lamb?'

The dialogue which follows is equally absurd: one of the ladies exclaims, 'my dearest Lord when shall I enjoy and talk with thee alone, in language soft and tender, sweet, and charming, as the unreserved retirements and endearing whispers of the most passionate of lovers?' Another protests 'her heart is sick with love,' and longs for kisses on her lips: at length the signal is given by one of the men who declares he sees a heavenly light, 'a light that manifests God in the middle of the feast.' Upon which the preacher exclaims,

'Inspiration! Divine inspiration! he sees an angel light. Put out them candles. Let there be no false glare. He is wrapt up in the third heaven. Put out them abominable lights. Let there be none but intellectual illumination. I shall descend among you, not to close the divine entertainment; but to enjoy the obscure glories of the heavenly report.'

Our author asserts that each meeting is a harem, 'in which the libertine minister can enjoy the most unbounded choice. The night of the *love-feast* is that in which the handkerchief can be thrown with the most decency.' We have no inclination to prosecute this subject any farther; and we shall next follow our hero to Ireland, to which place he embarks, after charming the congregation, of St. George's, Hanover Square by the graces of his theological oratory. We pass over the numerous observations which our author makes on the political state of Ireland at that time as well as the present. Our hero's liberal sentiments make him suspected; he receives a hint to be silent; but he perseveres; and at length gets turned out of his post, which was a chaplaincy to the garrison of Dublin.

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We shall now advert to that chapter, in which our author contrasts the characters of an English and an Irish wife, and very justly compliments our fair matrons on the advantageous light in which they appear as good wives, attentive mothers, and neat housekeepers. The following is his representation of the Irish ladies; but we regret that our limits will not permit us first to extract the English lover's visit to the lovely Litterinda's tea-table—where, if you ask for a tea-spoon, there is a quarrel between the servants to know what is called for; if you want sugar you are certain of the milk pot, with the comfort of a dirty room, and confusion on all sides. But Litterinda has been

'too genteely bred to be able to give any direction towards the vulgar arrangement of domestic affairs, and too indolently brought up even to exercise the common industry of mending her own raiment. Carelessly sluttish, she could form no idea of English neatness, and would sooner coax the holes of her stockings into her shoes, than sit down half an hour to repair them. * * But the shade of frailty which Henry had to condemn and to reprobate the most, was the astonishing rapidity with which an Irish lady degenerates when married to an Englishman of too much principle and sensibility to "whip her about the house," and compel her to attend to the economy of domestic affairs. An old fellow-student of Henry's, a poor curate in fact, married a Dublin lady of this description. He could do no other than invite Henry to breakfast: and yet his invitation was so faint that Henry might have esteemed it equivocal, had he not a high opinion of the integrity and worth of his friend. On his first visit he discovered, what the curate would willingly have concealed. The house was a mere charnel-house. The servant too busy in helping the mistress to litter the rooms ever to be clean herself: neither was it fit she should disgrace her mistress by being less dirty than what she was. The dirty disorder of the room Henry was introduced into, offended him less than the appearance of the family poisoned him. It is true, he was forced to stand for some time, every chair in the place being taken up with some greasy heap; one with foul plates; another with the lady's stays; and the rest with miscellaneous dirt, which he had neither talent nor disposition to understand. At length, however, he was helped to a chair; and a dish of insipid coffee from a *silver* tea-tray placed on a large table near his old friend, and jumbled together with a mangled bone of beef, a woman's dirty night-cap, a comb-brush, an old stocking, &c. The conversation he was entertained with, was of a piece with the persons who held it. It was an argument between the lady and her husband, who would fain have persuaded her, that a clean breakfast-cloth a week, could not prejudice her health or her

income. But with all her meekness, she had been put out of temper, if "mamma's own daughter," had not taken up the argument, and insisted that the trouble was needless, when the dirty did just as well as the clean. It must be thought Henry could not be fond of staying during such disorderly jokes *of* a house: accordingly he took his leave of his poor friend, who pressed his hand with a sentiment that said, "Alas, Percy, you take leave never, I fear, to return here again." Henry did not return again, and the good curate followed his example not long after: he died in about two months, and was sent to rot in a decent tomb, after having lived many years buried in a disorly sink of sluttery. However, Henry was informed, that in a little space after this happy event, *that* this lady had put her children in a terrible fright, by turning cleanly at last. They were under dreadful apprehensions of her marrying again; and not without some reason, for she washed her hands and face twice a-week since her husband's death, had the dining-room swept out, and had shifted herself no less than three times in one fortnight.'

Such is our author's captivating description of an Irish wife; and some have said that the picture is not overcharged, as the domestic economy of some right honourable ladies will evince. English women will find a more ready market in Dublin than they do in the East Indies; for an Irishman prefers an English wife who will make him a cleanly and comfortable home to one of his own countrywomen: however prodigal nature may have been in her gifts to the latter, or whatever may be the personal fascination they possess. The following is an Irishman's calculation.

'If I marry a woman of beauty and fortune at home, I shall have to keep a carriage to send her abroad to be stared at; I shall have to see her hands every hour the prey of whoever thinks fit to seize them, to hear the charms of her wit displayed to every ear, and those of her bosom to every eye; to see her every day dressed for plays and assemblies, attract admirers, and listen to the pert adulation of every coxcomb that thinks fit to approach her; while I, to maintain her in this prodigal vanity, distress my tenants, rob my tradesmen, and allow my children to languish in neglect, and my house to be a disgrace to my family. Whereas, had I married an Englishwoman, without a groat, my fortune would daily increase, my children would improve in knowledge and virtue, and my house improve in comfort and taste. There is not a secret of domestic management unknown to such a woman. She can metamorphose a leg of mutton to a haunch of venison, make a lark transmigrate to an ortolan, and transform hog's-flesh into Westphalia ham. She is perfectly acquainted with the mystery of making butter and cheese; jellies, conserves, sweetmeats, cordials, and what not.

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Gardening she is quite learned in, and at the needle she is perfect mistress. She is even a good accomptant too, and instead of sinking my property, and embarrassing my affairs, she would restore them to order; and above all, would never set her foot into a carriage, if it caused a single tradesman to go unpaid from my door.'

After our hero quits Ireland, he repairs to Bristol, to which place his father and family had removed; and here the reader will find some curious particulars in the picture which the author has sketched of the conduct of the Bristol gentlemen to their ladies, and of their treatment of the clergy who are compelled to reside amongst them. A man who is so unfortunate as to be only a curate, is stigmatized by the opprobrious title of *parish bird* and *bellwether*. The history of the Millwood family is introduced, and exhibits a specimen of profligacy which is well contrasted with the character and history of Cleora, in which much instruction is contained. From Bristol our hero goes to Bath, where he at length meets with the lady with whom he has been in love from the beginning of the book. The character of Clara Williams is extremely well pourtrayed; and forms a most suitable companion to our hero. On his marriage, he

'renounced his profession and abandoned the pulpit, as, I believe, every honest man would do, who had the means of independence, and the conscience to revolt at the thirty-nine articles, the Athanasian creed, and the impudence of absolving the sins of criminals.'

In the slight and hasty sketch we have given, we have passed over all the love-business, as well as the intrigues of the Duke of Bellona: the machinations of his Grace against the beautiful wife of his friend; with the duel between him and Colonel Richmond; which cannot fail to bring to the reader's remembrance a story very like, and a duel exactly similar, not a hundred years ago; which, at the time, made a great noise in high life. Numerous are the remarks upon religion and politics in these volumes; some of which are well worthy of attention. The following is the description which our author gives of a person called the *Satirist*, who enters the pump-room at Bath.

'His curiosity was excited to an extraordinary degree, by the appearance of a person of uncommon ferocity of countenance and extraordinary elevation of stature. His face was a satire on the image of our Maker; and his height, which exceeded seven feet, appeared to have been conferred upon him for the distinct purpose of making him serve as a scarecrow, whose ex-

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ample was to be shunned, and whose acquaintance was ruinous and fatal. "It is not good *manners*, Sir," said Henry, on the appearance of this monster, "to importune you with so many questions, but I cannot resist asking you who that person is, whose inequality of height and felony of aspect, makes him so atrociously conspicuous." "*Manners* be damned!" exclaimed the old gentleman, a little piqued at Henry's ceremony; "in spite of fastidious *manners* I will inform you, that that is the London *Satirist*, a meteor in the constellation of vices, and a man infamous to a degree beyond the conception of the most depraved nature, or the most atrocious heart. * * * I did not know that he had the audacity to appear in public, for in London he is compelled to live in a den in the Bird-cage Walk——"'

Upon the whole we have been agreeably entertained by the perusal of the above work.

ART. IX.—*The impending Ruin of the British Empire; its Cause and Remedy considered. By Hector Campbell.* London: Wilson, 1813. 3s. 6d.

ONE of the best tests of a nation's prosperity or decline, is the increase or decrease of pauperism. Compared with this, the custom-house books, and the value of our exports and imports, furnish a very fallacious criterion of the growing wealth or approaching decay of any state. It is not impossible for a nation, owing to a bad and impolitic system of domestic government, to carry on a very extensive and indeed increasing commerce, and to have the external appearance of great wealth and happiness in its ports and harbours, its towns and cities, whilst a large mass of its population is sinking into the gulph of indigence and misery. Indeed the two extremes of prosperity and misfortune, affluence and beggary, glaring splendor and squalid wretchednesss, often meet in the same period and in the same country.

Since the commencement of the present revolutionary war in 1793, Great Britain has been, apparently, proceeding with rapid strides in the career of prosperity and wealth. Her ships have covered the ocean; and her ports been filled with the products of all parts of the world. But, has all this parade of wealth and prosperity been accompanied with any thing like a proportionate real increase in the stock of national happiness? Or has it been only like the flush of ebriety in the countenance, or the hectic glow in the cheek, the indication of disease rather than of health, and of languor and debility rather than of strength and animation? During all this period in which the exports and imports of the nation have risen to such

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a magnitude as to mock the sober presage of former calculation, and while the custom-house books, which are the Bible of the financier, and, in his opinion, of much more weight and credibility, have hardly been sufficiently capacious to register the accumulating millions of the national wealth, has not PAUPERISM been rapidly progressive amongst us? Have not our poor-houses been filled with a more than double number of miserable inmates? Have not the pale and emaciated figures of want and wo become more common amongst us? Are they not dispersed in greater numbers over the country? Are they not seen at every turn on the coast and in the interior, in our cities and towns?

This increase of pauperism and wretchedness is not a fanciful delineation, not an aggregate made up of exaggerated details. It is a palpable reality; and open to the testimony of sense. The progressive increase of the parochial rates for the relief of the poor, furnishes demonstrative proof of the increase of pauperism and dependance amongst us; and consequently of misery; and probably of vice. For vice and misery are often only two names for the same thing; for if vice engenders misery, misery at least as often engenders vice.

The increase of pauperism in this country must be principally owing to the increased difficulties of procuring the means of subsistence. And, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, we believe it to be true that these difficulties have been partly occasioned by the increase of the national wealth; we mean of that wealth which is to be found in the custom-house books, and in the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When the crusade against the maniacal Jacobinism of France first commenced, the quartern loaf was at 7¼d.; and, since that period, it has been more than three times, and is at present more than twice, that sum. The augmented price may have been occasionally caused by unproductive seasons; but the continually operative and permanently efficient cause is the enormous increase of taxation and the unlimited issue of a factitious currency.

Every new tax has a tendency to increase the mass of pauperism; for whilst it makes a certain definite addition to the unproductive class of society, it renders the labours of the productive class of less avail to themselves, and consequently, when rightly considered, of less benefit to the community. The more we add to the mass of taxation the more we multiply the drones in the hive of society till they become too numerous for the labours of the in-

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dustrious part to maintain, without such a defalcation from their own means of subsistence as depresses them below the level of independence, and reduces them to the order of mendicants. Thus a system of continually increasing taxation like that in this country may be considered as a war perpetually waged against the fortunes of individuals; which gradually sinks, one after the other, those into the gulph of dependence and distress who were a little above the level of indigence, whilst it rolls down to that level those who were placed rather farther within the confines of wealth. All the middle ranks gradually disappear; and the poor, who once maintained themselves in comfort by their industry, finding the wages of labour not keeping pace with the advanced price of the necessaries of life, have no other resource but to add their names to the order of legalized mendicants, and to become burthensome to the rest of the community. But this system of continually increasing pauperism must have an end; or it will make an end of every thing else. It is an evil accompanied with ruinous powers of exhaustion; and, if it goes on increasing in the next ten years, as it has during the last, it will become greater than all the industry of this country can supply. In the year 1803, the number of paupers amounted to 1,039,716, or about a tenth part of the population; and in 1812, they may be estimated at 2,079,432, or about one-fifth part of the population. If this be the ratio of increase in the last ten years, is it likely to be less in the next ten? And if it be not less, how can the pressure of so much distress be alleviated or borne by the remaining wealth and industry of the country? Or, if this gigantic evil in the shape of increasing pauperism be not sufficient to impress us with a right sense of the danger which threatens our beloved country, all persons of fixed incomes or only funded property, will probably be startled by the fact, that the pound sterling which, in 1792 would purchase 34 quartern loaves, would procure only 24 in 1803, and not more than 12 in 1812.—If some means be not devised to check this depreciation in the currency the time must ere long come when the proprietor of stock to the amount of thousands will not be able to procure a loaf of bread.

Mr. Campbell, the author of the pamphlet, which has given birth to the above reflections in our minds, appears to be awfully sensible of the portentous national calamities which are threatened by the increasing pauperism of the country, and has endeavourcd at once to probe the cause and to prescribe the remedy. His work is dedicat-

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ed to the Duke of Kent; and it gives us great pleasure to find his royal highness and others of the royal family willing to lend an attentive ear to the discussion of the immediate interests of the lowest class of the community; and to enrol themselves in the holy list of practical philanthropists.

We believe that few will refuse to assent to the following propositions of our author.

'First, that the applications for parochial relief are invariably regulated by the price of bread;

'Secondly, that, in the lowest state of its price, there are persons whose incomes are so limited, that the smallest advance on a loaf deprives them of the means of purchasing it; and

'Thirdly, that, as the price of bread increases, all those who are so circumstanced, are unavoidably reduced to a dependence on parochial relief, without the least chance of being again restored to their former situations.

'The first of these propositions cannot be disputed, because the fact is universally known to all who have served the office of overseer to the poor. The second besides being deducible from the first, is in its very nature self-evident; and the third is equally apparent, because no fall can ever take place in the price of bread, that will enable paupers to recover the different articles of furniture with which they were obliged to part, before they could gain admittance into the workhouse.'

At p. 11, Mr. Campbell inserts the following table, as 'exhibiting at one view the depreciated value of our currency; the disproportion between the advance made in the price of labour and the fall which has taken place in the value of money; with its consequent progressive pauperism from the Revolution in 1688 to the year 1812.'

Years.	Price of Bread.	Value of the pound in quartern loaves.	Average money wages of husbandry labour	Bread wages in quartern loaves.	Poor Rates.	Number of Paupers.
1687	3*d.*	80	6*s.*	24	£ 665,362	563,964
1776	6½	37	8	15	1,523,163	695,177
1785	6	40	8	16	1,943,649	818,851
1792	7	34	9	15	2,645,520	955,326
1803	10	24	10	12	4,113,164	1,039,716
1811	12	20	12	12	5,922,954	1,247,659
1812	20	12	15	9	16,452,656	2,079,432

It is more easy to detect an evil than to discover the remedy. It may require little discernment to do the one, even where it may baffle the most enlightened sagacity to perform the other. The increased and increasing mass of pauperism in this country is not a chimerical supposition,

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but a visible and tangible reality. Here the evil is plain; but what is the cure is very problematical. Mr. Campbell argues that the evil is, in the first place, owing to the reduction in the corn-pay of labour. This reduction has not been proportionably alleviated by any increase in its money price. A day-labourer earned more quartern loaves when he worked for a shilling a day than he does now when he is paid twice, or more than twice, that sum. The reduction in the corn-pay of labour, or in the quantity of bread, which, owing to the depreciation of the circulating medium, any particular species of industry will procure at present, compared with what it would have done a few years ago, will be evident from the following table which was transmitted to the author, 'by a very intelligent and respectable master tailor,' in order to show the moderation of the journeymen's demands for an increase of wages grounded on the loss which they had sustained by the depreciation of the currency.

Years.	Price of Bread.	Money wages per week.	Its value in quartern loaves	Weekly loss in loaves.	The advance required to prevent loss.	Weekly gain in loaves.	Weekly gain on money.	Value of thirty-six quartern loaves.
1777	7½ *d.*	21*s.* 9*d.*	36*s.*	—	—	—	—	21*s.* 9*d.*
1794	12¼	21 9	21 15/49	14 34/49	15*s.*	—	—	36 9
1795	12¼	25	24 24/49	11 25/49	11 9	—	—	36 9
1796	8½	25	35 5/17	— 12/17	11 6	—	—	25 6
1797	9½	25	31 11/19	4 3/19	3 6	—	—	28 6
1798	8	25	37½	—	—	1½	1*s.*	24
1799	13	25	23 1/13	12 12/13	14	—	—	39
1800	17½	25	17 1/7	18 6/7	27 6	—	—	52 6
1801	17½	27	18 18/35	17 7/35	25 6	—	—	52 6
1802	10	27	32 1/10	3 6/10	3	—	—	30
1803	9¾	27	33 9/39	2 30/39	2 3	—	—	29 3
1804	9¾	27	33 9/9	2 30/39	2 3	—	—	29 3
1805	14¾	27	21 57/59	14 2/59	17 3	—	—	44 3
1806	12	27	27	9	9	—	—	36
1807	11¾	30	30 30/47	5 17/47	5 3	—	—	35 3
1808	12¼	30	29 19/49	6 30/49	6 9	—	—	36 9
1809	14½	30	24 24/29	11 5/29	13 6	—	—	43 6
1810	15¼	33	25 59/61	10 2/61	12 9	—	—	45 9
1811	15	33	26 2/5	9 3/5	12	—	—	45
1812	17¾	33	22 22/71	13 49/71	20 3	—	—	53 3
1813	18½	36	23 13/37	12 24/37	19 6	—	—	55 6

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'N. B. No advance having taken place in the price of bread from 1777 to 1793, a period of 18 years, no increase was made in the pay of the journeymen.—From 1777 to the end of 1801, the price of bread is taken from the Town Clerk's office, Guildhall, London, at the commencement of each mayoralty. Since then, it is taken from a yearly average of the weekly assize; and, in taking it as the fairest measure of value of their labour, they have not only the authority of the best writers on political œconomy, but the evidence of reason and plain sense in their favour.'

The author's grand remedy in order to counteract the alarming increase of pauperism, is 'TO MAKE CORN, INSTEAD OF MONEY, THE STANDARD OF VALUE OF LAND AND LABOUR; AND PROVIDE AGRICULTURAL EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL THOSE TO WHOM TRADE, MECHANISM, COMMERCE, OR WAR, CAN NO LONGER FURNISH THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.' It would certainly be easy and might, on many accounts, be desirable to have a corn-price for labour, and a corn-rent for land. But it would not be so easy to 'provide agricultural employment for all those to whom trade, mechanism, commerce, or war, can no longer furnish the means of subsistence'. But we must refer to the author's pamphlet for his ideas upon the subject.

Mr. Campbell is a writer who appears to feel forcibly, and he often expresses himself with force. But he sometimes suffers his indignant feelings to carry him beyond the line of moderation. He occasionally indulges in coarse and unwarrantable invective. We have no doubt but that Mr. Campbell, however choleric, is animated by philanthropic sentiments; but we could wish that those sentiments were less tinctured with political animosity.

ART. X.—*A second Letter to the Rev. Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge; confirming the Opinion that the vital Principle of the Reformation has been lately conceded by him to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, Priest of the Catholic Church.* London: Keating, 1813. 3s.

IN this letter to the Margaret Professor of divinity Mr. Gandolphy has shown that he can manage the weapons of controversy with a dexterous hand. The Mar-

garet Professor of divinity, whatever may be his other qualifications, is certainly not deficient in dexterity of a similar kind; but we think that, on the present occasion, he must be contented to yield the palm to the skill and subtlety of his Catholic antagonist, and to retire discomfited from the field. In this controversial letter to the Margaret Professor of divinity, Mr. Gandolphy has displayed much good humour and pleasantry, blended with more cogency of argument than we often find on such occasions in the writings of a Catholic divine. The work indeed is very creditable to his talents; and he appears to us to have thrust the Margaret Professor into a corner, where he looks so pitifully that we really cannot help compassionating his situation: and hope that it will not be attended with any unpleasant personal consequences.

It is a principle of the holy Roman Catholic church that the Bible alone is inadequate as a rule of faith without the aid of a little Tradition to help it out. The Margaret Professor, if not in so many words, at least in the whole scope of his reasoning, makes the Bible an incompetent guide in the way of orthodoxy without the amicable sign-post of the Book of Common Prayer to point to the right interpretation. The worthy Catholic, the reverend Peter Gandolphy, argues for the necessity of the light of Tradition, streaming through the assembled heads of the doctors of the church, to prevent the student of the Scriptures from plunging into any pit of error, or stumbling upon any rock of heresy; whilst the Margaret Professor of divinity in the university of Cambridge contends that he, who reads the Bible, should read it with the spectacles of the established liturgy upon his nose. The Catholic is taught to see his way through the biblical labyrinth by the light of the doctors of the church; but the Margaret Professor of divinity asserts that the direct route is to be found only by holding fast to the clue which is furnished in the tissue of pious formularies, which are twisted together in the service of the national sanctuary. Tradition is the sort of armour which the Catholic puts on in order to render himself invulnerable against the shafts of heresy; whilst the Margaret professor of divinity thinks that he has found a more commodious method of preserving the orthodoxy of his pupils by the *abracadra* of a book bound in morocco with gilt leaves.

Both the Rev. Dr. Marsh, the Margaret Professor, and

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the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, the Catholic priest, think, that the Bible, as a rule of faith, requires some external aid. In this respect, or so far as the Margaret Professor of divinity thinks that the Bible, as a rule of faith, wants any external light or any foreign assistance, whether it be that of a book of prayers, or a book of homilies, he coincides in the *Catholic principle*, whatever opposition he may express, or animosity he may feel, to persons of the Catholic persuasion. Whether the Margaret Professor encumber the Bible with the thirty-nine articles of the establishment, or with the decrees of the council of Trent, it is equally a deviation from a Protestant to a Catholic principle. For the true principle of protestantism is that the Bible, as the inspired word of God, wants no human auxiliary, as a rule of faith, but the reason of the individual. The Margaret Professor of divinity therefore making the Prayer-book an indispensable concomitant with the Bible, or a *human* composition a necessary corrective to a *Divine*, has so far abandoned the basis of a Protestant church, and done homage to a *principle* of the *church of Rome*. A Protestant, as far as he deserves that name, will stoutly maintain the Bible to be the only rule of faith; and the moment he abandons this strong hold, and has recourse to authority of any kind in the way of orthodoxy, he becomes a *Catholic in principle*, whatever he may be in *name*.

Mr. Gandolphy has in the present letter incontestably demonstrated that the Margaret Professor of divinity, by his zeal to prevent the Bible from contaminating the orthodoxy of the public mind by the preservative powers of the Book of Common Prayer, has acted on a Catholic principle; and has accordingly very justly and very handsomely congratulated the professor on the flattering compliment which he has paid to a communion to which he professes no extraordinary good will. We will now furnish a few specimens of the manner in which the Rev. Peter Gandolphy has brought both his raillery and his argument to bear upon the Rev. Dr. Marsh, Margaret professor of divinity in the university of Cambridge, till, as we have said above, he has forced the professor into a corner, where he at present appears in a rather sorrowful plight.

The Margaret Professor seems not to have been very well pleased that Mr. Gandolphy in his first letter should suppose him to be approximating to the Catholic principle of TRADITION.

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'To this conclusion, however,' says Mr. Gandolphy, addressing the professor, 'you now say, you had no intention of proceeding—but, Sir, as you well know, principles will carry us along with them in spite of ourselves; and a good logician sees no alternative than to renounce the principle, or follow it through its long train of consequences. You must therefore, either admit that the "*poor of the Establishment* do not require the *Common Prayer Book*, to keep them in the religion of their fathers, and secure them against "the delusions of *false interpretation*," whilst they have the Bible, or acknowledge that *another* evidence, another authority *or clue* is necessary, and that is, what is styled in the Catholic church TRADITION; the WORD, unwritten in the Scriptures. Else whence do you make a distinction of orders in the hierarchy of your church? Else how do you justify the practice of baptizing infants who have no actual faith? Else how do you dispense with the obligation of *washing one another's feet?* Else why do you keep holy the first day of the week instead of the Sabbath day? Else why do you ever venture to eat blood or strangled meats? Else how do you justify in a minister of Christ, the possession of *gold and silver*, and rich livings? Else how do you justify the tendering and taking of oaths? In all these points the Bible is either against your practice or silent. Have you then presumed to add to the text, or have you admitted Tradition, *as* "*a* CLUE *to lead the members of the Establishment in safety?*"'

The professor had complained of Mr. Gandolphy for representing him as stating that 'true religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*.' But Mr. G. contends, and with great force and truth, that though the words 'true religion cannot be found by the Bible alone', are not the precise words of the professor, they are nevertheless a legitimate and necessary inference from his reasoning and his principles.

'You are not unacquainted,' says Mr. Gandolphy, 'with the universal principle in logic, *quæ sunt eadem uni tertio, sunt eadem inter se:* and therefore I did conceive, that I had ascribed to you no more than yourself had contended for, in different words only; and I cannot therefore believe, that I have imposed upon my readers, nay I still maintain it to be your principle that, "true religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*." For you affirm that the religion of the Church of England is the most correct system,—the correct system of religion, (Inquiry, page 11. Serm. page 33.) the true system of religion, (page 4.) but that those who have the Bible *alone*, cannot find it, (Inquiry, pages 4. 8. 11. 27.) therefore this *most correct*, this *correct*, this *true* system cannot be found by the Bible *alone*—therefore, "TRUE RELIGION CANNOT BE

FOUND BY THE BIBLE ALONE." Indeed if the religion of the Church of England be *true*, and if you believe that it can be found by the Bible *alone*, I cannot conceive what is the real object of your writings on this subject: you speak throughout of the necessity of accompanying the Bible with the Prayer Book,—you speak of the Bible *alone* leading to abstract or generalized Protestantism (note p. 21.)—in short, if expressions are sentiments, and if a true syllogistic conclusion is always *identifiable* with the premises, I still conceive that I did not deviate from the truth, when I affirmed that a Margaret Professor was contending for this principle, that "true religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*." For you even acknowledge in the plainest language, that men may therein seek in vain for the essentials of Christianity;—"that even in the essentials of Christianity very different conclusions have been drawn from the BIBLE, and by men of whom it would be very unjust to say that they had not studied it *devoutly*."'

'You declare, that in your belief the *true* religion and the *established* religion of this country are the same. Now you contend that the established religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*. The conclusion therefore is, if ever conclusion was fully evident, that TRUE RELIGION CANNOT BE FOUND BY THE BIBLE ALONE.

'However, although I complimented you, in my first Letter, on the manly manner in which you had surrendered this vital principle of Protestantism, I observe that you are still wavering between the right and the wrong—still hesitating before you finally renounce the untenable principle of your church. You seem to have cloathed yourself in Catholic armour, unconscious of the banners under which you were fighting. But let us take courage in consistency, and our cause will never fail to triumph—having thrown away your own arms, as it is a Catholic weapon that you have seized, it is from a Catholic you should learn how to manage it.'

Our author then adduces as applicable to the state of the controversy between him and the professor, the following anecdote of a clergyman of the established church who was proceeding to gratify himself with a sight of the *lions* at Paris,

'In the society of an English Catholic priest, and another countryman of ours, who happened to be a dissenting minister. As they visited the different churches, and paid a particular attention to all the forms and ceremonies of the national religion, freely expressing their opinions upon every point, the Church of England clergyman was perpetually engaged in supporting either the arguments of the Catholic priest, or those of the dissenting minister. When the propriety of a liturgy—ritual observances, or ecclesiastical institutions, and the sinful-

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ness of schism and heresy were discussed, the Church of England Protestant immediately dressed himself out in the full livery of the Catholic priest, and argued most earnestly against the simplifying doctrine of the Dissenter. But as soon as the Dissenter began to maintain the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and the sufficiency of the Scriptures,—as soon as he began to inveigh against the Bishop of Rome, the authority of the church, and her ecumenical decrees, he immediately stood up in support of the Dissenter's arguments, and contended, that as they were two to one, the Catholic priest was in the minority, and therefore he ought to surrender at discretion. As the conversation, however, was carried on with that freedom and good humour which should distinguish all religious controversies, the Catholic priest and the dissenting minister, knowing the consistency of their own principles, and seeing at the same time the inconsistency of those professed by the clergyman of the Establishment, observed to him, "We acknowledge, Sir, that you have shown much courage in this controversial contest, but you have fought on both sides, and you have fought with weapons which were not your *own*—have you, then, none to arm yourself with, which are properly *yours?*" "None!!!" "Really then you are to be pitied; for what would you do in your defence, if we both should come against you, clad in the armour of those very arguments in which you conceive yourself victorious? unarmed and defenceless, you would be under the necessity of surrendering to one or the other."'

After this the Rev. Peter Gandolphy intimates that the time is coming when, if the Established Church mean to maintain her hierarchy against the overwhelming torrent of fanatical dissent, it must be accomplished 'by a reunion with the church of Rome and a *concordatum* with the papal see.' If such great good, as the Rev. Peter Gandolphy intimates, would be likely to arise from such an ecclesiastical coalition, we know of no one whom it would be more proper to employ on the occasion than the Margaret Professor of divinity in the university of Cambridge, who would no doubt be very graciously received by his holiness the pope, if for no other reason, at least for the pains which he has taken to prove the necessity of a *human accompaniment* to the Bible. And if the two churches of England and of Rome should thus be incorporated by the metaphysical address of the Margaret Professor in this spiritual embassy, perhaps the Holy Father might adorn the brows of the strenuous antagonist to the Bible Society with a cardinal's hat for his pains.

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ART. XI.—*The Year, a Poem. By John Bidlake, D. D. of Christ Church, Oxford, Chaplain to their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence.* London: Richards, 1813, 10s. 6d.

THE scenery of this poem is laid in the vicinity of Plymouth; and Dr. Bidlake says that the composition served to lessen the affliction which he suffers from the loss of sight. We presume that the doctor could not, throughout the island, have selected a more charming spot for beauty of landscape than the environs of Plymouth, the loveliness of which, it seems, 'afforded him the highest delight in the earlier period of his life, and which he still enjoys in recollection.' In a dedication to the Rev. Thomas Hughes, D.D. Dr. Bidlake says that his poem has the 'merit of inculcating no sentiment but what is religious and moral.' To this we most readily assent, as there is nothing in the work which is not in strict unison with religion and morality; and we think it would have puzzled the doctor to have made it otherwise; for to those who have read Thomson's Seasons, (and who has not?) it will appear that what Dr. Bidlake has published as an original composition, is nothing more nor less than a transposition of that charming poet's Seasons. The Dr. has taken extreme pains to pick the Seasons to pieces; and in this he has succeeded; but we are sorry to say that we do not think that he has improved upon that poem in putting them together again. To our taste he has completely spoiled Thomson's incomparable work; nor do we think that the admirers of that great bard will give him any thanks for his pains.

The Year, like the Seasons, is written in blank verse; the only difference is that Dr. Bidlake versifies every month in the year, and Thomson divides his Seasons into four. The Dr. in imitation of his great prototype, dedicates each division of his work to some friend; and arranges the subjects of each month after the manner of Thomson. The following are the subjects for the month of January, inscribed to Nathan Drake, M. D. 'Introduction.—Reflections suggested by the commencement of the Year, January.—A Land Storm.—A Fall of Snow.—Evening.—Morning.—Description of a frosty Morning.—A Tale.—Plants in Flower.—Care of Sheep—The Woodman.' Of these subjects we think that the description of

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a frosty morning, after a fall of snow, is the best executed. This we extract.

> 'In mist the morning rose; but soon disclos'd
> O'er all the earth a spreading waste of white,
> Whose purity no vagrant footstep stain'd,
> Save of the early hind, whose faithful care
> The safety of the herd or flock required;
> Save of the hare, whom nightly hunger call'd
> To try with treacherous feet her wonted feed.
> Close to the hedge the cattle crept, and mute,
> Expectant stood: while from their nostrils broad
> Steam'd visible and slow, the lingering breath.
> The moss-clad cottage and the leafless tree,
> Which glossy ivy clasp'd were hung with tufts
> Of snow; while in an undistinguish'd glare,
> The hollow dale, the wide-spread lawn were lost,
> Lost too the mazy brook, and every pool,
> The lately busy mill all silent stood,
> While o'er the palsied wheel the stream enchain'd,
> Fantastically frost-worked, length'ning hung.'

We have a feeble attempt at a description of a traveller lost in the snow; but the doctor at last very wisely and charitably conducts him to a cottage and a 'cheerful crackling blaze.' In the month of March the doctor sings the 'Passion of the Groves;' and, like Thomson, enumerates the various instincts of each bird in constructing its nest, from the eagle down to the tom-tit. We scarcely recollect any part of the Seasons, in which Thomson has been more happy than in his exquisite delineations on this subject; and no part of his work is more calculated to delight. Our readers will doubtless call to mind his beautiful description of the time of incubation. The following is Dr. Bidlake's; which will be found *as like as like can be.*

> 'The arduous time of incubation comes:
> Intent, the feather'd tribe the tedious task
> Begin. Each secret nook, each silent shade
> Of mazy grove, of tangled bush, or copse,
> So seldom trod, is rendered sacred now
> To brooding patience and maternal care:
> The male the while, perched on some neighbouring
> branch
> Pours soothing strains upon the attentive ear
> Of the poor bird, who sits the live-long day
> Unmoved by hunger, scarce entic'd to pick,
> In absence short, a scant and hasty meal.'

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It will be needless to transcribe the same picture from Thomson, beginning

'As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,' * * *

It is too well known and admired not to be preferred to Dr. Bidlake's mutilated transcript. Numerous are similar imitations, which the reader will detect as he proceeds;—for instance, Partridges in the Stubble—Cattle standing in the water during the sultry hour, and lashing off the flies with their tails—the Hare, &c. &c. Indeed there are scarcely any picturesque minutiæ in Thomson which the author of the Year has not dressed up again; but independently of this, which, we must own has given us but little satisfaction, there are parts in Dr. Bidlake's poem which are far more gratifying. The scenery around Plymouth appears to be accurately pourtrayed. The following is a description of Mount Edgecumbe.

'Where Tamar ocean joins with wedded waves
Mount Edgecumbe lifts his tree-clad rocks on high;
There groves on groves ascend, of every hue
And every growth; the gloomy pine, the oak,
The melancholy cypress, and the fir,
And all whose ever living verdure scorns
E'en winter's darkest frown. Sweet interchange!
Deep shade, and sunny lawn where fallow deer
With spotted sides disport: now browse, in herds,
The fragrant turf, now rustling through the glade,
Climb the high summit. What a glorious scene!
See ocean's blue expanse! how lightly glide
Yon barks! how proudly on the subject waves
Britannia's navy rides, that wait the call
To future triumphs! See! what rocky shores!
What castled cliffs arise! what towns and docks!
What rural sights, with rivers sparkling clear,
While mountains in the distance blend with sky!'

The following lines, in which the respectable author deplores his privation of sight, cannot fail to excite sympathy and interest.

'Full of celestial fire, the rapt eye looks
Unutterable things; the sun of thought;
Disclosing all the radiance of the mind,
The herald of mute passion, whose quick glance
Outstrips the slower course of words, and tells
The movements of the soul, with eloquence
Beyond all rhetoric! say, ah! say, how sweet
Its silent language, ye, who rapturous read
The smile benignant of consenting love,

Ere yet the hesitating tongue performs
Its task! * * * *
Thou comprehensive organ, wisely formed
To drink the splendour of the glorious sun;
Thou wondrous orb! most skilfully contrived
That thy dark chambers may receive within
In vivid traces, all created forms.
The silver moon, and the night's spangled arch
To me now lost!—to me no more the morn
Displays her dewy brilliance, or mild eve
Glows with her parting lustre in the west!—
Nature to me is blank! and darkness veils
My wonted joys, and saddens every bliss!
O Lampen! faithful pupil, truest friend,
Thou saw'st my deep affliction, and did'st feel,
And whisper'd kind condolence to my grief;
More sweet than Philomela's dulcet song,
To the quick apprehensive ear of night,
When glades serene rejoice with summer moons,
And nectarine lips of honey-suckles, breathe
Diffusive fragrance o'er the tranquil scene;
Thy praise all Isis echoed from her banks,
That saw thy more than filial gratitude
Sustain my failing steps, in deep distress,
And gently sooth my sad, benighted mind.'

The chief merit of this poem will be found to consist in that part in which Doctor Bidlake speaks of flowers and plants, in which he displays a cultivated taste and botanical knowledge. As we are fond of that study we perused these descriptions of the Dr. with much satisfaction. The author of The Year is a warm advocate for early rising; and gives very good advice to our fair countrywomen on this subject. He advises them to

'Lift the early latch, or try betimes
The garden's walk delicious, where the bean
Gives forth its fragrant treasures; or the rose
Glistening in purple dews, with lilies vies;
While all Arabia breathes the stilly air.
Ah! lost to every finer sense are they,
And O! what nameless beauties lost to them,
Who in oblivion's slumber waste the prime
Of balmy day, and all the prime of age;
Pure, lively spirits ne'er are their's, but sloth,
And heavy loathing of a listless life.
Strength ever flies the morn's protracted sleep,
Then learn to prize the first best gift of heaven;
For he who lingers on the wasteful couch,

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Destroys the firmness of the nerves, and courts
The slow encroach of treacherous fell disease.

* * * * * *

And you ye Fair! who prize the native charms,
That beauty, partial to Britannia's isle,
Partial on you bestows, slight not the gift.
Ah! slumber not within the close-drawn shade
Of curtain'd sloth! where all the loaded air
Teems with unwholesome breath and vapour foul,
Wake with the morn, and give your rival eyes
To catch its rays. Come tread the upland, warm
With roseate tints. Then in your cheeks shall glow
The delicate suffusion of pure love.
Else art must ill supply her faithless aid,
Ah! how unrivalled nature's charms! unlike
Mad dissipation's meretricious trick,
When at the noon-tide hour, and fashion-spoiled,
The faded beauty wakes; and in her glass
Beholds the pallid cheek, the lifeless eye;
In vain she courts that lustre lost; in vain
Cosmetics lend destructive help; or rouge
With glaring falsehood gives a transient glaze.'

Our fair friends will act wisely by improving upon this hint of the good doctor; it is an excellent piece of advice; and they cannot do better than to put it in practice as soon as may be. Early rising will soon enable them to dispense with their rouge boxes and their Olympian dew, with the whole train of milk of roses, royal beautifiers, &c. &c.

Our various extracts have given our readers a specimen of the above poem, which we could have wished had not been so close a copy of the Seasons. Had Dr. Bidlake written in rhyme, his plagiarisms would not have appeared so flagrant; and might have admitted of a little extenuation.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

Art. 12.—*A Father's Letters to his Children: in which the Holiness, Justice, and Mercy of God are shewn to have ever existed upon the same Foundation of Wisdom, Truth, and Love; and the Messiah the only Saviour of Gentiles, Jews, and Christians, from the beginning of the World. By a Country Gentleman.* London: Hatchard, 1813.

THIS country gentleman, who signs himself Biblicus, has been at great pains to render orthodoxy hereditary in his fa-

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mily, at least during the next generation. The letters are twenty-four in number, and all full of what is commonly thought the true *orthodox faith.* Those who admire this sort of doctrine will find an ample supply of it in the present duodecimo. Our author seems to intimate, though he does not directly assert, p. 28—31, that the offering of Abel was more acceptable than that of Cain, because the offering of Abel was accompanied with 'the shedding of blood,' whilst that of Cain, who was a tiller of the ground, consisted of the fruits of the earth. But the preference which was given to the offering of Abel above that of Cain, was not because, as the author says, '*he thus acknowledged the justice of his condemnation by the shedding of blood, and his faith in a Saviour by the substitution of a lamb,*' but because it was made with a more grateful heart, and indicated a more pure and benevolent state of mind. But the sacrifice of Cain was performed whilst sensations of envy and of malice were rankling in his breast. It was not the sacrifice of Abel, abstractedly considered, which was preferred to that of Cain. It was the mind and heart of the one to which the Father of spirits showed more favour than to the mind and heart of the other. What this well-meaning writer and others of his way of thinking, say about types and typical institutions, is more visionary than rational; and can only serve to bewilder the mind without promoting the great ends of practical piety.

ART. 13.—*A Sermon preached at the Meeting-house, Salter's Hall, Cannon-Street, on the 8th of August,*' 1813, *on the Death of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, in the Fortieth Year of his Ministry in that place. With Explanatory Notes. By James Lindsay, D. D.* London: Johnson, 1813.

It seems that some offence was taken and some dissatisfaction expressed at particular parts of the sermon which Dr. Lindsay preached on the decease of Mr. Worthington. He was thought to have noticed a defect which did not exist, and to have been rather too parsimonious in his praise. Though, therefore, this sermon was a hasty production, the learned author was in some measure compelled to publish it in his own defence. The passage in the sermon, by which most displeasure appears to have been excited, was the following:

'With respect to his devotional services, it has been observed, that his manner in prayer had too much of a familiar air; possessed too little of that solemn dignity, that measured reserve, that awful reverence, which should accompany our addresses to the majesty on high. As I am not to speak the language of unmixed panegyric, but that of truth and sincerity, I have no hesitation in admitting, that in my judgment there is justice in the remark.'

We are not qualified to judge whether this defect did actually

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belong to the devotional services of Mr. Worthington; but, if it did, we do not blame Dr. Lindsay for making it the subject of his animadversion. A colloquial familiarity of expression is never more out of place than in our addresses to the Deity. Dr. Lindsay gives due commendation to Mr. Worthington's manner of preaching.

'Whatever of excellence there might be, and there was certainly much, in the matter and design, it cannot be denied that the style and manner of the preacher gave them an advantage which they would not have had in other hands. In that style and that manner there was a striking peculiarity, a nameless something, which rendered listlessness very difficult, even to those who were most carelessly inclined. Other preachers we may have known endowed by nature with minds of a higher order,—exhibiting in their public exercises a wider range of thought, with more varied and brilliant powers of fancy and of illustration; a method of reasoning more close and more consecutive; an eloquence altogether more lofty, more commanding:—but in the enviable talent of communicating with effect that knowledge, which edifieth without puffing up; of arresting and rewarding attention to plain and practical remarks upon scripture, upon morals, upon life; in giving vivacity, and in consequence interest, to the maxims of wisdom, to the lessons of piety and virtue:—in this enviable talent your minister was almost, if not altogether unrivalled.'

ART. 14.—*A Thanksgiving Sermon, preached August the 1st, 1813, at the New Meeting-house, in Birmingham, on occasion of the Act exempting the Impugners of the Doctrine of the Trinity from certain Disabilities and Penalties. By John Kentish.* London: Johnson, 1813.

WE cordially assent to the remark of Mr. Kentish in the first sentence of this discourse, that the noblest victories are "those obtained over ignorance and sin, intolerance and error." The measure which Mr. Smith was able to carry successfully through the House in 1813, was attempted in vain by Mr. Fox in 1792. This evinces a considerable change for the better in the spirit of the times, and in the sentiments respecting religious liberty in both Houses of Parliament, and particularly on the episcopal bench. This change is certainly a fit cause of thankfulness; and Mr. Kentish has done well so to consider it. If we ought to be more thankful for one thing than another, it is for the increase of the benevolent principle amongst mankind. This principle tends to the production of individual and of universal good; and the present unwillingness which there is in the world, and particularly in this country, to persecute men for their religious opinions, is only one of the modifications of this heavenly sentiment.

We do not agree with those who think that the repeal of the

act which we consider as indicating a better and more liberal spirit of thinking amongst us was not necessary because it was not acted upon. Its existence was a disgrace to the statute book; and we therefore venture to assert in opposition to a certain writer, that those who procured its erasure, have done what was honourable to themselves, gratifying to the persons for whose relief it was designed, and altogether serviceable to the country.

POLITICS.

ART. 15.—*A Letter on the Conduct and Situation of Denmark, from a Dane to an Englishman, written the 30th of May*, 1813. London: Richardson, 1813, 8vo.

SINCE the wars which in mournful succession, have sprung up in Europe out of the calamitous vortex of the French revolution, Denmark has been placed in the most embarrassing situation. Too weak to rank amongst any but the secondary powers, she has been obliged to temporize rather than to act a decided part in the mighty struggle which has agitated all the people, and shook most of the thrones in Europe. The councils of Denmark, however, were conducted by so much caution and wisdom, that, till a late period of the revolutionary war, the sovereign, notwithstanding the din of battle on his frontiers, was enabled to preserve to his people the blessing of peace, and to save them from the calamities which are inseparable from war, whatever may be the policy on which it is founded, or the causes by which it is provoked. The Danish sovereign, though of a martial turn, has uniformly repressed his military propensities for the good of his people.

'Our present king,' says the 'author of this pamphlet, in which there is much good sense,' loves his subjects like a father, and, for their sake, he avoids war to the last extremity. On the 2d of April, 1801, in the night of that battle, he visited himself the outposts, and discovered, by the glimmering of the moon, on the sea-shore, the bodies of a number of those who were slain; and, overwhelmed by the feelings of humanity, he exclaimed, in the presence of those who attended him—"Thank God that their blood comes not on me, and may God leave me these feelings to the last hour of my life!" It is on maxims like these that the king has acted ever since!'

The sudden, and we must continue to think, unjust attack on Denmark in 1807, threw that country into the arms of France. Before that period, though Denmark might reflect with some degree of mortification on the impetuous attack of Nelson in 1801, still her sentiments and her interests remained almost entirely English. The destruction of her capital and the seizure of her fleet in 1807, alienated her affections entirely from this country; though it could not essentially alter her in-

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terests, rightly considered, for they have, and must have, from physical and moral causes, a more direct and natural inclination to England than to France. The real and permanent interests of Sweden will, at some future period, inevitably force her into a renewal of her ancient union with France, whatever may be her immediate views or her present disposition; but the alliance between France and Denmark is quite an anomaly in politics, and can be but of fugitive continuance.

The author remarks that though to the mighty host which Bonaparte last year led beyond the Vistula, Prussia, Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, contributed their more or less numerous levies, Denmark did not send a single soldier to swell the train of the destroyer, or to violate the Russian soil. Denmark indeed in her political relations, since the era of the French revolution, has been more sinned against than sinning. In the midst of a war of the greatest extent and the most unmitigated ferocity, when the most furious passions blazed amongst all the belligerents, and when every principle of political equity and moderation was universally despised, Denmark preserved her neutrality with unshaken constancy, till she was forced to relinquish it by the unprovoked attack on her capital and her fleet in 1807.

'We are blamed,' says the Danish author, 'for having sent sailors to Flushing. They were on board of four ships of the line, which the Emperor of France had entrusted to their spirit of revenge; but they hoisted Danish colours, and were commanded by Danish officers. Can this be censured still? That when England took our armed ships in time of peace, that we, in time of war with her, employed our sailors in a manner as would best answer our purpose of revenge? When we offered our hand of peace to England, his Danish Majesty gave a proof of his sincerity, by requesting our sailors to return, and the emperor did return them, and they were on Danish territory, when a peace might have been concluded. But, when our minister arrived, Lord Castlereagh returned him unopened the letter of peace, and informed him that Holstein would be occupied by Swedish troops! and wished that Count Bernstorff might soon return, to give no umbrage to the Crown Prince of Sweden; because Norway was guaranteed to Sweden at Abo; and though great changes and many reasons had since occurred to alter this gift, yet England confirmed it so late as the month of March.'

We must most of us remember the admirable speech which Mr. Fox made in 1806 on the transfer of Hanover to Prussia against the will of the Hanoverians themselves, as well as that of the English government. That speech made a great impression at the time on those who heard it in the house as well as on those by whom it was read in the newspapers. Now it

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appears to us that the sentiments of abhorrence which Mr. Fox expressed against that unprincipled cession, are applicable to the late agreement of England to transfer Norway to Sweden in direct opposition to the wishes of the Norwegians, and in violation of the rights of the Danish crown. The author of this pamphlet quotes the following sentence from the speech of Mr. Fox which we have just mentioned.

"Change one field for another, change cattle for cattle, but don't barter your people, or you will remove the corner stone of the commonwealth, and the mutual affections of the subjects."

The allegation of Sweden, that the possession of Norway would render her dominions more compact, is a pretext which if it were generally acted upon, would soon leave nothing like right, or security of possession amongst the nations of Europe. Whatever any nation coveted she would not long want similar geometrical reasons to enforce. When a spiral line was wanting, a strait would be deemed sufficient; and when a circle could not be established, a triangle would serve the turn. But let us not suffer the moral rules of right or wrong to be sacrificed to considerations of geometrical expediency.

We are of opinion that, even if morality did not oppose the violent annexation of Norway to Sweden, England ought not to consent to that annexation merely from considerations of policy. For as every statesman, who looks not merely to the present but the future, must regard a return to the relations of amity between France and Sweden as highly probable, is it politic to put into the hands of France a power of making a descent on Scotland from the coast of Norway? The friendship, which has so long subsisted between France and Sweden, may experience a temporary interruption, but must ultimately return to its ancient footing. For water does not more certainly find its level than the alliances of states are sooner or later determined by their interests. Russia must continue to be the object of jealousy and of apprehension to Sweden as France is to this country; but, where can Sweden seek for an ally against Russia but in France? Surely some portion of prospective wisdom ought to enter into the cabinets of princes, and be mixed up with the constitution of politicians. Yet how seldom do we find any of this divine quality either in kings or their ministers? The present exigency is every thing in their eyes; and the future is as nothing compared with the immediate gratification.——Though individuals are short-lived and perishing, nations are more permanent bodies; and it seems therefore the height of folly as well as of wickedness in statesmen to let considerations of present expediency blind their eyes to the greatest future good; and to suffer the pursuit of some momentary advantage to prove the bane of their poste-

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rity. There always is, and there always must be, something of the prophetic character in the mind of a statesman of the first rank. There was much of this rare ingredient in the first Lord Chatham and in the late Charles Fox.

'Delius inspirat vates, aperitque futura.'

ART. 16.—*The Pamphleteer: respectfully dedicated to both Houses of Parliament. No.'s I. II. III.* London: Gale, 1813, 6s. 6d. each.

THIS work is designed to exhibit a collection of the best pamphlets on various subjects, political, literary, and scientific. To those pamphlets, which are continually vanishing into oblivion, not so much from their want of intellectual merit as of solid bulk, it will afford a more durable existence and a more permanent form. When new matter is wanting, it appears to be the intention of the proprietors to give a new birth to the fugitive productions of past times, which have become scarce, but have still claims to attention from the curious or interesting matter which they contain. Pamphlets exhibit a good deal of the temper and spirit of the times, but not so much as they did before newspapers were so numerous, so widely circulated, and so generally read as in the present period. That kind of discussion which formerly found its way into pamphlets, now usually makes its appearance in the columns of a newspaper. We had intended to notice some of the new matter which has already appeared in this work; but are at present prevented by want of room.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*Poems, by Miss Prescott.* London: Longman, 1812, price 2s. 6d.

VARIOUS are the subjects on which Miss Prescott exercises her poetic genius.—Death, Hope and Charity, the Moon, the Rose and a Grave-digger, the Old Maid, and the Rights of Women, are among the number. The following lines, from her invocation to the Moon, will serve as a little specimen of Miss Prescott's fund of sense, and powers of versification.

TO THE MOON.

'Bright orb! thou mak'st ee'n this world please,
As o'er this peaceful wave,
And through these *unoffending trees*,
Thou beam'st on sorrow's slave.'

This is the first time in our lives in which we ever heard that trees had the power of *offending*. Miss Prescott's trees, however, are unoffending trees; and we congratulate her on keeping them in such good order and such decorous manners and behaviour. We earnestly hope that they will continue to be good

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and unoffending. Miss Prescott has verified the old adage, that 'We are never too old to learn,' and we give her our thanks for her recent discovery respecting the volition of the hedge-row, the grove, and the forest.

ART 18. — *Wooburn Abbey Georgics; or, the last Gathering. A Poem, in Four Cantos. Canto I. and II.* London: Chapple, 1813, 8vo.

WE would advise every gentleman who attends the Wooburn sheep-shearing and cattle-show to attempt to read this poem before he goes to bed; and then we will assure him that, whatever lively and anti-soporific ideas may have been whirling in his brain during the day, they will be completely expelled by the genius of dullness, or oppressed under a material of much greater specific gravity than lead.

ART. 19.—*The Battles of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees. With other Poems. By Richard Pearson, Jun.* London: Cowie, 1813, 12mo.

IT has been said that the age of poetry is past; and we should be almost tempted to think this from observing that the great exploits of Lord Wellington are sung only by minor poets. Mr. R. Pearson, Jun. deserves more praise for that strength of his patriotism, than the spirit or beauty of his verse. The following are his lines on the battle of Salamanca.

'Say, furious GAUL, could not thy hand refrain
When Science pleaded for her peaceful fane?
Could not the silent grove, and solemn spire,
Command respect, nor yet thy soul inspire?
Alas! from thee not even Learning's seat
Can hope for safety, or indulgence meet.
But SALAMANCA's day shall teach her foes,
That profanation not unpunish'd goes;
For, on the dreadful banks of TORMES' wave,
Full many were assign'd a condign grave.
Hail! SALAMANCA, hail thy blood-stain'd plains;
Whilst Mem'ry is, or hoary Time remains,
So long thy name shall live; thy sacred name,
The dread of tyrants, and the Briton's fame.
'Tis there I hear BRITANNIA's thunder roar,
And add to honours that she won before:
The prancing charger listens to the sound,
Champs the strong bit, and proudly treads the ground.
There brave LE MARCHANT heads his valiant train,
And steeps with hostile blood th' ensanguin'd plain;
Tries every nerve the doubtful cause to save,
Or, with its downfal, to ensure a grave.

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The despots tremble as the chief draws near,
And conquer'd GALLIA sinks beneath his spear.
Cease! Triumph, cease! and, Vict'ry, droop thy head,
For thy LE MARCHANT numbers with the dead.
In all the wishes of his country blest,
His honour'd head now seeks a glorious rest:
His envied soul, dislodg'd from mould'ring clay,
To realms immortal shapes its halcyon way.
Here aching Pity drops the gen'rous tear,
And wrongly thinks his blissful fate severe.
On earth—in ALBION—thy eterniz'd name
Shall stand exalted on the rolls of fame;
Succeeding ages shall, with rapture, tell
Their rising children how LE MARCHANT fell.
Enjoin'd by thee to bear no base control,
Thy doom shall fix this precept on the soul;
When trampled freedom and their country call,
Britons resolve to vanquish, or to fall.
Nor yet shall Fame, amaz'd, forget to state,
How nobly BOWLES snbmitted to his fate;
And, as she tells, inflam'd with gen'rous pride,
Each breast shall burn to die the death he died.
And thou! on whom the hopes of ENGLAND rest,
Receive the transports of a grateful breast;
For prudence fam'd, and plans that cheat the foe,
Success in arms to WELLINGTON we owe:
Foremost in battle, and in council wise,
Thou art the spring from whence our glories rise:
Thro' the long annals of revolving time,
Transcendant chief! renown'd in every clime,
Thy splendid feats shall dart their glitt'ring rays,
Scare usurpation, and the world amaze.'

NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*Liberality and Prejudice, a Tale. By Eliza. A. Coxe. 3 Vols.* London: Crosby, 1813. Price 18s.

THE above novel is published by subscription, and, as we suppose the authoress is not in the most enviable circumstances, our *liberality* will not suffer us to *prejudice* the public against a work by which she may hope to relieve her distresses or add to her enjoyments. We therefore forbear all comment either on the tale or the execution.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 21.—*Treatise on English Prosody. By Richard Edwards, B. A.* To be had of the Author, No. 9, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, price 1s. 4d. 1813.

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ART. 22.—*Specimens of English accentuated Verse; wherein the Intensity of Pronunciation solely is measured, and the Length of the Syllable is unnoticed. By Richard Edwards, B. A.* To be had of the Author, No. 9, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, price 1s. 4d. 1813.

ART. 23.—*Specimens of English non-accentuated Verse, or Verse measured; with a regard had solely to the Length of Time required in the Pronunciation of Syllables; the Accent and Emphasis being entirely unnoticed. By Richard Edwards, B. A.* To be had of the Author, No. 9, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, price 2s. 1813.

WE have given the titles of these three productions, but we have not found it so easy to comprehend the contents. They are indeed of such a nature as entirely to elude the grasp of our homely understandings. We know not what the author means; but his meaning nevertheless may be very recondite and profound. Two specimens will suffice to show the impenetrable stuff which seems to be lodged in the writer's brain. The following is the first sentence in what is denominated 'Treatise on English Prosody.' 'This subject must be naturally brief; for *as there were no poems in verse in the English language before those which I have recently written, no rules of English prosody were needed.*' There is not a greater vacuum of sense in the following than in other parts of these notable performances.

'* * * So imperfect is the idea of verse in this country, that even the Latin verses are not read as verse: no, not even by those who have themselves composed them. Who would read,

"Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,"

as a verse? There may be here and there an individual who would; but, perhaps none but myself. The sight of my English verse and my remarks upon them might perhaps open the eyes of Latinists upon the subject, so that henceforth even such a difficult line as,

"Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris,"

could be read so as to be still an hexameter; but in mentioning the prevailing ignorance on this head, I mean that it prevailed till the day next before the day of the date of these presents.'

These treatises are not unworthy the perusal of Mr. Haslam and others who are curious in scrutinizing the organization of the brain.

ART. 24.—*The Good Aunt; including the Story of Signior Aldersonini and his Son. By Harriet Ventum, Author of Charles Leeson, &c. &c. &c.* London: Chapple, 1813, price 3s. 6d.

THIS is a very good aunt indeed! and if our youth had the advantage of such sensible relations as Mrs. Althorpe proved to

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her nieces, the Miss Howards, we should not have so many superficial or so many pettish and capricious young women as we frequently meet with in the world. Mrs. Althorpe, the good aunt, finding her nieces under the care of a Mademoiselle Tourville, discovers that the system of education which that lady pursues is such as totally to exclude all attention to the regulation of the passions and the culture of benevolence in the mind and heart. She finds that pride, envy, uncharitableness, and ill-humour predominate in the young ladies; the eldest of whom is represented as having entered her fifteenth year. As a set-off for these ill qualities, she found they could speak French pretty well, play a lesson on the piano-forte, and sketch a landscape. She therefore takes them from their French governess and carries them with her to her country seat; where by her wise and excellent management and instruction she makes them valuable and accomplished women. The plan which the good aunt pursues with her untoward and idle nieces cannot fail of succeeding. She appropriates certain portions of their time during the day to certain employments and studies; and by judiciously combined tenderness and reproof, when reproof was necessary, she convinced the young ladies that "idleness is the root of all evil." The stories, which are interspersed for the instruction of the Miss Howards, are extremely interesting, and told with the most winning simplicity. We have very rarely met with a work of this kind which has pleased us so much; and it so admirably blends the useful with the agreeable, and is altogether so sensible and pleasing a performance as to effect great honour on its authoress, Miss Harriet Ventum.

ART. 25.—*Æsculapian Secrets revealed; or friendly Hints and Admonitions addressed to Gentlemen of the Medical Profession, and the Public in general: containing Maxims of indispensable consequence; which if attended to, will effectually conduct the Practitioner, by the most simple and unerring Method, to the highest Pinnacle of Fame, Honour, and Independence. By Peter Mac Flogg'em, Esq. M. D. F. R. S. L. L. D. and A. S. S. Fellow and Honorary Associate of all the Medical Societies in London, &c. &c.* London, Chapple, 1813. 12mo. 6s.

FROM the days of Æsculapius to the present, medical men seem to have been thought *fair game* for wits and witlings, satirists and buffoons. In the present performance there is not a superabundance either of vivacity of remark or brilliancy of wit. We do not know whether the author meant to make us laugh, but if he did, though we may thank him for the intention, we cannot compliment him on its accomplishment. The following is a little specimen of the advice given in this work to the medical student.

'It has been very erroneously supposed, and ignorantly as-

serted by many persons, that the attainments of a physician, like other objects of human pursuit, can only be acquired by industry, superadded to a natural good understanding; and also as a very natural and forcible conclusion *'that a man who is stupid and ignorant in other matters, can never be a good physician;"* because the same impediments which prevent him from becoming a proficient in other branches of science, must of necessity incapacitate him for comprehending the just principles of the *practice of physic*. This, however, you may rest assured, is deducing an inference from *false* premises; nor is any thing more strikingly evident of its fallacy, than the peculiar facility of successfully combating and opposing so preposterous and ridiculous a position. That impudence, vanity, self-importance, and ignorance, will frequently supersede modesty, and gentlemanly behaviour, with a competent judgment in the profession, is so very evident, that it would appear superfluous in me to attempt elucidating by reason or argument; you have only to take a review of the world, and daily observe the vast multitudes of *fools* and *dolts* who are prescribing *themselves* into opulence, and their patients to *the devil*; and this accounts in some measure for that dearth of intellect, which you will so commonly find among the *medical* fraternity. Learning and ability, when weighed in the medical balance against ignorance and impudence will seldom require you to kick the beam, but will commonly preponderate in a surprising manner; and carry on the *empiric* to those situations, where a man of diffidence and enlightened understanding would be almost intimidated to *shew his nose.'*

'You must never feel the least reluctance, when *self-interest* is at stake, to prostitute your talents, or barter your honour, (*if ever you possessed either*,) in flattering and sanctioning the depraved and pampered vices of any *fashionable* or *noble patron*; and be ever prepared to lend yourself to his whim and caprice. To so wealthy or *noble* a personage as *this*, let no sarcastic sneer, or busy officiousness of a *slandering* world ever deter *you* from falling in with his personal or political antipathies, and at every hazard of *reputation*, manifest no disinclination in being active to undertake and complete any *dirty work* he may wish to *honor you* with; that is, if *he* requests it, you will pimp, intrigue, whore, get drunk, and seduce and allure every virtuous woman you meet with; and *then* consign them to the embraces of your *noble* and high spirited patron and debauchee.

'Should your *noble* protector belong to the number of the *faithful*, and be the absolute *pillar* and corner-stone of one or more of our *modern gospel shops*; you can easily metamorphose yourself into a knight of the *sorrowful* countenance, and become as great a hypocrite, or determined a bigot as himself; and by the help of an *exterior* garb of *sanctity*, you may even deceive the *very elect themselves*, that so you may put to silence the vain

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babblings of infidels and scoffers, and with greater *plausibility*, cheat, lie, deceive, get drunk, and find a more ready passport to the beds of the *female saints*. If, on the other hand, he be destitute of the *true religion* above described, a mere brute: or a disciple of *Epicurus*, contending that the *sole* purpose of man's creation, was to feed and gratify every *beastly* passion and propensity; to *you* the task of obedience is equally familiar; you can in this case laugh *religion* out of countenance, cry down and despise every moral and social tie which attaches mankind to each other; and from the most *rigid puritan*, the veriest enthusiast, be transformed into the *vilest monster* which *earth* or *hell* ever saw; still not *altogether* unmindful that a fictitious and delusive softness of manners, the melting gentleness of the *eye*, and mellifluous accents of the *tongue*, if not badly managed, and *properly disguised*, will very frequently turn to a decent account; yet some experience on *this* subject will be absolutely required to render it as *lucrative* and effectual as the amiable *Sir Felix Facinate.*'

There are some who have the infirmity to mistake the acrimony of malevolence for the power of ridicule. We leave it to the self-examination of Dr. Mac Flogg'em to determine whether this be his case.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in October, 1813.

ADAIR J. M. M. D.—An Essay on Diet and Regimen as indispensable to the recovery and regimen of firm Health. 5s.

An Inquiry into the Laws of Animal Life, 8vo. 25s.

Amos J. Esq.—Remarks on the Prosecution and Termination of the War with France, 2s. 6d.

A Compendium of the Holy Scriptures, 3 Vols. 8vo. £1. 1s.

A new general Atlas, No.'s 1, 2, 3, 8s. each.

Brewer J. N.—Sir Gilbert Easterling, a Romance, 4 Vols. 12mo.

Capp M. E.—The African Princess, and other Poems, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Dunlap W. Esq.—Memoirs of George Frederic Cooke, 2 Vols. 8vo. 21s.

Galt J.—Letters from the Levant. Containing Views of the State of Society, Manners, Opinions, and Commerce in Greece and several of the principal Islands in the Archipelago, 8vo.

Gold F.—Travels in the Pyrenees, containing a Description of the principal Summits, Passes, and Vallies, from the French of M. Ramport, 8vo.

Hopkirk T.—Flora Glottiana; a Catalogue of the indigenous Plants on the Banks of the Clyde, and in the Neighbourhood of the City of Glasgow, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Holmes A. D. D.—American Annals; or, a Chronological History of America, from its Discovery in 1492 to 1806, 2 Vols. £1. 1s.

Holcroft Miss—The Wife and the Lover, a Novel, 3 Vols.

Impey E. J. Esq. A. M.—A gratulatory Poem, suggested by the Commemoration at Oxford, June 30, 1813, 1s.

Lindsay J. D. D.—A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, 2s.

Loyal Lamentations; or, the Poetic Addresses of all the Paddies, 4s.

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Lovell T.—The Builder's Assistant and complete Ready Reckoner, 6s.

Lyon P.—Observations on the Barrenness of Fruit-trees, and the Means of Preservation and Cure, 8vo. 5s.

Letters between Laicus and an East India Proprietor, 2s. 6d.

Marryat T. M. D. — Therapeutics; or, the Art of Healing, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Morris A.—A Treatise on Brewing; wherein is explained the whole Process of the Art, &c. 10s. 6d.

Memoires, Historiques Litteraires et Anecdotiques tirés de la Correspondance du Baron de Grimm et Diderot, Vol. 3 and 4.

Norris Rev. H. H. — A practical Exposition of the Tendency and Proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 8vo. 9s.

Newman S. — Mercantile Tables upon a new Method, adapted to the Use of the Public Offices, Bankers, Merchants, &c. 8vo. £1. 16s.

Pearson R. M. D. — A brief Description of the Plague, with Observations on its Prevention and Cure, 2s. 6d.

Perry J.—Letters to the Rev. J. Kingham on the Doctrine of the Divinity of Christ.

Payne W.—A short Treatise on Municipal rights, 7s.

Philipport J. Esq.—The Northern Campaign, 8vo. 2 Vols.

Remarks on Methodism. By a Minister of the Church of England, 8vo. 7s.

Roche Mrs.—Trecothick Bower; or, the Lady of the West Country, 3 Vols. 12mo.

Rejected Odes; or, poetical Hops, Steps, and Jumps, of a dozen popular Bards for the Situation of Poet Laureat, 5s. 6d.

Simeon Rev. Charles, A. M.—Dr. Marsh's Fact; or, a congratulatory Address to all the Church Members of the Bible Society.

The Trial of Mr. John Majee, Proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post, for a Libel on the Duke of Richmond.

The friendly Letters of a lately eminent Physician to an English Countess on Indigestion, Bilious Complaints, &c. 2s. 6d.

Thomson John, M. D.—Synopsis Nosologiæ Methodicæ. To which is added, an Appendix, containing a Synopsis of the Systems of Sauvages, Linnæus, &c. 8vo. 9s.

The Art of preserving the Sight to extreme old Age. By an experienced Oculist, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

The Spirit of the Public Journals; or, modern Spectator for 1812, 7s.

The modern Antique; or, the Muse in the Costume of Queen Anne, 8vo. 12s.

The Merchant's Widow and Family, a Novel, 12mo. 4s.

Taylor W. Jun.—English Synonyms discriminated, 12mo. 6s.

Urbino; or, the Vaults of Lepanto, 3 Vols. 18s.

Watt R. M. D.—A Treatise on the History, Nature, and Treatment of Chin Cough, 10s. 6d.

Wilberforce W. Esq.—Substance of Speeches on the Clause on the East India Bill for promoting the religious Instruction of the Hindoos, 2s.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 305, Line 6, *for* 'source of elasticity,' *read* force of elasticity.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV. NOVEMBER, 1813. *No. V.*

ART. I.—*A Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, during the Year* 1812. *By Sir Robert Ker Porter.* London: Longman, 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

THE sudden destruction of the gigantic army of Bonaparte in Russia at the commencement of the last winter, reminds us of some of the extraordinary exertions of Divine Power in the Old Testament, by which the proud were humbled and the mighty overthrown. This valiant host, which the conqueror led from the banks of the Rhine to the eastern extremity of Europe, appeared to be invincible, and invincible it would have been to any human adversary; but its destruction was effected comparatively in a moment by the reduction of the temperature to a few degrees more than ordinary below the freezing point. Whether this awful catastrophe were the immediate interposition of the great Governor of the universe, or whether it were the effect of ambition degenerating into mad temerity by unexampled success, it is of little difference with respect to the ultimate result in a moral point of view. For the train of causation, which punishes folly and pride, cruelty and injustice, though it is a part of the constitution of the universe, is nevertheless the appointment of the Deity. We, who have always been accustomed to look upon God, not as a name for a non-entity, but for power, and wisdom, and goodness perpetually active, cannot help referring to the Supreme agency the memorable catastrophe which befel the

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French armies between the Moskwa and the Vistula

We do not believe that the history of any people presents an instance, or rather a mass of instances of greater self-devotion than what was exhibited by the Russian people on the invasion of their country by the French army under Bonaparte. Patriotism has been sometimes thought to be the product only of free states; but here we find it alive and active in every bosom under a despotic government. We find the inhabitants of all descriptions, both bond and free, boors and nobles, willing to sacrifice their property and their homes, all that they had most dear, and even life itself, in order to preserve the independence of their country. When the news of the burning of Moscow by the citizens themselves first arrived, we believe that the general sensation was that it was an act of barbarous temerity and infatuated self-destruction, rather than the sober and deliberate result of patriotic magnanimity and prospective calculation. But the event soon changed the general sentiment on the subject; and proved that it was less the effect of rashness than of caution, of folly than of foresight; and that, though the sacrifice was great, it was more than exceeded by the subsequent benefit. The temporary evil was more than compensated by the permanent good. The Russian empire preserved its independence; the Russian government escaped humiliation; and Bonaparte experienced a reverse, which gave the first signal check to his unbounded ambition, and his unparalleled success.

The desperate resistance which Bonaparte experienced at Smolensko, or Smolenzk, and indeed during the whole time of his march, after passing the Russian frontier, was a sufficient presage of the efforts which were likely to be made to defeat the success of his daring and flagitious enterprize. But still he little thought that the patriotism of the Russians, and their determination not to bend their necks to a foreign yoke, would lead them, as an act of self defence, to reduce to ashes the ancient capital of the Czars, the object of fond and long-cherished veneration.

At the battle of Borodino, which was one of the most obstinate ever fought, Sir R. Ker Porter states the loss of the Russians, in killed and wounded, to have amounted to not less than thirty thousand men, whilst he computes that of the French at more than fifty thousand. 'The horses which lay on the ground from right to left numbered full five-and-twenty thousand. This wide destruction cost both armies nearly the whole of their ammuni-

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tion.' After this memorable conflict, in which whatever might be their actual loss, the French had certainly no reason to boast of their success: the Russian general Koutousoff, finding that Bonaparte had been powerfully reinforced, retired to Moscow, which, instead of staying to defend, he passed through and abandoned to the enemy. In his dispatch to the Emperor Alexander, on this occasion, Koutousoff having mentioned the alternative to which he was reduced, of sacrificing Moscow, or of crouching before the invader, says,

'Moscow was left a mere desert of walls and houses, without an inhabitant. Call to mind what the human body is when deserted by the soul! so is Moscow when abandoned by its citizens. The soul of an empire is its people; and wherever they are, there is Moscow, there is the empire of Russia.' * * *

'As long as the army of your imperial majesty exists, (and it will exist as long as there is a Russian alive to defend his country!) the loss of Moscow is not the loss of the empire.'

This is the language of men resolutely determined to endure every extremity rather than that of foreign subjugation. It breathes a spirit not unlike that of Rome in the days of republican heroism.

Bonaparte halted before the gates of Moscow 'about noon on the 14th of September.' His advanced guard under Murat and Beauharnois entered the city with all the pride and circumstance of glorious war. But the author says that Bonaparte deferred this ceremony

'until the *authorities of the city* should arrive in deputation to invite his entrance! He looked again and again towards its walls; all seemed busy there, but nothing presented itself in the form he expected. The afternoon came, and yet no person appeared. He then took the resolution of sending a Polish general into the town, to suggest to the citizens the desired deputation. The general proceeded on his errand; and enquiring his way of a resident foreigner whom chance brought in his path, he was conducted by this stranger to the palace which had been the seat of government; then to the police-office, and afterwards to the house of the governor-general. In short he made his guide lead him to every place where he might have any expectation of meeting a public functionary; but the search was in vain. He returned to Napoleon with the information, that no *legal authorities* remained in Moscow; that the city was already a desert, and would soon be a heap of ruins. This was the first time that the tyrant's expectations had been disappointed in the homage he anticipated from a captive city. No farce of a deputation, no keys presented, no plaudits of the moderation of the conqueror, were offered to the ad-

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vancing Cæsar! Not one shadow of respect presented itself, worthy a Bulletin or a Moniteur! However, the invader of Russia would not quite relinquish his preposterous hopes. He flattered himself that on the next day the resident foreigners at least, would collect some of the terrified natives, and uniting themselves with them in the form of a representation of the city, would furnish him with some materials for publishing a triumph. In this expectation he took up his quarters for that night in the Petrofsky palace, about a mile from the St. Petersburgh barrier. The wished-for morning broke, the noon succeeded it, and still no trace of a coming deputation could be discerned. Incensed at this double disappointment, he at last gave up the expectation; and, giving orders for his guard to proceed, he entered the town in sullen silence. Without the beating of drums, the discharge of cannon, or any of the parade with which he usually gratified the pride of his army, he took possession of the capital of the Tzars!'

Bonaparte had scarcely entered the imperial palace when the conflagration began, which soon destroyed his hopes of providing winter quarters for his army in the capital of the Czars. What would we not have given to have had the emotions of Bonaparte accurately described in this awful scene, when enveloped by more than a thousand fires, which his criminal ambition had forced the Russians to kindle as the last effort of patriotic martyrdom, in order to rescue their country from the menace of his galling yoke! Are tyrants ever agitated by the sentiment of retribution? If such a sentiment ever visited the sensory of Bonaparte, surely it must have made its appearance in the midst of this scene of unspeakable horror and desolation.

'From the night of September 14th until that of the 19th, the fire blazed in all quarters. It first broke out near the Foundling Hospital, and then, almost immediately, on the side of the city close to the stone bridge, and in the neighbourhood of the place which the King of Naples selected for his residence. A third, and more extensive fire, burst out and spread itself along the face of the centre of the town. The inhabitants beheld their burning houses with a resignation which could only proceed from the belief that they should not long survive their destruction. The conviction that their losses would be deprivation to the enemy also; that in the flames perished his most important resources; was the tranquillizer of every regret. New fires broke forth wherever the French soldiers directed their ruthless steps. Women cast themselves into the flames to escape violation; and the blood of the brave Muscovite was vainly shed to extinguish fires kindled by his patriot hands.

'On the morning of the third day after the entrance of these robbers, a violent wind arose, and then indeed the conflagration became general. In less than an hour the whole extent of the capital, for many wersts, seemed a sheet of flame. All the immense tract of land above the river, which used to be covered with houses, was one sea of fire; and the sky was hidden from our eyes by the tremendous volumes of smoke which rolled over the city.'

Bonaparte evidently expected that, after he had obtained possession of the Russian capital, the government would be awed into proposals of peace, and he was, in some measure, the dupe of this expectation. He lost that time in Moscow which he might have employed in securing his retreat before the severities of the winter commenced. Finding that no flags of truce arrived, Bonaparte made himself two ineffectual attempts to open a negociation with Koutousoff. General Lauriston, who was sent to the Russian head-quarters, was told by the venerable chief, that 'both his Imperial Majesty Alexander, and the nation at large, were determined never to listen to one pacific word, whilst a foreign soldier remained within the frontiers of their country.' Napoleon then made an attempt to obtain an armistice upon the condition that the French army should evacuate Moscow, and retire upon Wiazma; but this effort proved equally abortive with the preceding; and the mighty conqueror, after this fatal procrastination, found himself compelled to abandon the projects of domination which he had conceived before he left the Thuilleries for his northern expedition.

Sir R. Ker Porter states that, before the French retreated from Moscow, the part of the city which had escaped the flames, was abandoned by Napoleon to the indiscriminate havoc and pillage of his troops. The following is part of the author's description of this scene of horror and cruelty, which, for the honour of human nature, we hope to be greatly exaggerated.

'The demon of destruction was let loose to satiate itself with human misery. The soldiers of the camp and of the town rushed from all quarters to pursue their devastating task. Nothing was to be spared; neither church, nor palace, nor private dwelling, was to be left unsacked, undestroyed. The Foundling-hospital alone, (having been made the asylum of the French sick, and which now contained several thousand of the wounded soldiers), was to be exempt from the torch of annihilation.'

'It is not possible for any imagination that has not seen the

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acts then committed, to form any conception of their variety of wickedness; of their demoniac wantonness of cruelty.'

'Thousands of these French ruffians, almost in a state of complete nakedness, without shoes, or any clothing on their limbs, and scarce a covering but a few filthy rags flying from their bodies, were met in every direction; more like the banditto their deeds imitated, than the soldier, whose noble profession their enormities stigmatized with disgrace. In this wretched plight were all the followers of Buonaparté. His own personal guards were not better clad: having nothing in their appearance that spoke their military order but the arms they carried.'

We should have been much better pleased with the perusal of Sir R. Ker Porter's work, if he had adopted more precision and simplicity in his style. He accumulates words upon words till they cease to convey any distinct meaning. And this kind of inflated rhetorical style, is more particularly reprehensible in an historical work, because it tends to excite an idea that the writer is more studious of ornament than of truth. We believe that no amplification, not even that of Sir R. Ker Porter, can go beyond the sufferings of the French after the frost had set in with its utmost intensity during their retreat; but we cannot so readily believe that the whole army of Napoleon, before leaving Moscow, were, according to the above representation, 'almost *in a state of complete nakedness, without shoes, or any clothing on their limbs, and scarce a covering but a few filthy rags flying from their bodies,*' &c.

We shall now follow the enemy in their retreat from the Russian capital, and exhibit some of our author's decriptions of that ever memorable catastrophe. After the battle of Wiazma, on the 3d of November, in which the French under Davoust, Ney, and Beauharnois, made a desperate stand, in order to give time for the part of their army in advance to proceed, and were they were defeated by Miloradovitch, Sir Robert Ker Porter says, that

'the pursuit of the enemy only finished with the night, and such a night! In that terrible darkness all the horrors of winter seemed at once to burst upon them. The snow fell unremittingly till it covered the face of the earth, and every object upon it that was not considerably above its surface. The cold was intolerable; and now it was that the loud complaints of human nature, suffering under every ill, burst from every lip. Then, O Napoleon! were thy magnificent titles of *Conqueror*,

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King, and *Emperor*, forgotten in the general accusation of *Tyrant, Betrayer, Murderer!*

'The morning broke, and the usual track of their march had disappeared. The weltering bodies of their companions, the stiffened corpses of them who had perished by famine, all were hidden from their sight under one wide waste of snow. The cry which broke from their hearts at this desolate spectacle, this whitened world, which shut from their emaciated hands every root of the earth, every blade of grass for their fainting cattle, was like the cry at the judgment-day—all hope was vain, and the direst perdition seemed to await them at every point.'

The winter set in more early than usual, and with an intensity seldom experienced in its commencement.

'The wretched fugitives of Napoleon were obliged to bivouac upon the naked snow, with no other covering than the drifting sleet which drove against their exposed bodies like the piercing points of arrows. In these terrible nights of more than mortal cold, they attempted to light fires; and round the half kindled sparks they huddled together, to participate the vital heat each yet contained. But it was so small, that in a few hours many hundreds died, and when morning dawned, their surviving comrades beheld them in ghastly circles of death around the glimmering ashes.'

'* * The Emperor, and the patriotic spirit of his nobles, had abundantly furnished the Russian army with provisions and winter cloathing; and, though out under all the inclemencies of the season, they hardly felt its fierceness.

'Not so the French army. The persons who composed its legions were most of them born under more genial suns; their constitutions knew no habits answerable to the attacks which would be made on them in cold climates, and as no fictitious means had been prepared of shielding them from such inevitable evils, the consequence could not be but fatal.

'Day after day these unhappy men dragged on their wretched existence. All military ideas were thrown aside; it was no longer an army that was retreating, but a multitude of famishing individuals, each seeking his own preservation, and careless of all other objects in the world. To speak of discipline, or order, was mockery to them. They spurned at a command so impotent, that it could only issue its decrees to their perishing ranks. "Give us bread," they would cry, "and we will obey you!" Officer and private alike contemned every effort of the Generals to maintain subordination, and the visible appearance of an army. They broke away in bands, like wild beasts howling for their prey; and rushing together, or in desperate solitary attempts, tore down every obstacle in their path to procure food and raiment. Friend and foe were assail-

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ed, self-preservation was their sole motive, and when no Russian property presented itself for plunder, they fell upon their own waggons, and pillaged them of their contents. A horrible distraction seized upon thousands, and wherever they moved the direst spectacles tracked their steps. Their figures now appeared hardly human; the faces of some were disfigured by the loss of various features from the inveteracy of the frost; others had lost their hands or feet, some whole limbs, but even these injuries were small, when compared with the combination of bodily sufferings (hitherto unknown in the annals of the world) which fell upon many, and produced diseases for which there is yet no name.'

The horses which had long been without sufficient forage, and were, in fact, emaciated and enfeebled before the frost commenced, were the first to perish by its inclemency. Death seemed, as if in mercy, sooner to contract their interval of suffering. Day and night they perished by hundreds.

'Instead of the usual complement of horses to draw a heavy piece of artillery or a waggon, twelve, fourteen, and often twenty, were put to the task. But even with this addition, should they arrive at a rising ground up which the load was to be drawn, it became an insurmountable barrier, and guns and waggons were abandoned. The cavalry, (all excepting the cavalry of the guards), were hourly dismounted to assist with their horses in these often vain attempts to save their artillery and baggage. Sometimes, to preserve the horses, the baggage was left, and frequently both were lost together; the horses sinking at once under the unequal labour, and the abandoned waggons seized in the sight of their owners by the hovering Cossacs.'

The author remarks p. 204, that Bonaparte's generals, either secretly or openly, condemned his encumbering himself with such an immense train of artillery in his retreat, which rendered so many horses necessary for its transport, and, from the effect which it had in retarding the march of the troops at a period when safety depended principally upon rapidity of movement, contributed in no small degree to the destruction of the army. The cavalry were dismounted to provide horses for the guns. The horses perished; and the guns were left behind; but not till the delay had occasioned disasters which could not afterwards be repaired.

Bonaparte with his chosen band of satellites arrived at Smolensko on the 9th of November, and on the 13th he departed for Krasnoy. Here he found that his pursuers were much nearer than he had supposed; and he anxious-

ly awaited the coming up of Davoust, who had been left to blow up the fortifications around Smolensko before the evacuation of the town. Davoust with his troops having arrived within about three wersts of Krasnoy was surprised by the army under Miloradovitch, and assailed with such fury that all resistance was vain.

'The *Great Napoleon*,' says our author, 'from amidst his guards, witnessed the commencement of this terrific route; but not waiting to behold its issue, he turned his horse and fled at full gallop with his suite towards the town of Laidy. Thus did he abandon a division of his army, to which he had hitherto affixed so much consequence, and leave to the fury of an incensed enemy, a Field-Marshal whom he had always affected to regard with peculiar esteem.

'The complete destruction of the whole corps of Davoust succeeded to the acclaim of victory from the Russian lines. The cries of his deserted and dying soldiers must have followed the flying steps of Napoleon, as he vanished from the field. He was deaf to the appeal, and was seen no more. The wretched creatures, who escaped the swords of their conquerors, sought shelter in the neighbouring woods which skirt the Dneiper, for an extent of five wersts. There these desolate beings, wounded, starving, and naked, laid them down under the frozen thickets, and soon forgot the desertion of their leader and their own miseries in the sleep of death.'

The author allows that Davoust, instead of taking to flight like his master, 'maintained his character of general to the last,' and did not recede a step 'until the total destruction of his division and the flight of the few who survived, drew him along with them into the woods.' The corps of Ney was cut off by the destruction of that of Davoust, and appears to have experienced nearly a similar fate. Ney had pressed forward with confidence and 'arrived within half a cannon shot of the Russian batteries,' which were disposed so as to command the only passage to Krasnoy by the highway, when he received a

'summons to surrender. At this he laughed, still believing that the troops he now saw were at the best but a small detachment. "Je saurai me faire jour!" exclaimed he, and rushed to put into execution his determination.

'The answer to this reply was immediately made by the Russian guns, and then indeed was he convinced of his mistake. He saw his men, at the distance of two hundred paces from the cannons' mouths, fall in whole ranks, but the instantaneous slaughter did not check the resolution either of the soldiers or their commander. The surprise only seemed to elicit the full blaze of their courage, and they charged upon the batteries with

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the most furious impetuosity. The carnage was dreadful: showers of grape mowed down hundreds, but still the vacuum was filled. A valour worthy of the noblest cause was exhibited by column after column pressing towards the batteries, to glory or the grave.'

'* * * The wretched survivors followed the track in the snow yet left them by the fugitives of the preceding day, and fled into the woods. Ney crossed the Boristhenes at the extremity of these thickets, leaving in the hands of his conquerors his colours, cannon, and baggage.'

When Bonaparte reached Orcha, in his rapid flight, he learned that his magazines at Minsk had fallen into the hands of Admiral Tchitchagoff. He had not evacuated Orcha long before it was entered by the Cossacks. Fortune favoured Bonaparte, personally, as much in his flight from Moscow as in that from Egypt; and he is perhaps doomed to pay the forfeit of his crimes by some more ceremonious weapon than the Cossack spear. If Bonaparte escaped, it was not owing to the want of vigilant pursuit on the part of Platoff, of Tchitchagoff, or of Vigtenstein. Vigtenstein nearly came up with Bonaparte at the moment of his crossing the Berezina; over which two bridges had been thrown. We shall quote the author's account of the passage of this river by Napoleon and his suite, and of the accumulation of misery, which overtook thousands of his followers at this point. The description is altogether one of the best in the present work. The horrors which it details, and the sufferings which were endured, were so great as to render all exaggeration impossible; and therefore we here give our author credit for fidelity of representation.

'The instant the work,' (meaning the bridge) 'was passable the impatient *Emperor of the French* ordered over a sufficient number of his guards to render the way tolerably safe from immediate molestation; and the moment that was ascertained he followed with his suite and principal generals, a promiscuous crowd of soldiers pressing after him. The bridge was hardly cleared of his weight and of that of his chosen companions, when the rush of fugitives redoubled. No order could be kept with the hordes that poured towards its passage for escape and life, for the Russians were in their rear; the thunder of Vigtenstein was rolling over their heads. No pen can describe the confusion and the horror of the scenes which ensued. The French army had lost its rear-guard, and they found themselves at once exposed to all the operations of the vengeful enemy. On the right and on the left there was no escape; cannon, bayonets, and sabres, menaced them on every side; certain death

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was on their rear; in their front alone was there any hope of safety; and, frantic with the desperate alternative, thousands upon thousands flew towards the Berezina, some plunging into the river, but most directing their steps to the newly constructed bridges, which seemed to offer them a passage from their enemies. Misery had long disorganized the French army, and in the present dismay no voice of order was heard; the tumult was tremendous, was destructive of each other, as the despairing wretches pressed forward and struggled for precedence in the moment of escape.

'Vigtenstein stood in horror, viewing this chaos of human misery; to close it at once in death or in capitulation was the wish of his brave heart: but the enemy was frantic; nothing could be heard but the roar of cannon and the cries of despair. The wounded and the dying covered the surface of the ground; the survivors rushed in wild fury upon their affrighted comrades on the bridges. They could not penetrate, but only press upon a crowd at the nearest extremity; for the whole bodies of these passages were so filled with desperate fugitives that they crushed on each other to suffocation and to death. Trains of artillery, baggage, cavalry, and waggons of all kinds, being intermixed and driven pell-mell to one point, hundreds of human beings were trodden down, trampled on, torn and mashed to pieces. Officers and soldiers were mingled in one mass; self-preservation was the only stimulus, and seeking that, many a despairing wretch precipitated his comrade to destruction, that he might find his place on the bridge. Thousands fell into the river, thousands threw themselves into the hideous stream, hoping to save themselves by swimming, but in a few minutes they were jammed amidst the blocks of ice which rolled along its floods, and either killed in the concussion or frozen to death by the extremity of the cold. The air resounded with the yells and shrieks (it was something more horrible than cries) of the dying, wounded, and drowning; but they were only heard at intervals, for one continued roar seemed to fill the heavens, of the Russian artillery pouring its floods of deathful retribution on the heads of the desolators of its country. Welcome indeed were the deaths it sent; few were his pangs who fell by the ball or the sabre, compared with his torture who lay mangled beneath the crowding feet of his comrades, who expired amid the crashing horrors of a world of ice. But the despair of these fated wretches was not yet complete. The head which had planned all these evils might yet be amongst them: and the bridges, groaning beneath the weight of their loads, were to be fired! The deed was done; and still crowd upon crowd continued to press each other forward, choking up the passage amid bursting flames, scorched and frozen at the same instant, till at length the whole sunk with a death-like noise into the bosom of the Berezina.'

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At Smorgoni, Bonaparte resigned the command of the army to Murat, and, having put on a disguise, according to the statement of our author,

'stole with Caulincourt into a wretched sledge, and proceeded over the snows as swiftly as his fears would carry him towards Warsaw. On the 17th he passed through Wilna without hardly a minute's delay; and on the evening of the 10th, sheltered his head in safety in the Polish capital! The final escape of Napoleon was known to a very few only, for some time after it was effected; but as he shot through Wilna he fouud it expedient to see Maret. The conference did not last many minutes, and then he departed with as much secrecy and haste as if a pursuer were in every gale.'

Here we take our leave of Sir Robert Ker Porter; but, at parting, shall just remark that we should have received much more pleasure from the perusal of his work, and should have thought it worthy of much higher commendation if it had been less frothy and declamatory. The worthy knight has all the bad taste of the Della Crusca school; and we know not a worse school that an author can frequent if he wish to write pure English or plain sense. We will just adduce an instance or two of the affinity in phraseology between Sir Robert Ker Porter and Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, &c. &c. At p. 133, he says that, if the pacific proposals of Bonaparte, when at Moscow, had been accepted, the Russian people would have been 'a nation of slaves, plunged into a *gulph of intellectual darkness more barren of light than that of the remotest hyperborean hordes.*' In the same p. 133, he talks of the '*sun of mental light and personal liberty which rose with Alexander's natal star.*' The following is another notable specimen of the Della Crusca foppery of phrase. 'General Miloradovitch ceased not to press upon their left flank while he proceeded with Platoff and his *clouds of the Don*, which, with *a fiercer fire than ever shot from* the *Boreal Morn*, hung on the corps of Beauharnois.'

Sir Robert Ker Porter will probably think us very sour curmudgeons for finding fault with his '*Boreal Morn*,' but we cannot compliment the knight at the expense of taste and of truth.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of John Horne Tooke, interspersed with Original Documents. By Alexander Stephens, Esq. Of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.* London: 1813, 8vo. 2 vols. £1. 4s.

WE have perused these memoirs of Mr. Tooke with

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considerable satisfaction. We have not indeed been much edified by the remarks of his biographer, which are trite and common-place; nor have we been much benefited in point of erudition by the display which he occasionally makes of his learning,* which is evidently of the most superficial kind; nor have we been at all delighted by the beauties of his style; for Mr. Stephens often excites our disgust by the inflation † of his phraseology and the gewgaw of his rhetoric. Mr. S. appears to have profited but little from his intercourse with Mr. Tooke in precision of language or simplicity of taste. But, notwithstanding the numerous defects both in diction and in manner, in composition and arrangement, which will readily strike every impartial judge in the perusal of this work, we have still perused it on the whole with so much pleasure as to be less disposed to censure than to commend. Whatever may be the want of skill in Mr. Stephens as a master artist, he has brought together a variety of valuable materials, many of which are very important in an historical

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* In a note in vol. i. p. 99, Mr. Stephens having mentioned a dissertation on the 'Essay on Woman,' by the Rev. J. Kedgell, speaks of it as 'written after the manner of Suetonius, the latter of whom *is said* to have exposed the brutal appetites of the Cæsars; with all the licentiousness and extravagance in which they lived.' This shows Mr. Stephens' intimate acquaintance with the historians of Rome. But the most notable instance of Mr. Stephens's classical profundity will be found in vol. ii. 232, where he tells us that Mr. Wilkes 'erected an altar to gratitude and the city of London, in a beautiful and romantic island (the Isle of Wight) not unworthy the praise of the poet *Tibullus*; an edition of whose *sonnets*, constituted one of the last labours of his variegated life.' We have seen an edition of Catullus by Mr. Wilkes; but this is the first time that we ever heard of his editing *Tibullus*; and, what is more extraordinary, that *Tibullus* was a writer of *sonnets*.

† The following instance amongst many others will show how happily Mr. Stephens can avoid any thing like foppery or extravagance in his phraseology. * * 'Perhaps it might be carrying the spirit of speculation too far, to suppose that young Horne had been *inoculated by approximation to royalty*, and *first caught the holy flame of freedom at Leicester House; the altars of which then smoked continually with popular incense, while strains were chaunted to liberty by the best poets of the age, worthy of the days of Harmodius and Aristogiton.*'— If this be sense, what is nonsense! and if it be beauty, what is deformity? In vol. i. 46—49, Mr. Stephens affects to pourtray the character of the first Earl of Chatham, and a rare *daub* he has made of it, as the following touches will prove. 'His nose is said to have resembled the beak of an eagle; his look was fascination; *his eye suddenly transfixing with its lightning, seemed to destroy the victim before his lips had pronounced its final doom.*' * * '*A tongue* that could *by turns drop honey or distil venom*;—a voice, the varying tones of which seemed equally calculated to communicate delight by their music, or *appal, terrify, and overawe, with their mimic thunders.*' Who will henceforth say that Mr. Stephens is not a complete master of the renowned art of bombast, or that he does not know how to *split the ears of the groundlings*?

point of view, and from the light which they throw on the politics of the present reign.

Though Mr. Horne Tooke may not be classed amongst the principal actors on the political theatre during the last half century, yet he has certainly, from the commencement of his career to the close of his life, been the means of strong and vigorous excitement both in the government and the people. His influence has been strongly felt and widely diffused; and has successively vibrated, with more or less energy, in the cabinet, the senate, the courts of law, and the people at large. When Mr. Horne Tooke was the auxiliary of Wilkes and unremittingly active in procuring his election and re-election in opposition to all the endeavours of the court and of the parliament of that day, the vicar of Brentford appeared to rival the power of his royal neighbour at Kew. When the corporation of the city of London remonstrated with the king on the measures of his government in language more plain and reproof more indignant than courtiers often use, or sovereigns often hear, Mr. Horne may be said to have been the principal organ through whom this extraordinary admonition issued, as it was the production of his pen. And when the lord mayor of that day answered the monarch face to face, this bold and unexampled proceeding was suggested by the subject of these memoirs; and the very address, which Beckford uttered on that ever memorable occasion, was of his composition.

Mr. Horne Tooke may be considered in three lights, or under three characters: as a divine, a politician, and a philologist. In the two last he is better known than in the first, and his name is the object of more resplendent celebrity. But there was a period when he made no contemptible figure as a minister of the established church: and when the vicar of Brentford appeared to enjoy more influence than the bishop of his diocese.

For more than ten years Mr. Horne was as regular and exemplary as most of his order in the discharge of his spiritual functions. And, hence, he appears to have been selected by two neighbouring gentlemen, at different times, to accompany their sons to the continent. Our author mentions that the discourses of Mr. Horne in the pulpit 'were plain, perspicuous, and practical, tending to remind his audience of their duties to God, their neighbour, and themselves.' As a proof of the popularity of his preaching and of the impression which it made on those by whom it was heard, Mr. Stephens says that on one

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occasion, after officiating in St. Paul's church in Covent Garden, he had no sooner descended from the pulpit than two well-dressed females followed him into the vestry, when the elder of them told him that her niece had been much affected by the discourse which she had just heard; and, as she had been troubled with doubts on particular topics, she wished to have them removed by so learned and sagacious a divine. Mr. Horne exerted himself so successfully on this occasion, that he extricated the lady from her skeptical perplexities, and left her fixed in her attachment to the Church of England.

Mr. Stephens tells us, vol. i. p. 87, that '*it was in orthodox and doctrinal discourses* that he,' (Mr. Horne) 'chiefly excelled.' This account of Mr. Horne's preaching is not quite in unison with what his biographer had said a little before at p. 37, that 'his sermons were plain, perspicuous, and practical discourses,' and that 'he is said carefully to have abstained from controversial points.' Now 'plain perspicuous, practical discourses,' are usually very different things from 'orthodox and doctrinal discourses;' and if Mr. Horne 'carefully abstained from controversial points,' it is pretty certain that he also abstained from all discussion of what are called orthodox doctrines, for those are the very points around which theological controversy kindles most heat, and flames with most zeal.

Mr. Stephens notices one printed sermon of Mr. Horne's, which is supposed to be the only religious tract which he ever published. His biographer makes some extracts from this discourse. We are not acquainted with the peculiarities of Mr. Horne Tooke's theological opinions in a later period of his life; but he appears to have been impressed with a profound sense of the goodness of the Deity; and as this was probably a source of much pleasureable reflection to himself and was productive of kind conduct to others, we should deem it impertinent to enquire whether his creed still retained any of the favourite dogmas of any sect.

It was in 1768 when Wilkes became a candidate to represent the county of Middlesex, that Mr. Horne first appeared in good earnest as an important actor on the political theatre. In adopting this resolution to support the cause of Wilkes in opposition to the wishes of the court and the whole combined efforts of the government, he made a sacrifice of all his views of ecclesiastical promotion, or of personal interest on the altar of his patriotism.

And that, at this period, he enjoyed a fair and indeed a brilliant prospect of preferment in the church, and probably of attaining some of its higher dignities, we may infer not merely from the abilities which he possessed and from the reputation which he had acquired as a minister of the establishment, but from, what is usually more conducive to clerical advancement, his near connection with a person who enjoyed the favour of the sovereign. One of Mr. Horne's sisters had married a Dr. Demainbray, who had assisted in the education of his present majesty, 'and was,' says Mr. Stephens, 'always treated with particular attention.' While a boy, Mr. Horne himself had been introduced at Leicester House by means of Dr. Demainbray, 'and was accustomed to play with his present majesty, who was exactly two years younger than himself, once or twice a week.' It is but justice to the memory of Mr. Horne Tooke to mention this circumstance, because it furnishes a proof of his disinterestedness; and shows that when he entered on the path of politics, he relinquished prospects of comfort and affluence.

Mr. Horne proved a zealous and powerful auxiliary on the part of Wilkes; and contributed greatly to the success of his election.

'Scarcely allowing himself time for the usual refreshments which nature requires, he was employed, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, in canvassing the county, enumerating the merits and the sufferings of Mr. Wilkes, palliating his errors, and apologizing for his follies. Such animated and unceasing exertions were attended with correspondent effects; but so notorious was the poverty of the candidate, who had been lately repulsed in his attempt to represent the metropolis, that he did not possess either money or credit sufficient to open a single house at the usual place of election. This deficiency was instantly supplied by the enthusiasm of Mr. Horne, who pledged himself, on that occasion, to the amount of all that he was worth in the world, and thus obtained the two best inns at Brentford. It was he who infused a portion of his own spirit and ability into the committees for managing the contest; it was he who, sometimes in company with the popular candidate, and sometimes by himself, addressed large bodies of the electors, who had been collected in different places for that purpose. In short, in opposition to calculation, and as if to set experience and precedent at defiance, Mr. Wilkes, whose fortune was desperate, and whose person was liable every moment to be seized by a tipstaff, proved finally successful. In consequence of a generous burst of indignation, excited by a clergyman of the Church of England, whose whole income arose out of a small

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benefice, the latter thus suddenly, as if by magic, found means to return an outlaw, as knight of the shire for the county of Middlesex, by votes of a great majority of free-holders.'

After this period, Mr. Horne seems for several years to have been tossed on a sea of strife; but it would take up too much of our time to enumerate all the details of political warfare which successively occupied his mind and inflamed his zeal. In 1769 he charged the Right Hon. George Onslow, who was then one of the lords of the treasury, with having accepted one thousand pounds as a bribe, in order to procure a certain lucrative post in America for a Mr. Burns. This accusation became the subject of a prosecution on the part of Mr. Onslow in the following year.

'The trial took place at Kingston, on Friday, April 6, 1770, before Sir William Blackstone, and a common jury of the county of Surrey.'

On this occasion the plaintiff was nonsuited, on account of some legal informalities. But a new trial was granted, which came on at the ensuing Surrey assizes, before Lord Mansfield and a special jury, when a verdict was found for the plaintiff with four hundred pounds damages.

'Undaunted at the result, and doubtless rejoicing at an opportunity of contending with, and perhaps foiling this learned and eloquent judge at his own weapons, Mr. Horne determined to appeal to a superior tribunal. Accordingly, on November 8, 1770, a rule was moved for in the court of common pleas, to show cause why the second verdict should not be set aside, and the 26th of the same month was the day appointed for an argument on the question, before the twelve judges.

'Mr. Serjeant Glynn, on this occasion, re-stated his former reasons with his usual ability, and insisted, that the last jury had acted not only under *mis-direction* on the part of the judge, but that the latter had delivered a charge to them, in express violation of the received principles of law. As this was deemed a point of great importance, to prevent a hasty decision, and give ample time for deliberation, final judgment was adjourned until next term. On the recurrence of that period, the judges, on April 17, 1771, finally and unanimously declared in favour of the defendant, in consequence of which the second verdict was set aside.

'This, of course, afforded no small exultation to Mr. Horne who had directed and superintended the proceedings: as he had thus publicly proved, in the face of the whole nation, that the lord chief justice, great and able as he assuredly was, could not be considered as infallible: and from this day forward, he took every opportunity to arraign the conduct, underrate the talents,

and oppose the opinions of that celebrated man. Nor did his resentment against Mr. Onslow end here; for he opposed him at the next general election, and being indefatigable in his canvass of the county, and a man of no common influence, contributed not a little to prevent his return.'

The 'Society for supporting the Bill of Rights,' was established in 1769. Mr. Stephens says that Mr. Horne 'may be considered as the founder.' This society made a salutary and powerful impression upon the public mind during the short time of its continuance. But Wilkes wished to contract the dispersed streams of its bounty, which were designed for the most patriotic purposes, into a reservoir for his personal emolument; and a fund for supplying his wasteful prodigality. This attempt led to the dissolution of the society; and was one of the causes which occasioned a rupture between Wilkes and the subject of these memoirs.

We have no intention of analyzing the angry correspondence which ensued between Horne and his formidable antagonist; but we must say that the impression, which the perusal has left upon our minds, is, that there was more patriotic probity in Horne than in Wilkes; and that though the latter had more agreeable convivial qualities, the former had more rigid virtue, and was animated by a more genuine love of liberty. Horne considered the great cause in which Wilkes was engaged as involving the dearest interests of constitutional freedom, whilst he secretly lamented the want of integrity in the individual. If this want had not been so glaring, it is more than probable that some great reform would have been effected in the popular part of the constitution at that critical period. All circumstances seemed to conspire to favour this event. The people were wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm; and his present majesty was much more unpopular than he has ever since been. But the private vices of Wilkes operated as a fortunate diversion in favour of the court; and the profligacy of the patriot, whilst it produced a fatal schism amongst the friends of liberty, served to strengthen the imbecility of the minister, and to extenuate the then general abhorrence of the king.

We agree with Mr. Stephens in thinking that the correspondence between Horne and Wilkes contains 'many interesting passages;' and it certainly elucidates the temper and feeling of the times. Though Horne displayed more argument than his adversary in this war of words, yet the stream of popular favour ran with Wilkes rather than

with Horne. Indeed owing either to the wit or the felicity of Wilkes, his adversary became for a time an object of great popular odium and animosity; but he still retained several friends of considerable respectability and worth, whose cordial regard and zealous support were an ample compensation for the desertion of the multitude.

'Notwithstanding,' says Mr. Stephens, 'the frequent public contests of the subject of these memoirs had engrossed much of his time, and nearly ruined his fortune, they did not render him unmindful of academical honours. He accordingly repaired to Cambridge, in 1771, and became a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts. On this, as on all similar occasions, his political creed proved highly injurious to his pretensions; for Mr. Paley opposed the very moderate claims, now urged, in consequence of his disapprobation of some violent passages in the recent correspondence with Mr. Wilkes. This gentleman, afterwards so eminent in the literary world, was supported by Mr. Hubbard, of Emanuel College; but, on the other hand, the doctors Beadon and Jebb, both men of considerable influence, stoutly contended that Mr. Horne, while resident at St. John's College, had conducted himself with great propriety, and was distinguished alike by the ardour of his genius and the purity of his morals. He was accordingly admitted master of arts, notwithstanding Mr. Bromley, afterwards Lord Mumford, had joined the two former in their dissent. It was thus that he was obliged to fight every inch of his way through the whole course of a long and busy life, which, indeed had become almost one continual series of agitation and inquietude. But, on the other hand, it must be allowed, that he acquired an accession of strength by constantly contending against the stream. Continual opposition sharpened his wit and talents, gave him at once a taste for, and an ascendency in, business; nay, if we are to believe some, his disappointments were at length rendered so frequent, as never to be unexpected, and not always displeasing.'

The publication of the debates in parliament did not become general till the period of the proceedings relative to Wilkes. In 1771 the House of Commons which had always hitherto considered the practice as a high indignity and a notorious violation of their privileges, came to a series of resolutions on the subject. On this occasion Mr. Horne exerted himself with great promptitude and energy; and, if he did not extort an acknowledged concession of the right, he, at least, induced a tacit acquiescence in the practice. We consider Mr. Horne's exertions at this juncture, as constituting a very bright portion of his public life; and as entitling him to the thanks of all the lovers

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of British liberty, which is intimately connected with a fair and full report of all that passes in parliament. By this means folly is, in some measure, abashed, and corruption awed. The high judicature of the two houses of parliament, with the opinions and conduct of the senators in each, are brought before the still higher tribunal of PUBLIC OPINION, which is founded on the press. We shall therefore be a little more full in our extracts from the part of Mr. Stephens's work, which relates to the conduct of Mr. Horne, in endeavouring to secure to the people the possession of this inestimable privilege. Mr. Stephens appears to have derived his information on this subject from a conversation with Mr. Horne Tooke himself, which he committed to writing soon after it had taken place.

'Having consulted with the heads of the Shelburne and Rockingham parties, then out of place, he readily obtained the promise of assistance and support. On this, he searched for and discovered a printer, resolute enough to act in defiance of the late resolutions of one house of parliament, and determined by his means to carry his plan into immediate execution. But the opposition, after more mature deliberation, retracted; being afraid of a defeat on the one hand, and alarmed, perhaps, on the other, at the introduction of an engine which might hereafter prove dangerous to themselves when ministers. Not in the least dismayed by this desertion, which was officially communicated by Colonel Barre and Mr. Townsend, the author of the project determined to persevere. Accordingly, confiding solely to the intrepidity of some of the city magistrates whom he had sounded on the occasion, Mr. Horne prevailed on the proprietors of the two newspapers, called the "Gazetteer," and the "Middlesex Journal," to violate the resolutions of the house, at the beginning of the year 1771, by giving the debates as usual. On this, as had been foreseen, the commons, in support of their own dignity, commenced a series of proceedings, which shall be here given, in an authentic form, from their own journals.

"February 8, 1771, complaint being made to the house, of the printed newspaper, intituled 'the Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser,' Friday, Feb. 8, 1771, printed for R. Thompson, and also of the printed newspaper, intituled 'the Middlesex Journal, or Chronicle of Liberty,' from Tuesday, February 5, to Thursday, February 7, 1771, printed for J. Wheble, as misrepresenting the speeches, and reflecting on several of the members of this house, in contempt of the order, and in breach of the privilege of this house. "Ordered, that the said R. Thompson do attend this house upon Monday morning next; "Order-

ed, that the said J. Wheble do attend this house upon Monday morning next."

'As the printers did not obey this summons, a second was issued on the 11th of February, a third on the 14th, and a fourth on the 21st, it being at the same time resolved, "That the service of the said order, by leaving a copy of the same at the usual place of abode of the above named printers, be deemed equal to personal service and be good service." As they still proved contumacious, the messenger was called in, and on his examination, reported, that being informed repeatedly by their servants they were not at home, he had showed the original orders for the attendance of their respective masters, and left copies of the same with them. On this, it was resolved, "That the said John Wheble and R. Thompson be, for this contempt, in not obeying the orders of this house, for their attendance on the house this day, taken into custody of the serjeant at arms, or his deputy, attending this house."

'On the 4th of March, the deputy serjeant at arms being called in to give an account of the service of the orders of the house of Tuesday last, stated, that, although he had been several times at the respective places of abode of John Wheble and R. Thompson, and had made diligent search after them, in order to take them into custody, he had not been able to meet with either of them. On this, it was

"Resolved, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to issue his royal proclamation for apprehending J. Wheble and R. Thompson, with a promise of reward for the same." And on the 7th, Mr. Onslow reported, that their address of Monday last had been presented to his majesty, and that his majesty had been graciously pleased to give directions accordingly.'

Mr. Horne, on this occasion,

'applied to the city magistrates to protect the printers, who resided within their jurisdiction. The Aldermen Sawbridge and Townsend, both members of the house, declined their intervention. Even Mr. Wilkes himself was at first appalled at the idea of opposing the resolutions of the commons, aided by the proclamation of the crown, and would not promise his support. No sooner, however, did he learn that Brass Crosby, then lord mayor, and Mr. Alderman Oliver, had solemnly engaged, to the vicar of Brentford, to vindicate the liberty of the press, than he volunteered his services, and acted throughout with equal spirit and ability.'

Wheble, the publisher of the Middlesex Journal, was apprehended in consequence of a proclamation in the London Gazette, but was discharged by Mr. Alderman Wilkes, whilst a prosecution was commenced against the person by whom he had been apprehended. Mr. R.

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Thompson, another printer, was also apprehended and discharged by Mr. Alderman Oliver.

The printers, who have been mentioned above, were

' never then nor afterwards seized, prosecuted, or punished for their conduct upon this occasion; while the sheriffs of London, in 1772, stated in an address to the livery, "that the House of Commons had tacitly aquiesced in the claim made by many of our worthy fellow-citizens for the public at large, that the constituents have a right to be informed of the proceedings of their servants in parliament."'

Since this period, the debates have been published without further interruption; and

' thus,' says Mr. Stephens, 'by the manly efforts of a bold and daring individual, neither clothed in the garb of justice, nor in the senatorial robe, destitute of all the influence usually derived from a large fortune, and supported by nothing but talents and perseverance alone, was this great question decided in favour of popular rights.'

One of the remarkable circumstances in Mr. Horne's political life was his controversy with Junius. Junius had begun to write under that signature on the 21st of January, 1769; but he did not mention Mr. Horne till his fifteenth letter, dated July 9th, 1771. The ground of his attack was Mr. Horne's supposed political tergiversation, or his defection from the cause of liberty, as far as it centered in the person of Wilkes; and the exposure, to which he was reluctantly forced of that gentleman's characteristic vices and infirmities. In this letter of Junius, Mr. Horne is the object of brief, but bitter and malignant animadversion. The writer affects to despise the ability of Horne; but the manner in which he speaks of him shows that he thought him too great to be contemptible. In his reply, Mr. Horne proved that Junius was not remarkable for his adherence to veracity; and that, in the present instance, he had recourse to falsehood in order to gratify his malignity. Junius totally failed in substantiating the charge of corruption which he had wantonly vented against Horne. As we are on the subject of Junius, we must here stop to notice what Mr. Stephens says, vol. i, p. 414, 15. 'I have been assured,' says he, 'more than once, by the subject of this memoir, that he absolutely *knew* the author. To another gentleman he lately added, "that he was still alive."' On another occasion, when the conversation turned upon Junius, at Mr. Horne's own table, and he was asked if he knew the author, he said, "I do!" but with such a tone and look as precluded further enquiry. If Mr. Horne

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Tooke really knew who Junius was, what reason can be assigned why he should have resolved not to develop the mystery? Some have supposed that he wished to be considered himself as the author of the letters. But though we can readily give him credit for a large share of vanity, we believe him to have been incapable of deliberate imposture.

In 1773 Mr. Horne threw off his clerical garb; and resigned his living of New Brentford. His design now was to be called to the bar; and Mr. Stephens informs us that, on this occasion, four of his friends, amongst whom we find the names of Sawbridge and Townsend,

'agreed to present him, until called to the bar, with joint bonds for four hundred a year, which he received most gratefully, but never asked for, and never received a shilling of this annuity during the whole course of his life.'—Vol. I. p. 418.

In vol. II. p. 416, Mr. Tooke, in a conversation on his own affairs, is represented to have said,

'that he had left the church, and embraced the law, at the persuasion of Mr. W. Tooke, who had made him most ample promises, all of which he faithfully intended to keep, but was deterred by avarice.'

In 1777 Mr. Horne was prosecuted by the then attorney general, Thurlow, for a libel which had appeared in an advertisement of the Constitutional Society, subscribed with his name more than two years before. In this advertisement the king's troops were charged with murder in having killed several Americans in an affray at Lexington and Concord in the province of Massachusetts. The trial took place at Guildhall before Lord Mansfield, on the 4th of July, 1777. Mr. Horne, who pleaded his own cause with great acuteness and ability, was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred pounds, and to undergo an imprisonment of one year. He was accordingly sent to the King's Bench prison in St. George's Fields; but, for a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, he was accommodated with a small house within the rules. Here he remained during the whole period of his confinement; which was considerably alleviated by the kind attentions and frequent visits of his friends, 'particularly the aldermen Oliver, Townsend, and Sawbridge; together with Sir John Barnard and Mr. Tooke.' Till this period of his life Mr. Horne is said either wholly to have abstained from wine, or not to have exceeded a few glasses of that exhilarating beverage. But he now begun to partake of the juice of the grape with less reserve than he had done

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before; and from nearly this time to that of his death, he experienced occasional attacks of the gout. During his confinement within the precincts of the Bench, he published the celebrated letter to Mr. Dunning, in which he developed his critical theory of the particles. He said that the substance of that letter and of what he had further to communicate on the subject of language, had been amongst the loose papers in his closet for upwards of twenty years. Mr. Horne therefore must have laid the basis of his far-famed philological labours at a very early period of his life. We should like to know precisely what it was which first turned his mind to this particular subject; whether some book which he had read, or some fortuitous thought or discovery first gave that direction to his philological pursuits. Whether we regard Mr. Tooke as an original thinker in this department of philology, or only as a person who has profited by the casual hints of others, which he has expanded into a system, he certainly deserves a place of high distinction among the most brilliant luminaries of verbal criticism. Nor have his labours experienced a scanty or inadequate portion of praise; for very rare have been the instances in which scholars of any sect or party have mentioned his labours with parsimonious commendation. Even the most bitter of his political antagonists have manifested no unwillingness to do ample justice to his critical sagacity and erudition.

In 1779 Mr. Horne made his first effort to be called to the bar; but he was rejected on no other ostensible ground than the preposterous one, that he had formerly been ordained a priest. This plea would seem to insinuate that a man who has once exercised the clerical functions has contracted such a taint, as renders him unfit to become a member of any of the other professions, by which a learned and conscientious man may obtain an honest livelihood. Mr. Tooke made another attempt to be called to the bar at a subsequent period, which proved equally abortive. The majority, however of the benchers on this occasion, was less than on the preceding, and the question was indeed determined against him only by the casting vote of Mr. Bearcroft. Mr. Baron Maseres, with his characteristic probity and plain dealing, supported the right of a priest who quitted the church, and qualified himself for the bar, to become a member of that profession, notwithstanding his previous exercise of ecclesiastical functions. If a clergyman may practice as a justice of the peace, and

in various other civil capacities, we see no reason why, if he should think it reasonable or feel it right to relinquish his clerical functions, he should on that account be declared incompetent to practise as a barrister, or become a member of the House of Commons.

In 1780 'Mr. Horne hired and furnished a house in Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, Soho. About this period he

'renewed his intercourse with his old friend Mr. Tooke, and passed much of his time at the seat of that gentleman at Purley. * * * 'It was at this time too that he became a member of the "Speculative Society;" the sole object of which was philosophical and literary investigation. During one of the discussions that took place there, he first saw, heard, and wished to become acquainted with Sir James Mackintosh. An introduction was, of course, readily effected by means of a common friend; and, at the conclusion of the debate, he carried part of the company home to Richmond Buildings, and treated them with a supper and Champagne.'

Mr. Stephens adds, that he has lately heard Sir James Mackintosh 'dwell with rapture on his entertainments at that period, and describe them as 'noctes cænæque deorum.'

In 1782 Mr. Horne published a letter to Mr. Dunning (Lord Ashburton) on the great question of parliamentary reform, on which subject Mr. Pitt had lately made a motion in the House of Commons. We shall not detail the plan, which Mr. Horne recommended, farther than to say that he proposed to divide England and Wales into five hundred and thirteen districts, each of which was to choose one representative. Mr. Horne was no friend to the Duke of Richmond's scheme of annual parliaments and universal suffrage. Mr. Stephens says that he 'deemed it at once weak, impolitic, and insidious.' Our author tells us that Mr. Horne approved of the peace with America, which was effected under the auspices of Lord Shelburne; and he appears to have been a warm advocate for Mr. Pitt, before the principles of that gentleman had been developed in the general spirit and effects of his administration. In 1782 Mr. Horne assumed the additional name of Tooke, at the particular request of the proprietor of Purley, who had destined him for his heir, but who finally frustrated the hopes which he had excited.

In the general election in 1784 Mr. Tooke supported Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray in opposition to Mr. Fox with great energy and success. In 1787 he published a pamphlet on the reported marriage of the Prince of Wales,

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in which he professed himself willing 'to barter the Papist marriage for the responsibility of counsellors, and the independence of the representative body.' In 1788 Mr. Tooke had not withdrawn his support from Mr. Pitt, or mistrusted the sincerity of his promises to produce a parliamentary reform. For in this year he published his 'two pair of portraits,' in which he contrasted the real or supposed virtues, both public and private, of Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt, with the real or supposed vices of Lord Holland and Mr. Fox. If Mr. Tooke had been a man of sordid principles, or mercenary mind, he might certainly have enriched himself by these strenuous efforts in behalf of the then administration. For, whatever might be Mr. Pitt's defects, he certainly cannot justly be charged with having been backward in rewarding the support or remunerating the services of his partisans.

In 1790 Mr. Horne Tooke 'became a candidate to represent the city of Westminster. He had formerly opposed Mr. Fox, and supported Lord Hood; but, on the present occasion, he was the declared opponent of both.' We remember to have heard some of the specimens of his oratory on this occasion; and though it appeared sufficiently plain, and had occasionally much tartness and point, yet it was in general deficient in force and animation. This was the first effort of the electors of Westminster to choose an independent representative; and though it was not successful, yet it tended to excite a spirit which led in the sequel to very important consequences; and ultimately to the election of two representatives, without any of the disorderly scenes of violence, profligacy and expence by which the hustings in Covent Garden have so often been disgraced.

'In 1792 Mr. Tooke resigned the lease of his house in Richmond Buildings to a friend,' when he retired to Wimbledon, where he continued to reside to the end of his life. Mr. Tooke appears long to have had a fondness for horticulture; and his present situation enabled him to indulge that innocent and praiseworthy propensity. His gardens at Wimbledon 'were both large and commodious,' and 'two fields enabled him to keep a couple of cows.' His domestic circle was moreover enlivened by the company of his two daughters, and by the frequent visits of his friends. While, however, he had withdrawn from the capital, he had not abstracted himself from the turbulent theatre of politics. His philological pursuits were often suspended for discussions of a more invidious

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and less tranquil kind. The era of the French revolution appeared like the opening of the bag in which Ulysses held the winds. All the bad passions were at once let loose to tempest the atmosphere, and ravage the surface of the political world.

Ασκον μεν λυσαν, ανεμοι δ εκ παντες ορουσαν.

This important event, the most important, perhaps, if we regard its consequences, of any in the whole history of the world, had not long taken place before it gave a new and energetic propensity to political speculations of all kinds. Mr. Tooke, as well as other persons, appears to have thought this a favourable epoch for effecting some important reforms in the English government, particularly in the representation of the people in parliament. Whatever might be the sentiments or the designs of some of the persons with whom Mr. Tooke was associated in the prosecution of these objects, we think that it was clearly established on his trial for high treason in 1794, that he did not extend his views beyond that of a constitutional reform, at once reasonable in principle, and moderate in extent. Mr. Tooke 'was seized by a warrant from the secretary of state early in the morning of the 16th of May, 1794, and conveyed a prisoner to town.' He was, afterwards, confined for several months in the Tower previously to his removal to Newgate to take his trial on a charge of high treason.

'During the whole of his trial,' says Mr. Stephens, 'which continued by adjournment for the space of six entire days, neither his spirits nor his resolution forsook him for a single moment. His usual good humour discovered itself by frequent sallies. One cold night, on retiring from the Old Bailey to Newgate, a lady advancing towards him, pulled up the collar of his coat, and, at the same time, put a silk handkerchief around his *neck*. While employed in this operation, he gaily replied, "Pray, Madam, be careful, for I am rather *ticklish*, at present, about that particular place."'

We feel it our duty, on this occasion, to record the following anecdote to the honour of Mr. George Rose, the friend both of church and state, and, at the same time, to contrast it with that of Mr. Beaufoy, who was once selected to plead the cause of liberality and the dissenters, but who, in this instance, proved himself equally destitute of courage and of truth.

'When Mr. George Rose, who had formerly been his coadjutor in the Westminster election, and was well acquainted with his worth and talents, received a *subpœna* to attend his trial as

a witness, that gentleman observed to his agent, "that he would travel either by day or night to do him service." "This," said Mr. Tooke, on hearing the circumstance, disarms me of half my rage!" On the contrary, he was extremely indignant at Mr. Beaufoy's assertion, "that he knew nothing of him;" and contrived to mortify that gentleman, not a little, by asking, if he had not complained to him, that Mr. Pitt, after all his services, would scarcely return his bow!" This question was peculiarly offensive to that gentleman, although it would be ridiculous to believe that it hastened his death, which occurred soon after, as asserted by all the newspapers of that day."

Mr. Tooke's former friend in politics and confederate in the cause of reform, Mr. Pitt, was one of the witnesses summoned on his trial.

'After his examination, it was observed by Mr. Tooke's nephew, on their return from court, "that he had got Pitt down, and might have done more with him." "Yes, I might, John," was the reply; "but never in my life did I choose to trample on a fallen foe."

After this period Mr. Horne Tooke's circumstances were rendered comfortable, and indeed comparatively affluent, by the generous contributions of his friends; and in the latter part of his life, he, in some measure, enjoyed that learned leisure, which every scholar is anxious to obtain.

In 1796 Mr. Tooke again offered himself a candidate for Westminster; and though he was again unsuccessful, he yet polled a much greater number of voters than in 1790. At this election his old antagonist, Mr. Wilkes, appeared in front of the hustings early on the first day of the poll; 'and after an elegant compliment to the public virtues, talents, and fortitude of Mr. Horne Tooke, gave him his *sole* vote.' In 1797 Sir Francis Burdett became a constant visitor at Wimbledon. Mr. Stephens says,

'I have been given to understand, that during the first year or two of their intercourse, several of the Latin classics were perused, and many of the favourite passages elucidated, explained, and commented upon.'

On Feb. 16, 1801, Mr. Tooke took his seat in the House of Commons as representative for the borough of Old Sarum, for which honour he was indebted to the influence of Lord Camelford. This eccentric nobleman had, it appears, conceived a strong regard for Mr. Tooke; and, according to Mr. Stephens, his lordship 'was accustomed to observe that he had reaped more instruction, as well as more pleasure, from his conversation, than from that of any other person whom he had seen during the

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whole course of his life.' Mr. Stephens says that before Mr. Tooke would

'engage under his auspices, he determined to be better acquainted with this nobleman, whom he had lately seen, for the first time, through the medium of a neighbour. He accordingly sat up three days and three nights with him, and at the end of that period consented to become one of his members.'

Mr. Tooke was in the sixty-fifth year of his age when he became a member of the House of Commons. He took his seat on the 16th of February, 1801; and on the 6th of May, in the same year, Mr. Addington, then prime minister, brought in a bill in order to declare all persons in holy orders ineligible to a seat in the Commons house of parliament. This bill, as Lord Thurlow intimated in his opposition to it when it was brought into the Upper House, was the product of personal antipathy. It was an act directed against a particular individual; and we have always considered it as meriting execration for its cruelty and injustice. Where any legislative act originates in individual animosity, or where it is designed to harass or to crush an individual rather than to promote the public good, we know no epithets sufficiently strong to stigmatize the baseness of the proceeding. Here, however, we take leave of Mr. Tooke as a political character; and we have barely room left to give an imperfect outline of his social habits and his domestic life.

Mr. Stephens has devoted the sixth chapter of his memoirs to 'a description of the entertainments at Wimbledon,' and 'an account of some of the company.'—Mr. Tooke appears to have practised hospitality to the utmost extent of his means. He kept a plentiful and indeed sumptuous table, when compared with the income out of which it was supplied. There was nothing sordid nor niggardly in his disposition; and we believe that he did many kind and many generous acts. We mention the following, because it exhibits his character in a very amiable light. When he was a boy, a poor woman on a particular occasion, of which we have not room to detail the circumstances, had accommodated him, when drenched with wet, with some dry linen and a night's lodging. At a subsequent period, when Mr. Tooke had emerged into public notice, and was at the time living in the rules of the Bench, this poor woman applied to him for relief in her distress. With this request he not only complied by a temporary gratuity, but also made some provision for her permanent support, by settling upon her ten pounds a

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year, which was punctually paid till the time of his decease. This is one of those acts which raises man in the moral scale far above the selfish statesmen and bloodthirsty conquerors of the day. Charity is said in the good book to cover a multitude of sins; and we hope that it will have the effect of throwing a veil of oblivion over the more or the less infirmities of Mr. Tooke.

Mr. Tooke's Sunday parties appear to have consisted of a motley and varied group. Men of rank, and fortune, and fashion, of classical erudition, or of high intellectual attainments, were often mingled with persons of coarse manners or uncultivated minds. In the course of the week Mr. Tooke had occasionally more select parties; and his company was sought, and his conversation prized, by some who were either adverse or indifferent to his politics.

The following are a few miscellaneous remarks, or incidental traits of Mr. Tooke, illustrative of his manners, sentiments, or character. He said that

"Imprisonment for debt was first introduced in favour of the barons, "to enable them to bring their stewards *to book*."—Arrest on mesne process, or previously to trial, on the simple oath of the plaintiff, originated in a mere fiction of law, and was an assumed power on the part of courts of justice." He very justly added, that "it operated as an illusory satisfaction to the injured, contributed to the ruin of innocence, as well as the triumph of guilt, and was essentially beneficial to none but marshals, turnkeys, and attornies." * * * "He could recollect when a merchant was a great, noble, and independent character, with somewhat of the stuff of the Greshams and the Barnard's of a former day in them. They were strangers at court and fiercely jealous of a minister: it was partly to the merchants of London that we were indebted for the revolution." * * * "He had some doubts whether they," (the newspapers) "did most good or harm; certain he was, that there was no greater enemy of public liberty than a venal press. One circumstance was not a little surprising; this was, that all the writers, reporters, &c. appertaining to all the daily publications, were, to a man, in their hearts friendly to the public cause; and were only prevented by the opposing interests of their employers from declaring loudly in behalf of it."

Shakspeare was one of the first books which he had read in his youth, and is supposed to have been the last which he perused before his decease. "He had read his works when only seven years of age;" and he wrote notes upon them when he was approaching seventy-seven.

"It was less as a poet than a moralist, that he seemed to delight in Shakspeare." "No work, in his opinion, was

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better calculated to teach the duties of private life." He was a great admirer of Buchanan's work "De Jure Regni apud Scotos." Being once asked "if Machiavel was really a friend to liberty?" The reply was, "What did he undergo torture for then?" Locke was one of his favourite authors. He would not, however, "allow any merit" to Voltaire. He remarked when Blackstone's Commentaries "first made their appearance, they were esteemed so little friendly to freedom, as to be quoted on the side of power; but he had lived long enough to find them cited on the side of liberty." Mr. Boswell once proposed to make up a breach "which had incidentally taken place between him and Mr. Tooke"—on the express condition, that they should drink a bottle of wine each between the toasts. But Mr. Tooke would not give his assent, unless the liquor should be *brandy*. This was accordingly agreed to by both parties; and by the time a quart had been quaffed, the laird of Auchinleck was left sprawling on the floor!"

A similar contest of brutality once took place between Professor Porson and Mr. Tooke, in which the Saxon equally triumphed over the Greek.

"He delighted in convivial society, and was accustomed to sit at table both late and long, which rendered it in some degree necessary for him to sleep until a late *period* the next morning." "In general, he spoke as if destitute of feeling; and for the most part acted as if made up of sensibility." "Gay, lively, and full of pleasantry in general conversation; on politics alone he was bitter, *vituperative*, and inflexible."

Mr. Stephens says, 'his brightest moments always appeared to me to be during dinner or over a cup of tea.' To his servants Mr. Tooke was an indulgent master, and his biographer says that they 'seemed proud of being in his service, and always mentioned it with a kind of ostentation, as if he had been a man of the first quality.' 'Mr. Horne Tooke was a great stickler for the church of England. For even the mitred Horsley himself, ever stood up with greater zeal for rights and privileges than he did, on all occasions, when they were indiscreetly attacked.' He once remarked on the large modern additions to the peerage, that the House of Lords was likely to become as numerous as that of the Commons; and 'he really believed, would actually possess a far better claim to the appellation of a popular assembly than the other.' 'In respect to commerce and finances he always spoke with an unvarying despondency.' On one occasion when he heard of some failures in the city, his remark was, 'you are not going, you are gone—it is not a slight hurt, but a mortal gangrene.' When told, that the courts of justice 'were open to all,' he replied, 'and so is the London Tavern,

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to such as can pay for the entertainment.' 'He constantly inculcated good faith in all transactions, and frequently quoted the Italian proverb, "*Ogni promessa é debita.*"—Every promise is a debt. The happiness of social intercourse depends much on the observance of this rule. Amongst Mr. Tooke's opinions on marriage, one was that 'for mutual comfort the wealth ought never to be on the side of the female.' Mr. Tooke did not think very favourably of the Americans. 'He had seen, known, and respected Mr. Jefferson, who was a great man. His countrymen in general were of a very inferior cast; a prodigious number of *pigmies*, and but few giants among them.'

Mr. Tooke had written enough, and according to Mr. Stephens's account, more than enough to form a third volume of his work on language. But during his last illness, whether judiciously or otherwise we cannot pretend to determine, he committed this with all his other 'manuscripts and every paper or writing, title-deeds and account books only excepted,' to the flames. Amongst the MSS. which were destroyed on this occasion, Mr. Stephens says that there was 'a Treatise on Moral Philosophy, in express opposition to the principles laid down by Mr. Archdeacon Paley.'

Mr. Tooke breathed his last, according to the accurate statement of our author, 'at Wimbledon, exactly at a quarter before ten o'clock, during the night of Wednesday, March 18, 1812, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.' His lower extremities had become dropsical about a year before his decease. He appears to have inherited from nature a robust and hardy frame, and he practised a rigid temperance till he had passed the meridian of life. After this period he does not seem to have been guilty of *habitual* excess. His stomach must have been constructed of as tough materials as that of Homer's heroes, and we much doubt, indeed, whether Homer's heroes would not, in this respect, have yielded the palm of victory to Mr. Tooke. Mr. Stephens has inserted a letter, we suppose, from one of Mr. Tooke's daughters, to a medical friend, not much more than a month before his death, in which she gives the following recital of his stomachic powers.

'Our patient, or rather impatient, is wonderfully well—eating plenty of rich soup instead of coffee; in the course of the day, six dozen of large oysters with wine, ale, imperial drink, milk, tea, muffins, and the juice of sixteen oranges; and on Sunday he drank the juice of twenty-eight.'

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In his youth, we believe when at Eton school, Mr. Tooke had the misfortune to be deprived of the sight of his right eye, in a conflict with another boy, who happened to have a knife in his hand, the point of which penetrated the visual organ. But, as he grew up, the defect became imperceptible. Mr. Stephens represents his hero as not much famed for industry when at school. It is, says he, 'a well-known and well-authenticated fact, that he was accustomed to employ boys of inferior talents to prepare his tasks for him.'

The physiognomy of Mr. Tooke was certainly not of the most prepossessing kind. There was something in it, which, whilst it spoke thoughtfulness, indicated acerbity. Instead of being the sunny region of laughter and smiles, it rather lowered with mortified pride and lurking discontent. It was a countenance, which seemed the mirror of a choleric and saturnine temperament. Pertinacity was marked in his forehead, and contempt was seated on his brow. An ambition of no ordinary kind was the predominant passion of his breast; and he seemed rather to court than to shun the honours of political martyrdom. His present biographer says, vol. II. p. 153, that he had been 'assured by him more than once, 'that he had been ever anxious to offer his life up as a sacrifice to his opinions.' And in vol. II. p. 490, Mr. Stephens tells us, that once conversing with him respecting the blessings of a good government, 'he delivered an eulogium on that of England,' and, 'with tears ready to start from his eyes, observed, 'that *he had* HOPED *to have offered himself up as a sacrifice in its behalf.*' Strange as it may seem, this *disappointment*, at which others would have rejoiced, appears in him, and particularly as he approached the bourn whence no traveller returns, to have been a subject of complaint or a source of regret. The non-fruition of death by the hands of the executioner, even on the altar of patriotism on which Sidney or Russell resigned their breath, is certainly a very rare occasion of dissatisfaction with the decrees of fate. But yet we are far from thinking that this was a feeling of dissatisfaction, which did not really cause a pang in the breast of Mr. Tooke.

The ambition of Mr. Tooke was of that kind that he preferred being at the head of a small band of admirers or devotees, who were willing to acknowledge his intellectual pre-eminence, to a subordinate station, however distinguished amongst a larger and more powerful party, where

he might have been seen amongst the high but overtopped by the highest. But we must repeat what we have before intimated, and what redounds highly to the honour of Mr. Tooke, that his ambition, of whatever nature it might be, or however singularly modified, had none of the baser cravings of avarice or selfishness. He had no sordid hankering for place, and his rectitude was proof against any pecuniary lure. This consideration may at least serve to raise him a step or two higher on the pedestal of fame than many of the demagogues of his day, who have not exhibited any more patriotic idea of the public good, than what centered in their own individual interest and aggrandizement. It is vain to look for immaculate politicians, any more than for immaculate persons of any other description; but this is an age in which public men have been so generally infected with the leprosy of avarice, that he, who has escaped that taint, may well deserve to be chronicled amongst the political worthies of the age. These praises of Mr. Horne Tooke have not been spontaneously bestowed; they have been extorted from us by the evidence of facts and the force of truth; and perhaps we may venture to say in the language of Junius, that 'they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned.'

ART. III. — *Histoire des Croisades. Premiere Partie Contenant l'Histoire de la premiere Croisade. Par M. Michaud. Avec une Carte de l'Asie Mineure, les plans d'Antioche, de Jerusalem, &c.* 1812, 8vo. Dulau.

IF the present circumstances of the French empire are unfavourable to the free and vigorous exertions of native genius, to the exercise of political talent, and the advance of moral and religious philosophy, we should yet be far from the truth were we to infer that the unparalleled restrictions of the liberty of the press had operated to the extinction of all literary power and energy. It remains to be proved (and we may hope that it is a problem never likely to be solved) how long a continuance of the system pursued by the present ruler of France, will be necessary to put an entire stop to the progress of the human intellect, and drive back a highly cultivated people to their original barbarism; but we have sufficient evidence that no such effect is yet to be contemplated; and the annals of French literature have probably never displayed, within so short a space of time, so great a number of valuable

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and interesting works in the departments of history and the belles lettres, as during the period that these restrictions have been in force.

Of these productions we have noticed several of late, and need only, to justify our assertions, recal to our readers the works of M. M. Sismondi and Ginguéné, relating to the civil and literary history of the middle ages in Italy. That which we now announce, from the portion already executed and at present in our hands, bids fair to rival the works last mentioned in interest and utility. We have not, as yet, possessed any general history of the Crusades that can be read with satisfaction and pleasure. The best are short and imperfect summaries, which leave the reader to desire much more information than they are capable of communicating, while, for the knowledge of particulars, he has hitherto been condemned either to have recourse to original authorities, which are almost unattainable, and if attained, scarcely legible, or to dry tasteless compilations, which repel curiosity and demand attention only on account of the matter they contain, and which is nowhere else to be met with.

With this preface, we sit down, not to add to the list of insipid details, by furnishing an abstract of the contents of the present volume, but to select some passages of the most striking interest, and most ably wrought in description, to enable our readers to judge for themselves of the value which ought to be set upon the work itself. It is just, however, before we look further, to let our author speak for himself as to his view of the task he has undertaken to execute.

'Those among us who have undertaken subjects of ancient history, had for their guides the historians of Rome and Athens. The brilliant colours of Tacitus, Livy, and Thucydides, were ready for their pencil. For me, I have no models to follow, and am reduced to the necessity of giving a language to those historians of the middle ages whom our æra disdains. They have seldom supported me in my labour by the charm of style, and the elegance of narration; but, if they have afforded me no lessons in the art of writing, they at least transmit to me events of an interest sufficiently powerful to redeem all the defects of their genius and of my own. Perhaps it will be found, in reading this history, that an epoch in which all is prodigious, has nothing to lose by a simple and faithful representation. The frankness of our old historians revives for me the persons and characters they describe; and if I have profited by the lessons they teach me, the age in which they lived shall not be altogether unobservable in my recitals. It would have been

easy for me to censure bitterly, as others have done, their ignorance and their credulity; but I respect in them the openness and candour of the times of which they are the interpreters. Without giving faith to all their recitals, I have not disdained the fables which they relate to us, and which were believed by their contemporaries; for the knowledge of what was believed in those days, serves to bring us acquainted with the manners of our ancestors, and forms an essential part of their history.

'We have no need in these days of any great sagacity to distinguish the fabulous from the real in our ancient chronicles. It is more difficult to reconcile, on certain points, the often contradictory assertions of the Latins, the Greeks, the Saracens, and to disengage, in the history of the Crusades, the various impressions derived from religious fanaticism, from human policy, and from human passions. I do not pretend to resolve difficult problems better than others, or to raise myself above my subject, in judging of the times and of the people that will present themselves before me. Without giving myself up to digressions, in which it is always easy to make a display of our acquirements, after having scrupulously examined the historical monuments which remain to us, I shall faithfully speak what I believe to be the truth, and shall abandon dissertations to the learned, and conjectures to the philosopher.'——Exposition, p. 6—8.

On the question, so often discussed, of the moral and political effects of the Crusades, our author does not so far forget the promise contained in his last paragraph, as either to enlarge in argument or to express any positive opinion. It is a question which has, of late, been very ably treated in essays honoured with the rewards of the National Institute; but M. Michaud, very sensibly we think, after leaving the general inference to be drawn by his readers from the facts developed in the progress of his work, describes his own judgment as fluctuating in the middle channel between the currents of the two opposite opinions to which the question has given birth.

'Without believing,' says he, 'that the holy wars have occasioned all the evil or all the good that has been attributed to them, it must be allowed that they were a source of tears to the generations which saw and took part in them; but, like the evils and the storms of human life, which render man better and often contribute to the advance of his reasoning faculties, they have served to hasten the experience of nations, and it may be said that after having for a moment shaken, they have subsequently strengthened the foundations of society. This opinion, stripped of all spirit of exaggeration and system, will perhaps appear the most reasonable; besides, I experience some

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pleasure in adopting it, because it is consolatory for the age we live in. The present generation, which has witnessed the explosion of so many passions on the political stage, which has suffered so many calamities, will not see without interest that providence sometimes makes use of great revolutions for the purpose of enlightening mankind, and ensuring in times to come, the prosperity of empires.'—P. 10.

The first of the four books into which the present volume is divided, contains a summary view of the several revolutions of the Holy Land, from the time of Constantine to the period of the first Crusade, and an account of the rise and progress of the religious custom of pilgrimages to the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem, interspersed with some amusing anecdotes respecting the most illustrious personages who devoted themselves to these pious undertakings. We shall not stop to make any quotations from this preliminary part of the history, and (although for a different reason) shall also abstain from repeating the well-known tale of Peter the Hermit, the Council of Clermont, and the exertions of Pope Urban in the prosecution of the enterprise which the enthusiastic Cœnobite had suggested. The picture of the universal delirium which those exertions and that enthusiasm produced affords, however, too favourable a specimen of our author's descriptive powers to be passed over in silence.

'From the moment that the spring returned nothing could restrain the impatience of the Crusaders; they began their march for the places which were destined for their rendezvous. The greater number went on foot; some horsemen appeared in the midst of the multitude; many travelled in carts, others coasted along the shores in vessels; they were differently cloathed, armed with lances, swords, javelins, iron maces, &c. The crowd of Crusaders offered a whimsical and confused medley of all ranks and conditions; women appeared in arms among the warriors; prostitution displayed itself amidst all the rigours of penance. Old age was seen by the side of infancy, opulence next to misery; the helmet was confounded with the cowl, the mitre with the sword. In the neighbourhood of towns and fortresses, in plains and on mountains, forts and pavilions raised their heads; every where appeared the preparations of war and revelling. Here were heard the noise of war and the sound of trumpets; a little further the chanting of psalms and canticles. From the Tiber to the sea, from the Rhine to beyond the Pyrenees, nothing could be seen but troops of men, invested with the cross, swearing to exterminate the Saracens, and singing their conquests by anticipation. On all sides was heard the war cry of the Crusaders, God wills it! *Dieu le veut, Dieu le veut.*

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'Fathers led their children themselves, and made them swear to conquer or die for Jesus Christ. Warriors tore themselves from the arms of their wives and families, and promised to come back victorious. Women, and old men, whose weakness was left without support, accompanied their sons or their husbands to the nearest town, and, unable to separate themselves from the objects of their affection, took the determination of following them to Jerusalem. Those who remained in Europe envied the fate of the Crusaders, and could not restrain their tears; those who went to seek death in Asia were full of hope and gladness.* Whole families, whole villages, took their departure for Palestine, and carried away in their march all they met with on their passage. They marched without foresight, and refused to believe that he who nourishes the young ones of birds would suffer his pilgrims, sanctified by the cross, to perish from misery. Their ignorance added to their illusion, and lent to all objects they contemplated an air of enchantment; they continually fancied that they were drawing near the end of their pilgrimage. The children of the villagers, whenever a town or a castle presented itself to their eyes, asked if that were Jerusalem.† Many great lords, who had passed their lives in their rural dungeons, were as much uninformed as their vassals; they caused their fishing and hunting tackle to be carried with them, and rode with their spaniel before them and a hawk on their fists. They hoped to reach Jerusalem with abundance of merriment, and to display to all Asia the coarse luxury of their castles.

'Amidst the universal delirium, not a single sage was heard to utter the voice of reason; nobody was then astonished at what now causes our surprise. These scenes, so strange, in which all the world acted a part, were to be a spectacle only for posterity.'—P. 113—115.

'Quel prodige, en effet,' observes our author in another place, 'doit plus étonner le philosophe, que le spectacle de l'Europe, qui s'agite, pour ainsi dire, jusque dans ses fondemens, se deplace toute entiere, et se lève comme un seul homme pour marcher en armes vers l'Orient?'

All the narratives of the first Crusade are exceedingly confused and perplexed whenever they attempt to describe the several distinct corps of which the great expedition was composed, and the precise routes which they respectively pursued in their progress to Constantinople, which appears to have been the place of ultimate rendezvous to

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* *Tristitia remanentibus, gaudium autem euntibus erat.* (Fulc. Carnot.)

† *Videres mirum quiddam; ipsos infantulos, dum obviam habent quælibet castella vel urbes, si hæc esset Jerusalem, ad quam tenderent, rogitare.* (Guibert. Abb.)

all. M. Michaud adverts to this deficiency in former historians; but he has by no means redeemed the pledge, which he seems to give, of supplying, or even of endeavouring to supply it. He enables us to follow with tolerable accuracy the course of the first great tumultuary army, led by Peter the Hermit and Gaultier *Sans avoir*, the last remnants of which were dispersed and annihilated in the plains of Bithynia; and the hordes subsequently collected under the priest Godeschall and Count Emicon,* are sufficiently distinguished from all the rest, and from each other by their different distinctions and catastrophes. But when he comes to give an account of the more regular expeditions commanded by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Thoulouse, and Bohemond, we expect to meet with a method and order in the narration which we are far from finding, and are condemned at last to alight in the midst of the imperial city, and meet each several corps already assembled there before us, without any distinct knowledge of their respective progress, or of the manner in which they overcame the obstacles and difficulties which we know to have lain in their way. The want of perspicuity which we remark in this part of the narrative, and on which we should have forborne to observe, were it not that the author appears to claim some merit for having remedied the defects of former historians, is amply supplied by the dramatic effect which he has given to his subject by displaying the various characters of his principal personages at their first introduction on the historical theatre. These several pictures are strikingly

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* We cannot pass over the mention of this last named army of Crusaders, without noticing what has struck us as a remarkable piece of disingenuity in Voltaire, whose antipathy to the Crusaders seems to partake not a little of his general spirit of philosophical bigotry. He dwells with manifest pleasure on the horrible persecution of the Jews which these deluded fanatics substituted in the room of their intended expedition to Jerusalem, 'astonished,' as our author says, 'that people should go to make war upon the Mussulmans, who only kept possession of the sepulchre of Christ, while they left in peace a people which had crucified its God;' but he takes care not to inform us that, while these enormities were committed by a disorderly multitude of the lowest classes of society, headed by a few individuals of notoriously profligate and abandoned principles, there were found in that unenlightened age, Christian prelates (the Bishops of Worms, Treves, Spire, and Mayence,) sufficiently imbued with the true spirit of their religion to open their churches and palaces for the protection of the miserable victims of persecution. Such examples as these, though thinly scattered through the annals of superstition and ignorance, are too precious to be overlooked or neglected, except by those who wish to find, in the history of Christianity, only the details of its abuses, and the crimes and errors of its weak and fallible professors.

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coloured, without any appearance of labour in the detail, and with the strictest fidelity to the features of the original portraits. It is thus, for instance, that he has delineated the hero of the Gerusalemme liberata.

'The contemporary history, which has transmitted to us his portrait, informs us, that he united the bravery and the virtues of a hero to the simplicity of a Cœnobite.* His address in battle, an extraordinary strength of body, made him be admired in the midst of camps. Prudence and moderation tempered his valour; his devotion was sincere and disinterested, and never in the holy war did he exercise his courage and his vengeance except against the enemies of Christ. Faithful to his word, liberal, affable, full of humanity, princes and knights looked up to him as their model, and his soldiers as their father; all the warriors wished to fight under his banners. If he was not the chief of the Crusades, as some historians have pretended, he at least obtained the command which virtue confers. In the midst of their divisions and quarrels, the princes and barons often implored the wisdom of Godfrey, and in the dangers of war, his counsels were regarded as absolute orders.' —P. 144.

Others of the principal Crusaders are characterized no less successfully.

'The people of Vermandois marched with the subjects of Philip, under the colours of their Count Hugh, a young prince whose brilliant qualities had been the admiration of the court. Proud of his rank as brother to the king of France, and first of the French knights, he made himself be remarked by his bravery and the ostentation of his manners. He displayed an invincible courage in the field, but suffered himself to be too easily overcome by flattery, and wanted perseverance under reverses. Although poorly appanaged by fortune, no hero of the Crusade gave evidence of intentions more noble and more disinterested. If he had not merited by his exploits the surname of *Great*, which history has given him, he might have obtained it for having listened only to his zeal, and sought glory alone in a war which offered kingdoms to the ambition of princes and even of simple knights.

'Robert, surnamed *Curthose*, Duke of Normandy, who conducted his vassals to the holy war, was the eldest son of William the Conqueror. He united to noble qualities defects the most reprehensible in a prince. In his youth he was unable to bear the paternal authority; but more led away by the love of

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* An anonymous historian of the Crusades expresses himself in these terms, speaking of Godfrey: *Tantum lenis ut magis in se monachum quam militem figuraret.* Guibert says moreover, *cujus mira humilitas et monachis jam imitandu modestia.* (See Bongars, p. 548.)

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independence than by a real ambition, after having made war on his father in order to reign in Normandy, he neglected the opportunity of ascending the throne on the death of William. His lightness, his inconstancy, and weakness, made him the ob-object of contempt to his subjects and to his enemies. His profuseness ruined his people and reduced himself, if Ordericus Vitalis is to be believed, to a state bordering on indigence. The historian I have just cited, reports a circumstance which it will be difficult to believe, but which is equally descriptive of the prince and of the age he lived in: "He sometimes lay a-bed for want of clothes, and often missed the mass because his nakedness prevented him from assisting at it." It was not the ambition of conquering kingdoms in Asia, but his inconstant and adventurous humour that made him take the cross. The Normans, a restless and warlike people, who had rendered themselves remarkable among all the nations of Europe by the devotion of pilgrimages, ran together in crowds under his banners. As Duke Robert had not wherewithal to defray the expences of his armament, he pledged Normandy in the hands of his brother, William Rufus. William, whom the age he lived in accused of impiety, and who derided the knight-errantry of the crusaders, seized with joy upon the opportunity of governing a province which he hoped one day to re-unite to his kingdom. He raised contributions on the clergy which he did not love, and melted down the church silver to pay the sum of 10,000 marks to Robert, who took his departure for the Holy Land, followed by almost all the nobility of his dukedom.' 153.

The characters of Robert, Earl of Flanders, surnamed 'the Lance and Sword of the Christians,' and of the rich Count of Blois and Chartres, the number of whose castles was compared to that of the days in the year, but who was more nobly distinguished in this rude age by the protection which he afforded and the inclination which he evinced, to learning and learned individuals, we are unable to dwell upon for the present, and pass to a more eminent and important personage.

First of the princes of Italy, whose zeal was awakened by the passage of the French crusades through their dominions,

'Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, determined to partake in their fortunes and in the glory of this holy enterprise.' * * * 'He had neither less courage nor less genius than his father Robert Guiscard. Contemporary authors, who never fail to speak of the physical qualities of their heroes, inform us, that he surpassed in stature the tallest of his followers; his eyes were blue, and appeared full of anger and arrogance. His presence, says Anna Comnena, struck the sight as much as his reputation

astonished the mind. When he spoke, one would have said that he had studied the art of eloquence; when he shewed himself under arms, it might have been believed that he had passed his life in learning the management of the lance and sword. Educated in the school of the Norman heroes, he concealed the combinations of policy under the exterior of Violence; and, although by nature fierce and haughty, he knew how to dissemble an injury when vengeance was unprofitable to him.

'Whatever could lead to the accomplishment of his designs appeared to him to be just. He had learned of his father to regard as his enemies all those whose estates or riches were the objects of his covetousness: he was restrained, neither by the fear of God, nor by the opinion of men, nor by his own oaths. He had followed Robert in the war against the emperor Alexis, and had distinguished himself in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa; but, disinherited by will, nothing remained for him at the death of his father but the remembrance of his exploits and the example of his family. He had declared war against his brother Roger, and had just compelled him to cede the principality of Tarentum, when they began to speak in Europe about the expedition to the East. The deliverance of the sepulchre of Jesus Christ, was not that which inflamed his zeal or decided him to take the cross. As he had vowed an eternal hatred against the Grecian emperors, he smiled at the idea of traversing their empire at the head of an army; and, full of confidence in his fortune, he hoped to erect for himself a kingdom before he should arrive at Jerusalem.' P. 159.

This artful and ambitious character is poetically contrasted with that of the most celebrated of the knights who ranged themselves under his standard, and who furnished the model for one of the most interesting personages in the immortal poem of Tasso.

'All these warriors were already renowned for their exploits; but none among them deserved to fix the attention of posterity so much as the brave Tancred.* Although he belonged to a family in which ambition was hereditary, he had no other passion than that of combating the Infidels. Piety, glory, and perhaps his friendship for Bohemond, were alone able to conduct him into Asia. His contemporaries admired his romantic loftiness, and his uncultivated pride. He never yielded except to the empire of virtue and sometimes to that of beauty. A

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* Raoul de Caen has written, half in prose, half in verse, the *Acts of Tancred.* (See the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum* of Martenne, Tom. I. or the Collection of Muratori, Tom. III.

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stranger to all considerations and all the interests of policy, he knew no law but those of religion and honour, and was always ready to lay down his life for their sake. The annals of chivalry offer no model more accomplished; poetry and history have joined in his celebration, and have bestowed on him the same praises.' 162.

We should add to these the pictures of the warlike bishop of Puy (Adhemar de Monteil) and of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the Nestor of Tasso. But, for want of room, we pass them over and hasten to that of the Emperor Alexis Comnenus, which our author appears to have estimated with more impartiality than either the zeal of the contemporary Latin historians, or the equally unjust though less pardonable prejudices of modern philosophers would admit.

'Seated on a throne from which he had precipitated his master and benefactor, he could not believe in virtue, and knew better than others the counsels of ambition. He had displayed some courage in the acquisition of the purple, and governed only by dissimulation, the ordinary weapon of the Greeks, as of all weak states. His daughter, Anna Comnena, has made an accomplished prince of him; the Latins have represented him as perfidious and cruel. Impartial history, which rejects the exaggeration both of praise and satire, sees in Alexis only a weak monarch, of a superstitious mind, more led away by the love of a vain representation than by the love of glory. He might have placed himself at the head of the crusade and reconquered Asia Minor by accompanying the Latins in their march to Jerusalem. This great enterprise alarmed his weakness. His timid prudence imagined that it sufficed to deceive the crusaders, in order to have nothing to apprehend from them, and that to receive their empty homage was enough to profit by their victories. Every thing appeared to him good and just that could help to extricate him from a situation, the dangers of which were increased by the line of policy he pursued, and which was rendered every day more embarrassing by the uncertainty of his projects. The more he endeavoured to inspire confidence, the more he rendered his good faith suspected. In seeking to inspire terror, he made the discovery of all the alarms he himself experienced.' P. 166.

In his account of the progress of the Christian army through Asia Minor, and above all in the history of the establishment of the first Latin principality of Edessa by Baldwin the brother of Godfrey, our author has derived considerable assistance from a curious MS. in the Armenian language, written by one Matthew of Edessa, which is among the treasures of the Imperial library, and does not appear to have been resorted to by any previous historian.

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This is a circumstance which undoubtedly impresses no small value on this portion of his work. We shall leave these details, however, and many others of equal and greater interest and importance behind us, and seek our concluding specimens of the style and spirit in which the work is composed amidst the long and eventful narrative of the siege of Jerusalem. This narrative is throughout illustrated by references to the poem of Tasso, and its details are rendered tenfold more interesting and attractive to the reader of taste by pursuing them with a view of forming a proper estimate of the advantages derived by the poet from the materials which history furnished, and for what portions of his noble composition he is solely indebted to the fertile resources of his own powerful imagination.

With this object in sight it will be one of the first objects of curiosity to ascertain how far the supernatural agency which forms so striking and poetical a feature in the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' may have had its foundation in wonders actually credited by the crusaders and reported by contemporary historians; and many doubtless would be little surprised to find the chroniclers of that dark and superstitious age abounding with the marvellous as much as Tasso himself. For our own part, we felt some disappointment in finding that the enchanted forest has no more substantial foundation than the dry mention of the accidental discovery of a wood lying between the vallies of Samaria and Sichem, at a time when the materials it furnished for the construction of warlike machines were of the utmost importance to the operations of the siege, but which materials 'were defended from the axe of the crusaders neither by the incantations of Ismeno, nor by the arms of the Saracens.' In like manner, Armida vanishes from our eyes 'into air, into thin air,' when we are told that a story incidentally told by William of Tyre, concerning two witches, 'who were seen upon the ramparts of the city conjuring the elements, but who were speedily dispatched by the arrows of the Christians,' is almost the solitary passage to be found among all the historians of the holy war in which any mention is made of or belief attached to the existence of magical powers. The reflection drawn from our author by this curious circumstance proves an intimate acquaintance with the character of our ancient historians, and deserves to be attended to by all who are interested in the antiquities of the middle ages.

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'We should add,' he observes, 'that magic was much less in vogue in the twelfth century than in that in which Tasso lived. The crusaders were extremely superstitious, no doubt; but their superstition did not attach itself to trifles; they were struck by the phænomena which they beheld in the heavens, they believed in the apparition of saints, in revelations made by God himself, but not in magicians. The ideas of magic came long afterwards in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The chroniclers of this latter epoch, when they treat of anterior events, fill their recitals with whimsical and ridiculous fables which are not to be found in more ancient authors. The character of the middle ages must not be estimated by the chronicles of Robert Gaquin or of Archbishop Turpin, still less by the romances of that period.' (Note p. 402.)

Beautiful as are the fictions of Tasso, we must, on this account, be compelled reluctantly to admit that his poem would have reflected more vividly the character of the times to which it refers, and would have therefore better fulfilled one of the greatest and most imperious obligations of the law of epic poetry, if the machinery of holy apparitions, of glorified saints and martyrs combating visibly in favour of the cross, of the dreams of inspiration, and powers of prophecy, had been substituted to the more pleasing but less characteristic fictions of Faërie. While we are observing upon this noble effort of human genius, it will perhaps appear more extraordinary, however, that the poet should have overlooked so evident and fertile a source of poetical imagery as the description of the holy places visited by the Christians in their celebrated procession round the walls of Jerusalem would have furnished. But the mention of this procession recals us to the purpose from which we have too long wandered. Our historical readers will remember that it was a ceremony enjoined, as by express revelation from Heaven, to all the army of the cross previous to the grand assault which was meditated.

'The pilgrims, persuaded that the gates of the besieged city would open themselves not less to devotion than to valour, listened with docility to the exhortations of the hermit, and all set themselves eagerly to follow his advice, which they looked upon as the language of God himself. After three days of a rigorous fast, they issued in arms from their quarters, and marched, barefooted and bareheaded, round the walls of the Holy City. They were preceded by their priests clad in white, bearing the images of the saints, and singing psalms and canticles. Their banners were displayed; their symbols and trumpets resounded afar. It was thus that the Jews formerly made the tour of

Jericho, whose walls fell to pieces at the sound of their martial instruments.

'The crusaders began their march from the valley of Rephraim, which is in front of Calvary; they advanced northward and saluted, as they entered the valley of Jehoshaphat, the tombs of St. Mary, St. Stephen, and *the first elect of God.* Continuing their progress towards the Mount of Olives, they contemplated with respect the grotto in which Jesus Christ exuded a bloody sweat, and the place where the Saviour of the world shed tears over Jerusalem. When they reached the summit of the mountain, the most imposing spectacle discovered itself to their eyes. To the east they beheld the plains of Jericho, the shores of the Dead Sea and of the river Jordan; to the west they surveyed at their feet the Holy City and her territory covered with sacred ruins. Assembled together in the very spot from whence Jesus Christ ascended to Heaven, and on which they still looked for the marks of his feet, they heard the exhortations of their priests and bishops.

'Arnoul de Rohés, chaplain of the Duke of Normandy, addressed to them a pathetic discourse, conjuring them to redouble their zeal and perseverance. In concluding, he turned towards Jerusalem: "You behold," he said, "the inheritance of Jesus Christ trampled upon by the impious: see here at last the worthy recompense of all your labours; see here the place in which God will pardon all your faults and bestow his blessing upon all your victories." At the voice of the orator who pointed out to them the church of the Resurrection and the rocks of Calvary ready to receive them, the defenders of the cross humbled themselves before God, and kept their looks fixed on Jerusalem.

'When Arnoul invited them, in the name of Jesus, to forget their injuries, and cherish each other in mutual love, Tancred and Raymond, who had long been at variance, embraced in the presence of all the Christian army. The soldiers, and the other chiefs, followed their example. The rich promised to comfort by their alms the poor and the orphans who bore the cross. All men forgot their fatal animosities, and swore to remain faithful to the precepts of evangelical charity.

'While the crusaders thus gave themselves up to the transports of their devotion and piety, the Saracens collected on the ramparts of Jerusalem, lifted in the air crucifixes which they loaded with outrage; they insulted the ceremonies of the Christians by their gestures and clamours. "You hear," said the hermit Peter, "you hear the threats and blasphemies of these enemies of the true God; swear to defend Jesus Christ, made prisoner and crucified a second time by the infidels. You see him expiring anew upon Calvary for the redemption of your sins." At these words the Cœnobite is interrupted by groans

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and cries of indignation which arose on all sides against the Infidels. "Yes, I swear by your piety," pursued the orator, "I swear by your arms, that the reign of the impious approaches to its termination. The host of the Lord has no longer but to appear, and all this vain crowd of mussulmans will be dispersed like shadows. To day they are yet filled with pride and insolence, to-morrow they will be frozen with fear, and will fall motionless before you, like those guardians of the sepulchre who felt their weapons fall out of their hands and fell dead with affright when an earthquake announced the presence of a Deity on this very Calvary which you are now going to scale. Yet a few moments, and these towers, the last rampart of the Infidels, will become the asylum of the Christians; these mosques, which rise upon the ruins of Christianity, shall serve for the temple of the true God, and Jerusalem shall resound with the praises only of the Lord."

'At these last words of Peter, the liveliest transports burst from the ranks of the crusaders; they again embrace amidst floods of tears, and exhort each other mutually to endure the fatigues and evils for which they are at length about to receive their glorious reward. The Christians then descend from the Mount of Olives to regain their camp, and, taking the road towards the south, they salute on their right hand the tomb of David, and pass near the fishpond of Siloah where Jesus Christ restored his sight to the man born blind; they perceive at a greater distance the ruins of the palaces of Judah, and advance along the declivity of Mount Sion, where other remembrances come to add to their enthusiasm. Towards evening, the Christian army returned to its quarters, repeating these words of the prophet; "Those of the west shall fear the Lord, and those of the east shall behold his glory." Re-entered within their camp, the most part of the pilgrims passed the night in prayer; the chiefs and the soldiers confess their sins at the feet of the priests and receive their God, whose promises filled them with hope and confidence.' P. 390, &c.

It must be acknowledged that there are ample materials in this long description of the procession of the pilgrims, for poetical ornament; and the most fervent admirers of Tasso must regret, with our author, that he missed so fair and manifest an opportunity of enriching his poem by the admission of them.

The scenes which immediately followed the capture of Jerusalem are of a nature to awaken much reflection on the strange inconsistencies of human nature, and such as does not at all tend to raise our ideas of mortal perfection or inspire us with feelings of self-gratulation and complacency. Our author appears to have contemplated them in a very philosophical view, and we know no passage in

his work that sets his good sense, and his powers of just discrimination, in a more favourable light. After dwelling no longer than the occasion demanded on the horrible atrocities committed by the victorious crusaders, and which their historians record with expressions of exultation rather than of horror, or even of censure, he thus proceeds to relate the extraordinary occurrences which immediately followed.

'At the sight of their brethren, (the pilgrims whom they had rescued from their long captivity) the soldiers of the cross no doubt began to recollect that they had come to worship at the tomb of Jesus. The pious Godfrey, who had abstained from the carnage which succeeded the victory, quitted his companions, and followed by three servants, repaired, without arms and barefooted to the church of the holy sepulchre. The news of this act of devotion soon spread throughout the Christian army; immediately all their vengeance, all their fury, was appeased; the crusaders stripped themselves of their bloody garments, made all Jerusalem re-echo with their lamentations, their sobs and groans, and, conducted by the clergy of the country, walked together, their feet bare, and their heads uncovered, towards the church of the Resurrection. When the Christian army was thus assembled together upon Calvary, the night began to fall; silence reigned throughout the public places, and around the ramparts: nothing was heard throughout the Holy City but the penitential psalms, and the words of Isaiah—"Ye that love Jerusalem, rejoice with her." The crusaders then displayed a devotion so lively and tender, that one would have said, according to the remark of a modern historian, (Le Père Maimbourg,) that these same men who were come from taking a town by assault and committing the most horrible carnage, were in fact issuing from a long retreat and from the profoundest meditation on the mysteries of our faith. These inexplicable contrasts often occur in the history of the crusades. Some writers have thought to find in them a pretext for accusing the Christian religion; others, not less blind nor less passionate, have attempted to excuse the deplorable excesses of fanaticism; the impartial historian thinks it enough to record them, and mourns in silence the weakness of human nature.' P. 413.

Among the various authorities to which our author has had recourse in the compilation of this work, we have already mentioned, as entirely new to the historical reader, the MS. History of Armenia, by Matthew of Edessa. We cannot refuse ourselves the indulgence of noticing another MS. for the sake of the particular anecdote which has been selected from it, although that anecdote bears no immediate reference to the crusade itself. It is in speaking of the state of 'the science of legislation,'

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at this epoch that M. Michaud mentions the ordinances which Gaston de Béarn, one of the heroes of the crusade, had drawn up previous to his setting out on the expedition for the regulation of his states during his absence.

'Among these,' says our author, 'we meet with some dispositions which deserve to be recorded by history, because they present to us the feeble commencements of a legislation which it required a length of time and fortunate circumstances to bring to perfection. "*The Peace,*" says this legislator of the eleventh century, "*shall at all times be preserved towards the clergy, monks, travellers, ladies, and their attendants. If any man takes refuge with a lady, he shall be secure in his person on payment of damages. Peace be with the peasant: his oxen and his instruments of agriculture shall not be liable to seizure.*"'

This valuable extract is from a manuscript history of Béarn, 'qu'a bien voula nous communiquer, un de nos magistrats les plus distingués, qui consacre ses loisirs à la culture des lettres. Cette histoire, remarquable par une sage érudition et une saine critique, doit jeter une grande lumière sur les temps reculés dont nous parlons.' (Note p. 480.) We earnestly entreat Field Marshal the Marquis Wellington, in his projected invasion of the southern provinces of France, to take good care not to hurt either this respectable magistrate or his manuscript.

In the 'Pièces Justificatives,' collected at the end of this volume, the reader will find a mass of curious anecdote and many important documents well worthy of being brought to light and preserved; but we have not space nor leisure left us to analyse their contents or give any further extracts. We hope it will not be long before we shall have to announce a continuation of the work.

ART. IV.—*An Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics, both in England and Ireland; of the Amelioration which they have undergone during the present Reign, and of their existent State. To which is added, a short Account of the Laws for the Punishment of Heresy in general; a brief Review of the Merits of the Catholic Question; and copious Notes, tending principally to Illustrate the Views and Conduct of the Church of England, the Presbyterians, and Sectarians,*

with regard to Toleration when in the Enjoymen of Power. By James Baldwin Brown, Esq. of the Inner Temple. London: Underwood and Blacks, 1813. 8vo. 14s.

THE author has arranged his book under the following heads.

'Chapter I. On the Laws against Heresy in general. II. A brief Review of the Papal authority in Britain, from its Commencement to its Suppression in the reign of Henry VIII. III. Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics, from the Reformation to the death of Elizabeth. IV. Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics from the Accession of James I, to the Restoration. V. Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics from the Restoration to the Revolution. VI. Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics, from the Revolution to the death of Anne. VII. Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics, from the Accession of the House of Hanover to the death of George II. VIII. Amelioration of the Laws relating to the Catholics, during the reign of his present Majesty. IX. Concluding Remarks.'

This work contains all the information which can be desired, relative to the disabilities to which the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland have been heretofore, or are, at present, subjected on account of their adherence to the religion of their ancestors. The author has drawn his materials from the best sources, and has evinced a degree of diligence in his research which is highly creditable to himself; and which the reader will see good reason to commend in the variety of important and interesting particulars which he has brought together for his instruction and amusement. Some of these are not immediately connected with the laws which have been enacted against the Catholics or with the occasional alleviations which they have undergone: but still they relate to historical points which are more or less intimately associated with the great question of religious liberty. The notes, which are appended to the work, contain a mass of valuable information, some of which is very curious and interesting.

As the author considers a part of the opposition, which is made to the removal of the remaining civil disabilities to which the Catholics are at present liable, to be principally owing to the persecution which was exercised by some bigots of this religion during the reign of Mary, he has taken considerable pains in order to collect evidence

'to prove that this persecution was a general characteristic of the times, and not of the Catholics, or of any other sect in par-

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ticular.' 'In this part of the work,' says the author, 'I am conscious that I have exposed myself to no common obloquy, for he who is honest and unprejudiced enough to censure every sect, where their conduct seems to have deserved it, may be certain of offending all parties and of pleasing none.'

Of the persons who were condemned to the flames in the time of Queen Mary, Hume, says Mr. Brown, 'states the number at two hundred and seventy seven; and I certainly feel no inclination to dispute the accuracy of the computation. But even this account, great as is the proportion of martyrs which it contains, falls, I am persuaded, infinitely short of the vague representations continually floating on the public mind. Whilst feebly endeavouring to advocate the cause of the Catholics, it has more than once fallen to my lot, to be assailed by arguments drawn from the *many hundreds*, and even *thousands*, of Protestants, so inhumanly butchered by the instrumentality of the merciless Bonner and his worthy associates. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge, that at one period, I considered these executions more numerous than I have since found them to have been.'

In the preceding reign it is well known that the gentle Cranmer extorted the reluctant consent of Edward VI, to the burning of an Arian and an Anabaptist. This unfortunate act of Cranmer, which was certainly less characteristic of his natural disposition than of the times in which he lived, brought great scandal on the Reformation; and formed one of the pleas of the Papists for their severity towards the Protestants in the time of Mary. The Papists, according to Burnet, as quoted by our author, said, 'that it was plain that the Reformers were only against burning, when they were in fear of it themselves.'

'When the justice of destroying heresy, by a resort to capital punishment, depends on the construction which different sects, (or even different individuals of the same sect,) may give to those doctrines which constitute "impieties against God," the principle once being admitted, there is no persecution, however severe, that will not allow of an easy justification, or, at least, of as plausible an extenuation as that exercised by Cranmer on the Arians and Anabaptists. In such a case, the position which Hume has put into the mouth of Gardiner, (and on which that prelate but too evidently acted,) that, "if persecution of any kind be admitted, the most bloody and violent will surely be allowed the most justifiable, as the most effectual," cannot be controverted. "Imprisonments," (continues this author,) "fines, confiscations, whippings, serve only to irritate the sects, without disabling them from resistance: but the stake, the wheel, and the gibbet, must soon terminate in the extirpation and banishment

of all the heretics inclined to give disturbance, and in the entire silence and submission of the rest."'

The author does not attempt to deny that 'the sole authors of the Gunpowder Plot were Catholics.' But he remarks that 'the religious zeal of all sects was in those days unfortunately so high as to blind the minds of men against the turpitude of crimes.'

With Mr. Fox and other authorities, Mr. Brown gives no credence to the Popish plot which was broached in 1678, and threw the whole kingdom into a ferment; but, in opposition to Mr. Fox, our very respectable author seems inclined to regard the whole as a contrivance of Lord Shaftesbury. Mr. Fox considered this supposition as 'an absurdity, equal almost in degree to the belief of the plot itself.' Mr. Brown refers to Sir John Dalrymple, (Memoirs, vol. i. p. 43, 44) for the proof that the plot was fabricated by Shaftesbury; but as Sir John did not *think proper* to publish the documents which produced his own conviction that the plot was the fiction of Shaftesbury, we may, without impeaching the *sincerity* of Sir John, be allowed to doubt whether those 'papers,' which he mentions, were of sufficient credibility to *establish* the fact, so as to leave no doubt of the guilt of Shaftesbury. In addition to this, however, Mr. Brown quotes a passage from a work published in 1681, entitled, 'The whole series of all that has been transacted in the House of Peers, concerning the Popish plot;' in which, says he,

'we meet with the following curious "information of Dr. William Jones, M. D. taken upon oath 28 March, 1697," which will evince that Shaftesbury was not altogether free from suspicion of having invented the Popish plot, even at a time when the doubting its existence was considered a crime, calling upon the magistrate to visit the offender with no small punishment.

"And this informant further saith," says the document to which I allude, "that he, with Dr. Smith, went to an ale-house in Green-street, near the Mews, when the said Dr. Smith did, amongst other dicourses, positively affirm, that the plot was no plot at all, but a thing contrived by Oates, Bedloe, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, merely to ruin the poor Roman Catholics, whereupon this informant said, that if Mr. Oates and Mr. Bedloe did live, most of the lords in the Tower would suffer; to which the said Dr. Smith replyed, they will, or they shall not live to see that day, for they are too great rogues to have a being."'

We do not feel ourselves disposed to acquit Shaftesbury

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of this notable contrivance from the apparent incoherence of the plot itself, or the absurdity of the particulars; for Shaftesbury knew human nature too well not to know that, when the minds of any large body of people have a predisposition from party spirit, religious antipathy, or other causes to believe in any particular event, they will never take the pains very accurately or dispassionately to weigh the credibility of the circumstances, or to determine the consistency of the whole. There are indeed states of mind in which what is most monstrous is least questioned; and what is most nonsensical and contradictory is most readily believed.

It is not unworthy of notice that, it was not till the year 1778, exactly one century after the plot in which Oates and Bedloe acted a part of such distinguished infamy, that we behold the first dawn of a more tolerating system towards the English Catholics. We allude to the bill which was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir George Saville, in May, 1778. Previously, however, to this period, the Catholic religion had not only been permitted, but established, in the province of Canada, which had been recently conquered by the British arms. The following is what Mr. Brown says on the act relative to Canada, which was passed during Mr. Pitt's administration.

'The 85 G. III. c. 31, provides that the Protestant inhabitants of Canada shall pay their tythes to persons appointed by government to receive them, for the support of a Protestant ministry—for the further maintenance of which the governor is allowed to make allotments of land. The act also declares, that 'all persons are eligible to be elected members of the legislative assembly of Quebec, except ministers of either of the churches of England or Rome, or of congregations of Protestant dissenters. These equitable laws were granted to the Canadians without solicitation, because they were considered necessary to the preservation and prosperity of the colony. The Catholics of Ireland, on the contrary, have for many years been soliciting in vain for the concession of rights much less extended; for the prayer of their petition has never yet been considered of sufficient importance to obtain a deliberate investigation—how are these contradictory proceedings to be reconciled? The existence of a Catholic and Protestant establishment in Canada, without any disturbance to the unanimity of the province (without referring to those foreign countries, in which the liberal-minded Christian may be gratified with the pleasing sight of Protestants and Catholics alternately celebrating their rites in the same church) is an abundant answer, at least to those who contend that there is a something naturally hostile in the two religions.

The Canadian senate is composed—the offices of government are filled alike by members of one religion and the other; and we may safely call upon the opponents of Catholic emancipation to point out the evils which have resulted from this just and liberal policy.'

It is highly creditable to his present majesty that many of the most severe and odious laws against the Catholics were first relaxed or repealed during his reign. That rigid code of pains and penalties and multiplied disqualifications which had been successively rendered more barbarous and intolerable, has been gradually softened during his more gentle and, to the Catholics, more equitable government. But, much as has been done for the Catholics since the accession of his present majesty, much still remains to be done in order to put them on the same footing with respect to civil rights and enjoyments as the other subjects of the British empire. This will be perceived by the following, in which Mr. Brown has noticed the disqualifications to which the Catholics are still subject; and the penalties on those who profess that ancient faith which have not yet been repealed.

'Catholics then cannot sit in parliament; * or hold any office in, or under the government: † be admitted into any corporation; ‡ or present to any ecclesiastical benefice. § Their priests are not allowed the celebration of their rites, but agreeably to the restrictions of the English act 31 G. 3. c. 31, and the correspondent provisions of the Irish statute; nor can Catholic schoolmasters take Protestant scholars. The professors of this religion are prevented from making any endowment of a school or college, for the purpose of educating children in their faith. ‖ Catholic soldiers by the annual mutiny acts refusing to frequent the church of England worship when ordered to do so, are liable to the penalty of one shilling, and for the second offence to the same fine, and to be laid in irons for twelve hours. ¶ These

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*30 C. 2. st. 2. E. 21 and 22 G. 3. c. 48. I.

†25 C. 2. c. 2. E. In Ireland this is confined to the exceptions in the clause of the 33 George 3. c. 21.

‡13 C. 2. c. 2. E. New rules of the Lord Lieutenant and Council, Irish Statutes at Large, v. iii. p. 205. By the 7th section of 31 G. 3. c. 32, they are allowed to be members of any lay corporation; but the same act (§ 9) excepts officers within the new rules of 17 and 18 C. 2. for which see p. 223.

§ 3 J. 1. c. 5. E. 2 A. c. 6. I.

‖ A bequest or disposition for educating children in the Roman Catholic religion is unlawful; but the fund does not pass to the testator's next of kin, but is applicable to such charitable purposes as the king shall appoint.—Carey v. Abbot, 4, Vesey, Jun. 490.

¶ By the second section of the Articles of War, any soldier 'if he shall

disabilities are common to England and Ireland; but in addition to them the Catholics of this kingdom are prevented from voting at elections for members of parliament*, a privilege which those of the sister kingdom enjoy on their producing a certificate of their having taken the oaths of 13 and 14 G. 3. c. 35 and 33 G. 3. c. 21.

'In Ireland no Catholic priest under any circumstances can be guardian to any child, nor can lay Catholics be guardians to the child of a Protestant.† The celebration of marriage between two Protestants, or a Protestant and a Catholic, by a Catholic clergyman, is punishable with death.‡ Catholics cannot there keep arms, unless they have a freehold of 10l. per annum, or a personal estate of 300l.§ nor can they vote at vestries relating to the repair of any church: ‖ The whole of the rigorous penal code, which the various acts of this reign have repealed, are still in force against all those who do not take the oath of 31 G. 3. c. 32. or 13 and 14 G. 3. c. 35, in Ireland. In the latter country the oath of 35 G. 3. c. 21, is also required to be taken by barristers, attorneys, &c. and by those who are elected professors of medicine on Sir Patrick Dunne's foundation; there also Catholics are excluded from holding the office of governor, deputy-governor, or director of the bank.'

Here we take leave of Mr. Brown, after thanking him for the pleasure which we have experienced in the perusal of the text and notes of his valuable volume.

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disobey any lawful command of his superior officer, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as by a general court martial shall be awarded.' Hence it will appear, that the refusing to frequent the established church (which would be considered a lawful command,) may subject the catholic soldier to the punishment of death, merely for refusing to attend the celebration of religious rites in which he could not conscientiously join.

*7 and 8 W. 3. c. 27. † 30 G. 3. c. 29.

‡ Such at least is the language of 23 G. 2. c. 10. By a clause, however, in the 32 G. 3. c. 21, the person celebrating such marriage is subject to a penalty of £500. But as the former statute is not to this day repealed, it has been more than once decided by the late Lord Kilwarden, and other of the Irish judges, that it is still in force. Of the correctness of this decision I believe there is some doubt, as the majority of our law authorities, in the construction of penal statutes, contend that the infliction of a lesser punishment, on the commission of any crime, is a virtual repeal of the heavier penalty.

§ 33 G. 3. c. 21. ‖ 12 G. 1. c. 9.

ART. V.—*Tour through Ireland; particularly the Interior and least known Parts: containing an accurate View of the Parties, Politics, and Improvements in the different Provinces; with Reflections and Observations on the Union of Britain and Ireland; the practicability and Advantages of a Telegraphic Communication between the two Countries, and other Matters of Importance. By the Rev. James Hall, A. M.* London: Moore, 1813, 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 1s.

Mr. HALL appears, from the book before us, to be a good-tempered, benevolent, and well-meaning man, but of a rambling and desultory turn of mind. His loquacity however, outruns his judgment; and his remarks evince but little sagacity or depth. The character of his travels is what may be called gossipping: and as in respect to literary pursuits, this is rather a gossipping age, they may perhaps be more extensively read and more generally approved than many works in which there is more intellectual vigour, and more solid information.

The following is the route which Mr. Hall pursued:—He proceeded from Dublin to Monastereven, Athy, Carlow, Gorey's Bridge, New Ross, Wexford, Waterford, Clonmell, Fermoy, Cork, Killarney, Tralee, Limerick, Athlone, Longford, Sligo, Enniskillen, Omagh, Lifford, Londonderry, Colerain, Antrim, Belfast, Lisburn, Dromore, Newry, Dundalk, Drogheda, Balbriggan, to Dublin again.

We had not proceeded beyond p. 5 in the first volume of Mr. Hall's Tour before we noticed a propensity, which became more glaring as we proceeded, to digress from the subject immediately before him, in order to manifest his dexterity in furnishing us with a side dish of extraneous information. Thus he has no sooner landed in the vicinity of Dublin than a gingle, or jaunting car, in which he was conveyed to the capital, induces him to discourse very learnedly about the antiquity of covered carriages, and the introduction of coaches into this and other countries. At p. 41, vol. I. having mentioned an old man above eighty, who had a child born to him every year, Mr. Hall very aptly embraces the opportunity of recapitulating certain physical imperfections which generally belong to the progeny of an aged sire. He, at the same time, lays before us the inconveniences of marriages which take place before either the bride or bridegroom are out of their teens. In

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vol 1, p. 57, the reverend author, having stepped into a cabin where he found no other outlet for the smoke than the door, is very naturally led to prosecute his inquiries into the birth and parentage of chimneys, and to wonder exceedingly how the gormandizing Romans, who were great connoisseurs in cookery, could have a dinner dressed so as to suit the finical appetite of an epicure in a kitchen brim-full of smoke. When Mr. Hall gets to Athy, he tells us that, when one person meets another in that part of the country, the usual *salutation* is 'God save you,' which he also adds, is pronounced 'safe you.' Now how could Mr. Hall, with any grace, let this opportunity slip of giving us an account of the different modes of *salutation* in different parts of the habitable globe? Thus he informs us, among other piquant pieces of information, that when the Laplanders salute each other, they do it by pushing their noses together. On being asked by the lock-keeper on the canal at Athy to sit down and partake of his dinner, which 'consisted of butter, eggs, potatoes, and milk,' our author flies off in a tangent to celebrate the hospitality which is found in the Philippine islands, amongst the Otaheitans, the American Indians, the Tartars, and the Kamschatkadales. We mention these only as instances of Mr. Hall's erratic facilities and great digressive powers. We will next proceed to give some samples of the sort of information, which is to be found in this Tour, and of the author's remarks on what he sees or hears.

As a piece of important information, and as a specimen of our author's Irish adventures, we must inform them that having stepped into a barber's shop in Dublin in order to have his hair cut, the said barber, not contented with cropping that on Mr. Hall's pate, very suddenly and to his great astonishment and mortification, snipped the hair off one of his eyebrows; which of course obliged our traveller to let him commit the same outrage on the other, in order to preserve the uniformity of his face.

Mr. Hall tells us that most of the children in the Foundling Hospital in Dublin, are from the north and the manufacturing counties, which he mentions as 'a disgrace to the Irish Protestants.' Our philanthropic traveller did not find at this hospital any '*machines* for preventing women from overlaying children,' which surprized him the less, because he had not previously found any of the said 'machines in the lying-in-hospitals of this metropolis.'

In Swift's Hospital, or asylum for lunatics, Mr. H. observed 'the keeper's head much bruised by some of the patients.'

At a dinner at the house of a tailor, to whom our reverend author had been 'introduced by a respectable clergyman,' he enjoyed, as he tells us, a 'dinner that would not have disgraced a nobleman's table;' and at this dinner some excellent claret, which the tailor called *Orthodoxy*, because it helped to keep 'the clergy sober.' We wish that the same could be said of *Orthodoxy* of other kinds, which has been sometimes found to possess very fiery and intoxicating qualities.

As a proof of the abandoned manners of the Dublin populace, our intelligent tourist tells us that he heard 'some women in the streets swearing by the living Jesus, by the holy Paul, by the blood of the Holy Ghost, and the like.'

On an innkeeper's sign Mr. H. saw the following inscription, 'Coffins made and mended,' which he found to be posted up only as a lure to curiosity to step in and taste of his tap. Our author tells us that he 'never saw so many drunken women as in Dublin,' and that many of the fair sex in that city will swallow three or four half pints of whiskey without being much intoxicated.

At Clinderton Mr. Hall embarked on the canal for Monastereven. Amongst the passengers in the boat, our author, who spares no opportunity of gratifying us with interesting intelligence, tells us of one who believed that a cat had been seen on 'the mountains of Wicklow as big as an ox.'

At 'Moor Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Drogheda,' our traveller discovered a young gentleman 'busily employed in tormenting a couple of young crows,' which he released from the state of jeopardy in which they were placed when the philanthropist got saluted for his pains with a volley of oaths as well as stones, and had moreover a couple of curs set at his heels. But he informs us that 'the old crows came about' him, 'looking their thanks and began to feed their young.' After this notable adventure, we accompany our author into the Roman Catholic chapel at Athy, where he 'found numbers, both men and women, lying flat on their faces on the floor,' making ejaculations, and turning up their eyes. He moreover observed a man, as an act of penance, walking 'on his bare knees from the door up to the altar, though

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the floor was extremely rough, the chapel being new, and not quite finished.'

At Carlow our author was surrounded near the chapel 'by beggars wallowing in filth and rags, soliciting charity for the sake of the Blessed Virgin, of St. George, and of the Apostles.'

'At Shankhill, through which I passed,' says Mr. Hall, on my way to New Ross, I found that there is no Protestant church in the parish; that the clergyman lives in Dublin; and has no curate; and that there are not above five or six Protestants in the parish. Non-residence, and carelessness about religion, are evidently among the reasons why the Protestants connected with the establishment are not becoming more numerous in Ireland. If a clergyman do not reside in a parish, nor has any person to do duty for him, is it possible that the people can pay the tithes without some ground for complaint? Any person, with only half an eye open, may easily see there is something wrong. It is for an enlightened legislature to contrive some way of rectifying matters.'

In this part of his Tour, at vol. I. p. 76, &c. our author, who delights in recording occurrences of great magnitude and importance, describes, with the most commendable minuteness of detail, 'a severe battle between a large boar pig and a cow without horns.' And, whilst he is upon the subject of battles, he does not let slip the opportunity of telling us of another arduous conflict, worthy a *bulletin* from Bonaparte, or a dispatch from Lord Wellington, between an owl and a rat.

Our reverend tourist, like his predecessors in the same route, bears testimony to the prolific tendencies of the Irish population.

'The number of children running about the doors of the Irish cottages is astonishing. A noble lady, who was very unhappy at her own want of children, was so much struck with this sight, as to enquire into the cause of it. Travelling with her husband through a village in Leinster, she alighted from her carriage, went into a cottage, spoke kindly to the mother of the children; and at length said: "My good woman, how is it that you have so many fine children?" "An't please your ladyship's noble honour, we blame the pratoes" (potatoes.')

'Before the introduction of potatoes into Ireland, (a circumstance not uncommon in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, during a scarcity of provisions), they often bled their cattle, sometimes at one vein, and sometimes at another, as they gave most blood this way. They boiled this blood with a little meal, and sometimes with onions, so much, that, when cold, the blood was sliced down, and eaten instead of bread. In former

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times too, in Ireland, they used to grind down their oats, and make *sowins* of the meal, without being sifted. This dish, *which* is well known in Scotland and the North of England, as well as even yet in some parts of Ireland, and is nearly as nutritive and good as a rice pudding, and not unlike it.

'On my way to New Ross, I found a child in a poor cottage at which I called, not much above three years of age, busily employed in smoking tobacco. As her mother, sometime before, had been confined to bed, and had taught the child to put her pipe to the fire, and set it a-going, the child became so fond of smoking, that she often did it when her mother was asleep, or not observing; and now insists on having so many pipes a day. Both boys and girls begin to smoke at thirteen or fourteen.

'In this part of the country, I was, more and more, confirmed in the opinion, that a long course of dry weather does not agree with a true Irish constitution: while it continues, they often feel themselves disordered, and not near so comfortable as during a series of damp weather. It is fortunate that it is so; since, from its projection into the Atlantic Ocean, the air of Ireland is generally damp.'

The author describes both the Roman Catholics and Protestants at New Ross as extremely active in their endeavours to make proselytes. It is not certain but what both parties might be more usefully employed. A proselyting spirit is usually nurtured by pride rather than by knowledge, and by malevolence rather than by charity. Mr. H. had some interviews with the monks at New Ross, who are of the order of St. Francis; and he describes them as 'polite, hospitable, and, on some points, well informed.' Our worthy tourist appears, in some measure, to have opposed the good fathers by questioning them about the practicability of nine hundred and ninety-nine angels dancing on the point of a needle, according to the opinion of Thomas Aquinas, the redoubted champion of the Romish church?

At the monastery at Waterford as well as 'at New Ross and many other places, every priest may, on depositing a certain sum, come and live during life.' The Roman Catholic chapel in this city is mentioned as 'one of the most extensive and elegant in the British dominions.' In this chapel our author, observing 'a boy about twelve years of age on his knees, with his eyes and hands lifted up, and sometimes smiting on his breast, crying, *O Jesu, Domine, nos audi! O Maria Virgo audi nos*,' slipped some money in his hand, upon which the young devotee immediately got up, and 'ran to a baker's shop,

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telling them that his prayers were heard, and that holy Mary had put some money in his hand.' As Mr. Hall is not often facetious, we record this as an instance of his talents in that line, though we shall leave our readers to appreciate the success of the attempt.

Mr. Hall's tour is interspersed with a good many common-places, amongst which is the following: which is introduced with an air of great gravity, as if the author were taking his snuff-box out of his pocket, and very deliberately going to make us stare at his profundity. '*The propensity of some people to bear sway is astonishing.*' This remark on the *astonishing propensity of some people to bear sway*, forms the preliminary to a story which the author tells about a woman who got her husband confined in a mad-house, that she might be paramount over his estate, &c. At Clonmell, amongst other articles of information, the author says, with a sort of philosophical *nonchalance*, 'Many people are hung here for stealing.'

'On entering the county of Cork, I found them, not only growling at the rapacity of the Protestant clergy, but also at their own priests. They told me that, when a priest marries a farmer's daughter, or son, he requires from two to three guineas, and a guinea and a half for the poorest couple; that priests require nine shillings for coming to say mass at any house, thirteen pence for every mass they say for the dead at home; two shillings and six-pence, at least, for every child they baptize, and as much, every half-year, from each house, of confession-money; that they charge something for visiting the sick, giving extreme-unction, and the like; and that, when a bishop sends a priest to a parish, he generally binds him over to pay forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred pounds yearly, as the parish happens to be populous, or the contrary.'

'If two young people run away with one another, as they term it; be they ever so poor, the priests, in many places, fine them five or six pounds; and, if they go to be married by any priest who has not a particular charge, they make such pay all the marriage-money, perform many pilgrimages, and beg pardon of the congregation; or be excommunicated; which involves their being excluded from hearing mass, and every body's shutting the door against them. At a wedding of some of the better sorts, by putting round his hat, the priest sometimes gets twenty or thirty pounds.'

Mr. Hall says that 'the natural unwholesomeness' of Cork is increased by the noxious effluvia from the burying-grounds. As an instance he tells us that in St. John's church-yard he found

'the upper part of one coffin nearly a foot above the surface,

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and only covered with a little loose earth.' 'Many of the poor Catholics,' says he, 'are buried in this manner, not having left money to dig their grave deep enough, and their friends being too lazy or too poor to do it for them. The truth is, in many parts of Ireland, it is no uncommon thing to find bodies only a few inches below the surface, where there is not money to pay for digging the grave deeper.'

At the glass-manufactory, the reverend author is led to remark that 'the *workmen*, though dextrous at their business, *seemed to know nothing about* the origin of glass-making.' How should they? Is it not enough for them to know the practical process without puzzling their brains to find out with whom the invention originated? Mr. Hall however, probably mentioned the ignorance of the workmen on this point, only in order to have an opportunity of shewing the depth of his own researches upon the subject. He, accordingly, without any farther ceremony, commences a disquisition on the origin of glass-making.

As a proof that Cork is declining in prosperity, the author says,

'You see on almost every other window and door, intimation of lodgings, if not the whole house, to let. This is always a sign of poverty; for no man who is in easy circumstances, is naturally inclined to take the trouble of intenants or lodgers. On one window I observed it written, "This house to let for 530 years." On many houses in Ireland you see it pasted up, "Dry lodgings," meaning lodging, and nothing else; though one who does not know, is led, from the intimation, to imagine they meant that the house is water-tight.'

In the vicinity of Cork 'seeing,' says Mr. Hall,

'an uncommon blaze of light at a door, I stepped in, and found it to be another wake, and a man lying in his grave-clothes, neatly shaved, having on a red night-cap, a black silk napkin, tied neatly about his neck, and his face bare. He had one plate on his breast with tobacco, for those who choosed to smoke, and another near it with snuff, for those who preferred that amusement. His wife, who seemed younger than himself, was laughing at the low wit of the company; nor did she take it amiss when some of the company told her that, as she had lost one husband, it was now her business to look out for another. Many of them were smoking, having paper steeped in nitre for lighting their pipes, and as much whiskey, with bread and cheese, as they pleased. They seemed amazed that I could not drink more than half a glass of whiskey.'

Our author appears often to have gone into the cabins of the peasantry; and, like other travellers, he was witness to the poverty, filth, and wretchedness within. In many of these abodes

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'there is neither chair, nor stool, nor table in the houses, but round stones about the fire for seats. The crook, as it is called, or hook on which they hang the pot over the fire, is of wood, tied by a straw rope to something at the top, and the pot, for boiling potatoes, &c. is not unfrequently turned mouth downward, and used as a seat about the fire.'

The following shews the great influence of the Irish priests over the popular credulity; but have we not also amulets and charms for various disorders, the interested contrivances not indeed of ghostly fathers, but of mercenary quacks?

'At the inn,' at Mill-street, 'where I put up all night, the best in town, I found a girl, about ten or eleven years of age, with something like a pin-cushion hung round her neck; which, I learned, had been given her by the priest to cure her of a decline, and defend her from all diseases whatever. After looking much at it for some time, and hearing much of its value and virtues, I became anxious to see what was in it; but did not know how to come at it.

'Resolved, if possible to accomplish what I wished, I called the girl to me, gave her some money, begged her father and mother to drink with me, (a circumstance that pleases almost every one in Ireland,) and was kind to all the children. Being at a loss to know what it contained, the girl told me that it was an oration (orison she meant) of immense value. On expressing a desire to see the inside, the girl said she would open the cover, which she did, before I had procured either the father's or mother's consent. When the linen bag was opened, I found it contained two pieces of paper sealed, which, they told me, was with holy wax, and that the seal must not be broken. What to do I knew not. To open this sacred seal, in a place where all are Catholics, I knew to be improper, and perhaps might cost me my life; and, to proceed, no farther, was still to remain in the dark. Resolved, however, one way or other to come at the object of my wishes, I took the two papers; and, while I was handling them not too delicately, one of the seals flew almost open. Fortunately, they took me for a priest; and, as they thought I might have some holy wax about me, and be able to renew the seals, they allowed me to open them. The first paper I opened (which I confess I did with a trembling hand) contained nothing but these words, written in an indifferent hand, "Apud Deum est sanatio corporis," and a short Latin prayer, that the bearer, whoever it should happen to be, might be cured, and preserved from all disorders. The other had merely the following sentence, copied from the vulgate Latin of the New Testament, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."'

In part of the following picture of an Irish farm-house

between Cork and Killarney, there is a good deal of the circumstantial minuteness of a Dutch piece; and we have no doubt but that it is a faithful representation.

'There being a heavy fall of rain, one morning while in this part of the country, I made towards a farm-house, from which I had seen smoke ascending. When I approached the house, I saw two cows looking out at the door, seemingly afraid of my umbrella. The house was full of smoke, through which, so soon as I could see any thing, I observed a number of people sitting round a fire of turf, drying their clothes, and smoking tobacco. Room being made for me and my boy at the fire, and for my horse not many yards distant, among the cattle, I sat down, when the good woman of the house went to milk the cows, which knew their names, and came each as she called them; Humley being first called, then Brockey, &c. While she was employed in this way, a fine kid, only a few weeks old, leaped up, of its own accord, lay on my knee, like a cat, and seemed highly pleased; when, with the upper end of a quill that I had used as a picktooth, I amused myself in scratching its head. So much did I become attached to this fine little animal, that, had I had a house within twenty miles, I would have purchased the kid at any price, and ordered it thither. Besides the kid on my knee, and another that had put its head into my pocket, in quest of some gingerbread I happened to have in it, there was a goat fixed by a hay rope to a four-stooped bed, three calves, a large sow going through the house with young ones, a hen with chickens, two dogs, a cat, and a young hawk, which, after it was three weeks old, became more than a match for the cat, and fairly beat her off in a battle which happened between them, while I was in the house, with a number of fine, half-naked children, all waiting till the potatoes were ready for breakfast, of which we all ate heartily, with milk; the cows being the only animals in the house that, when we began to eat, did not draw near. As for my poney, the boy could scarcely prevent him putting his head in over our shoulders, and his mouth into the basket with the potatoes, before us. The kid on my knee, the cat, and the hawk, ate potatoes as well as any of us.'

Our author mentions that he was very hospitably received by Mr. Edgeworth of Edgeworth Town. In the course of conversation with Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter, Mr. Hall says,

'I hinted that, though the Roman Catholic catechisms are clear respecting the forgiveness of sin, and shew that a priest cannot forgive it, without sincere and unfeigned repentance; yet that, from nine-tenths of the conversations I had with Catholics, in various parts of Ireland, I had reason to conclude, the great body of the people believe that, on being simply confessed,

priests can, without any condition whatever, if they please, forgive sin. As Mr. Edgeworth was not of this opinion, though Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth were, he immediately rang the bell for John the coachman, who, he said, being a sensible young fellow, and a Catholic, would decide the question at once. On asking the coachman, among a variety of other things, whether he went to hear mass and to confession? and being answered in the affirmative, Mr. E. asked him, if he thought that on simply confessing them, the priest could forgive sins? The answer was, "I think he can." "Pray, John," continued Mr. E. "if you were to take out your knife, and stab me to the heart here in the midst of my family, and run and confess it to your priest, and he should absolve you, would you be really forgiven?"—"I think I should:"—"because (replied the coachman) it is expressly said, by our Saviour to his disciples, and to the bishops and priests, their successors, "whose sins ye retain they are retained; and whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven." Though the answers of some of the other servants, who were called one after another, did not go quite so far as those of the coachman; yet most of them tended to shew, either that their priests do not dwell enough on the conditions necessary to forgiveness, or pass them over altogether: and as this appeared a matter of importance, I had entered into conversation with people in various parts of Ireland, and been at pains to ascertain the fact. Mr. Edgeworth, who is sole proprietor of most of the houses in Edgeworth Town, and has independent landed property to the amount of some thousand pounds a year, told the priest, the next day, when he called, what the coachman had said; adding, that he was sorry such doctrines were afloat. The priest denied such doctrines were taught; called the coachman an ass; and, though we were good friends the day before, I could easily see, from the fury of his eyes, that the priest was now not so fond of me; having learned that what I had said had led to the inquiry. Indeed, his eyes were so furious, and the sound of his voice such, that, being a powerful man, and in a passion, lest he should forget himself, and knock me down, I left the room. Though many of the better sort in Ireland, pretend to believe neither in the infallibility of the pope, nor in the power of priests to forgive sins, yet a large proportion of the common people, to my certain knowledge, believe both.'

If there be no exaggeration nor misrepresentation in the above, it proves that the lower orders of the Irish Catholics are more priest-ridden than a friend to reason, to virtue, or to his country, could wish. What is the remedy? We know of none so certain and efficacious as that of intellectual improvement. No priestcraft can long subsist where an enlightened system of education prevails; and the people in general are taught to make a

little use of the thinking faculty, without exerting which, man is no more an intellectual agent than a sheep or a swine. We must here part company with the talkative, but, we believe, kind-hearted Mr. Hall.

ART. VI.—*Sermons on various important Subjects, by the late Rev. Ralph Harrison. To which is prefixed, a biographical Memoir of the Author. With a Discourse on the Occasion of his Death. By the Rev. John Holland.* London: Johnson, 1813, 8vo. 10s.

THESE Sermons, as we learn from the respectable editor, 'were not designed by the author for publication,' and some indulgence might, therefore, well be claimed for them as a posthumous work; but we can assure our readers that they need not deprecate even the severity of criticism. This volume contains twenty-four of Mr. Harrison's sermons on the following subjects:

'Wisdom.—Domestic Union.—The Duties of Parents.—The Duties of Children.—The Duties of Masters and Servants.—Discretion.—History of Joseph.—Review of Divine Mercies.—Contentment.—Compassion.—Praise.—Forgiveness.—Faith.—Persecution. Beneficial Effects of Christianity.—Human Life a Pilgrimage.—The Love of God.—The Necessity of Watchfulness.—Charity.—Mutability of Life.—The Christian Life.—God the only proper Object of Glory.—Danger of bad Company.—History of Cain and Abel.'

Most of the above are very important topics, and well worthy the attention of every preacher, who is sedulous in improving the sentiments, affections, and conduct of his auditors. Mr. Harrison has discussed them briefly but forcibly; and he every where shows himself a judicious and able, a clear and impressive instructor in the way of righteousness. There is nothing overstrained or hyperbolical in the thoughts, nothing flimsy, conceited, or Pharisaical in the manner; nor is there any vain parade of sensibility or eloquence. Good sense, and earnest piety, are the predominant characteristics of these posthumous discourses of a Christian minister of sound judgment, polished taste, and estimable disposition.

We will exhibit two or three specimens of Mr. Harrison's discourses. In the excellent sermon on the duties of masters and servants, the preacher, after some very pertinent general remarks, notices more particularly those peculiar obligations which the relative situation of servants

imposes on the conscience. The first of these which is mentioned is

'*diligence*. Whatever industry the master may reasonably expect, the servant is bound to exert. Sloth and indolence are not only dishonourable in themselves, but are a direct violation of the mutual contract. The master has the same right to the time and labour of the servant, that the servant has to the support and recompense which he receives. And it is equally an injury in the one to be negligent and remiss, as it would be in the other to detract from the stipulated wages. Fidelity requires that the servant should consider the interest of the master as his own; that he should carefully execute the charge he has undertaken; that no business be neglected or delayed beyond its proper season, nor mismanaged through heedlessness and unconcern.

'Secondly, Care and diligence should be accompanied with perfect *integrity*. It is easily seen that dishonesty, which in all persons is base and criminal, becomes peculiarly so in the character of a servant. It is to repay protection with injury, and to add treachery to injustice. A good servant will not only abhor those instances of fraud which are punishable by law, but he will make conscience of others that do not easily pass under human jurisdiction. He will be as scrupulous in private as before witnesses. He will not secrete or embezzle the property committed to his care. He will not suffer others to wrong or injure his master. To connive at their dishonesty, he justly apprehends is to partake of the guilt: to conceal their fraud, is to be an accessary in the crime.

'To this quality we may add thirdly, *frugality*. The duty of a servant requires particular attention to this virtue. It not only forbids him directly to defraud, but it prohibits unnecessary waste and profusion. It is a species of theft to indulge luxury and pride at the expence, and against the approbation of the master. The injury to him is the same, and it springs from a dishonest principle. It is absurd to plead the largeness of the master's income in excuse for carelessness and extravagance. Whatever be the income, *their* tendency is to create distress and ruin. And it will by no means justify the *wasting*, any more than the *stealing* of his property. It is incumbent upon the faithful servant to avoid unnecessary expence; and in supplying the place of his master, to protect, secure, and improve his substance, as far as he has opportunity or ability.

'Lastly there is required a peaceable, kind, and gentle behaviour. *With good will doing service* says the apostle; and in another place, *exhort servants to be obedient unto their masters, and to please them well in all things.* A good servant will respect the peace and happiness of those with whom he is connected. He will pay suitable honour and deference to his master,

be courteous and obliging in his manner, and avoid that rudeness, obstinacy, and sullenness, which may justly provoke or offend. The value of his services will be heightened by the way in which they are performed. He will be submissive to the rules, and attentive to the order of domestic government. He will think it base and dishonourable to slander the reputation, or to divulge the secrets of the family with which he resides. He will make candid allowance for the frailty and imperfection that belong to human nature; and crown his fidelity with that charity which is *the bond of perfectness, the end of the commandment, and the fulfilling of the law.*'

The reciprocal duties of masters are then explained with perspicuity and recommended with cogency. Many of the remarks may be trite and familiar; but who could expect novelty on such a subject? and the solid bullion of ancient Christian truth is always more valuable, though perhaps less fashionable, than the fallacious tinsel of puritanical innovation. To explain the duties of masters and servants in a clear and interesting manner, and to enforce the practice with an energy which is likely to touch the conscience is to render more real service to mankind than can be done by preaching for days, months, or years on ambiguous doctrines, which he, who recommends, cannot define; and he, who hears, cannot make conducive to any practical good. The following are a few of our author's remarks on the duty of a master to his servants.

'His authority should not be tyrannical, nor his commands rigorous and severe. It is an abuse of power to require an unreasonable servitude; to expect that incessant toil and labour which consume the strength, exhaust the spirits, and destroy the comfort of life. It is cruel and inhuman to regard servants without sympathy or sensibility; to have an eye to their labour and not to their satisfaction. The master is in duty bound to make *their yoke easy and their burden light*; he is to expect service but not slavery; to regard their capacity and ability; to pay attention to their health, comfort, and repose.

'I add thirdly, that he should avoid asperity of language, and insolence of manner. It is unmanly and ungenerous to take advantage of the dependant state of another; to subject him to our outrageous passion, or to our contempt and scorn. It is dishonourable and shocking for a master to break forth into a torrent of phrensy and reproach, because he expects not to be opposed. It is base and cowardly to insult those who are not in a condition to return the insult. Where a proper disposition prevails, kindness and affability will temper his authority; true dignity will inspire mildness and condescension; and he

will give his commands, in a manner that tends to oblige rather than to disgust, and to add to the fidelity of a servant the zeal and affection of a friend. Nor will he refuse to make candid allowance for their errors and mistakes. And as he is not hasty to suspect or accuse, so he will not be severe on their faults, nor unwilling to forgive.

'Lastly, He will be attentive to their highest interests. He will consider himself as the guardian of their morals; and not only keep them out of the way of sin and temptation, but by advice and example, encouragement and reproof, incite and animate them to *every good word and work.*'

The sermon on the text, 'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,' and preached on the 1st of January, 1803, contains some pleasing specimens of the devout manner and affectionate sentiments of the author. After enumerating various ways in which God manifests his goodness throughout the year, and insisting on several topics of grateful acknowledgement, Mr. Harrison proceeds.

'The past year has perhaps been crowned with *prosperity.* He has blessed the labour of our hands, he has increased our substance, he has given success to our undertakings, he has rescued us from difficulties and dangers, he has *healed our sicknesses and diseases,* and *delivered our souls from death, our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling.* He has preserved our families and habitation, and *suffered no plague to come nigh our dwelling.*

'His *awful providence* perhaps visited us in former years. We beheld the parent, whom we honoured, the child, whom we loved, or the partner of our bosom, sinking under mortal disease. We witnessed the painful steps by which they terminated their earthly pilgrimage. We saw their beauty wither, their spirits waste, their strength consume, till at length they were torn from our embrace, and consigned to the silent mansions of the grave. We bowed with meek submission to the will of heaven, whilst our hearts were overwhelmed with anguish. Their beloved image continually recurred to the mind. With every scene and object to which they had been accustomed, we associated the remembrance of their loss. Their vacant seat, their deserted station, renewed the tear of sorrow. *We sought them but they could not be found, and the place which had known them knew them no more.* But this has been a year of *sparing mercy.* No awful breach has been made in our families. We have been preserved to participate in domestic felicity, and to celebrate the divine goodness.

'Yet in the present state, no outward prosperity is stable and permanent. *Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.* You have perhaps experienced a year of *deep affliction.* You have met with disappointment in your worldly affairs, your

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plans have failed of success, and been frustrated by unforeseen causes. They, whom you esteemed your friends, have proved false and treacherous, and deserted you in the day of your calamity. Your domestic comforts have been invaded. You have been called upon to resign those that were near and dear to you, united by the bonds of nature and of friendship. But the goodness of God has accompanied you, and turned your calamities into blessings. *As your day was, so your strength has been.* He has given you consolation and support beyond your hope. Your afflictions have been attended with happy consequences. They have corrected your false ideas, humbled your foolish pride, mortified your sinful inclinations, strengthened and refined your virtue, drawn you to a closer communication with your heavenly Father, and prepared you for the region of unclouded happiness. So that you can truly say, *Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest. It is good for me that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.'*

The great duty of *forgiveness* is placed on its proper footing, and enforced by all the motives which are likely to impress the obligation or to recommend the practice. In the following, that practice is rightly shown to be agreeable to our interest, as far as interest consists in the absence of those emotions and sentiments, which are most apt to disturb and corrode the heart; and in the presence of those more pleasurable sensations which are the constituents, or the product of moral self-satisfaction.

'The gratification of a revengeful spirit is incompatible with a regard to personal happiness. It has been remarked of all vicious tempers of mind, that they are in some degree their own punishment; but this is particularly the case with respect to a spirit of revenge. An ill-natured unforgiving disposition is sure to involve us in an endless series of quarrels and distresses; nay we often suffer more from such a temper, than from the injury itself. In acts of severity, even when the design is laudable and the motive good, there is to a generous mind, something that occasions pain and uneasiness. What then must be the tortures of him who is inflamed by a spirit of revenge? I appeal to the recollection of those who have at any time been under the influence of this dreadful passion. Did not every amiable and pleasing affection withdraw from your heart, and leave it a prey to painful and tormenting sensations? Were you not incapable of self-enjoyment, of fulfilling the duties, or relishing the pleasures of life? Were you not unfit for engaging in devotional exercises, for *holding communion with God*, or conversing with your own heart? If the recollection of these dark moments can give uneasiness, how distressing must have been the reality! Can we figure to ourselves a situation more painful,

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more wretched, more disgraceful to human nature? If then we value the peace and happinesss of our minds, it becomes us to banish the sentiments of revenge, and to cultivate that *spirit of love*, in which, as the apostle observes, *there is no torment.*'

The sermon on the text, 'I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were,' though it contains, as might be expected, many common places on the fallacy of hope, and the calamities of life, cannot well be read without some vibrations of tenderness and devotion.

These sermons are not protracted to a tedious length. They are as brief and compressed as is consistent with the purposes of useful admonition. A drawling and tiresome loquacity is never a very agreeable quality; but it cannot be more out of place than in the sanctuary of Him who knows our thoughts and sees the exact correspondence between the motions of the heart and of the lips.

ART. VII.—*Historical Sketches of Politics and Public Men, for the Year* 1812. *To be continued Annually.* London: Longman, 1813. 8vo. 7s.

THESE sketches are executed so as to render it in some degree doubtful to what class of politicians the writer belongs. He has mingled praise with censure and censure with praise in speaking of different parties and their different chiefs; and, whether real or affected, has throughout exhibited such an appearance of impartiality, and such a tone of moderation, as almost to leave us in suspense respecting the bias of his political sympathies. The writer appears a sort of *ambigu* in politics. He occasionally eulogizes or condemns both the *ins* and the *outs*, both the ministers and their opponents; but, on a close examination and carefully adjusting the balance of his likes and dislikes, his praises and his reproofs, we are disposed to think that his peculiar temperament, as a political writer, is one in which the Tory predominates over the Whig; and that the gentlemen at present in office have more of his regard than those who formed what is commonly called the *Talents Administration*. But, perhaps, the councils to which the author would most wish to behold the government confided, are those in which my

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Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning should be commanders in-chief with the present men as their underlings and subordinates.—But, as we said above, the writer, whoever he may be, has, for the most part, so neutralized his sentiments and so diluted his praise with one hand and his censure with the other, that it is not very easy to fix with precision the articles of his political creed, or to determine to what genus of politicians he belongs.

We are far from thinking that the author of these sketches is a man of little or contemptible abilities. On the contrary we consider him as a person of considerable talents; and have been both pleased and edified by some of his remarks. But perhaps many of his readers will wish that he had been less of an *ambigu*; for there is something in this kind of character, particularly in the busy drama of political life, which is apt to excite the suspicion of interested design, and to mark the prudential calculation of selfish views. We do not regard parties any more than as they are another name for principles; but when parties are identified with principles, and when not to favour the one is to oppose the other, the man who wavers between them, and who inclines now a little one way and then a little to the other, and keeps a sort of zig-zag direction between the right and the left, and the left and the right, betrays a sort of vacillating disposition, which, if it do not mark imbecility of character, is hardly compatible with that plain, down-right, unequivocating integrity, which alone merits our confidence, and commands our esteem either in public or in private life.

This work is distributed under the following general heads.

'I. General View of the Character of the different Parties. II. Ministerial and Party Changes during the Year. III. The Foreign Policy of Great Britain. IV. Buonaparte and the French Empire. V. The Campaign in the Peninsula. VI. Russian Politics,—Campaign in the North. VII. America, and the Orders in Council. VIII. Ireland, and the Catholic Question. IX. The East India Company. X. The Question of Peace.'

In his view of the State of Parties, the writer speaks as follows of Mr. Canning.

'Of all the members of this ministry,' (meaning that which succeeded the *Talents* in 1807) 'Mr. Canning was undoubtedly the most brilliant. The present age cannot, perhaps, boast of a statesman of higher accomplishments. Eloquence, wit, genius, conspire in elevating him to this distinguished rank. No one, perhaps, feels more warmly for the interests and honour of his

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country, or has viewed with a more comprehensive eye their connection with the general welfare of Europe. A disciple of Pitt, whose tenets he adopted with almost romantic ardour, he was, doubtless, a main instrument in calling forth that sound and enlarged system of foreign policy, which has thrown lustre on the administration with which he was connected. For all these reasons, we greatly regret, that he should no longer hold a place in the public councils. Yet, as the best statesmen are subject to infirmity, there are certain recollections which cannot fail to diminish our confidence in Mr. Canning as a Minister. He must undoubtedly have given his sanction to the ill-planned expeditions, and fatal selection of commanders, which led to the Convention of Cintra, and the miserable failure at Walcheren. His concurrence in these instances can the less be excused, since there actually appears to have prevailed among the other Ministers, such a respect for his judgment, and such a dread of his defection, as would have induced them to adopt any measure which he might have chosen to make the condition of his continuance in office. By what infatuation then, after having made a successful stand against the appointment of one unpopular commander, could he give his consent to that of another, whose incapacity was much more obvious? We cannot believe that Mr. Canning approved, or willingly consented to these proceedings; still was it a most blameable facility which could induce him, contrary to his own better judgment, finally to lend them his countenance.

'There is another exception which we are compelled to make, and it relates to the particular department in which Mr. Canning was employed. The state papers, indeed, published during his administration, and understood to have been the productions of his pen, are truly admirable, and display a majestic eloquence almost unrivalled in such compositions. With respect to those which he drew up in his diplomatic capacity, our opinion is rather different; nor is he exactly the man we could wish to see conducting the negociations of the British empire.'

Though my Lord Castlereagh is characterized as wanting 'those comprehensive views, which are essential to the formation of grand schemes of operation,' he is stated to have

'plain sense, activity in his official duties, diligence and accuracy in all the details of business. These,' adds the author, 'fitted him to occupy a station in any administration, provided it contained another individual endowed with higher qualities to take the lead.'

After canvassing the merits of the late respectable Mr. Perceval, the author appears to have formed the same opinion concerning him as we believe was expressed by the Marquis Wellesley, that he was 'formed rather for

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a subordinate member of an administration than for the head;' and was 'a clever man rather than a great minister.' After expressing some doubt on the morality of the pretext upon which Lord Wellesley annexed Oude and the Carnatic to the British dominions, the writer says, that

'as a war minister, for planning and conducting military operations, he is not only superior to all his cotemporaries, but stands absolutely alone. To determine the mode, and the places in which the war may be most successfully carried on; to suit the magnitude of an expedition to its object; and to appoint the persons best qualified to command it; this is a science in which no living statesman can rival Lord Wellesley.'

'* * * In considering then the present aspect of the world, when every hope of peace seems to have withdrawn into the distance, and when *bella, horrida bella,* arise on every side, we conceive the services of this nobleman to be of the last importance; and we almost apprehend, that any administration, of which he formed a member, would, for that single reason, be better than any other.'

The writer remarks the tendency in British politicians to appreciate the merits of statesmen by the fallacious criterion of their oratorical powers; and he intimates that the want of talents in Lord Wellesley for the extemporaneous promptitude of parliamentary debate weakened his influence in the cabinet, and sunk him in the estimation of the public and of his colleagues.

Of the administration, of which Lord Grenville was placed at the head, the writer says that 'no ministry ever exhibited more manifest symptoms of imbecility; and scarcely could the most ardent of its votaries assert that any thing had been done corresponding to their high expectations.' After more of a similar tendency on this subject, he at last turns round to pass the following high compliment on Lord Grenville who sat at the helm of those councils which, according to him, manifested such '*symptoms of imbecility*.'

'There is certainly no one among our present race of statesmen who possesses a higher respectability both of public and private character, than Lord Grenville. Experience, integrity, and a lofty sense of honour, form its well established basis. His talents place him, if not in the first class, certainly at the very head of the second. The speeches made by him, as prime minister, particularly pleased us. They contained that dignified and candid exposition of the motives by which he was guided, that appeared best to become the situation in which he stood.

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They were devoid of that flippancy and invective from which our parliamentary speakers can seldom refrain. No one perhaps is better qualified to be the representative of the national aristocracy.'

After the above ample commendation of the great statesman-like qualifications of Lord Grenville, and of his fitness for high official dignity, the writer qualifies his panegyric by declaring that there is one circumstance which makes him earnestly deprecate the restoration of that nobleman to political power.

The author afterwards proceeds to characterize the popular party, on which he makes some acute and judicious observations.

'The democracy of the present day, appears to us undoubtedly safer than that which arose under the influence of the French revolution. It does not absolutely point at the subversion of the established order; nor, unless in some few and partial instances, has it given rise to any public disorder. Yet was there something noble and generous in the frenzy of the former spirit, which is not to be found in the patriotism of our reigning demagogues. It was connected with bold and extensive views of legislation; it was combined with an enthusiastic zeal for science, and with even romantic speculations concerning the progress and improvement of the human mind. But there is nothing elevated in modern patriotism: no science, no philosophy; no disinterested zeal for the general welfare. It seeks merely to gratify the two lowest passions of the multitude; the love of scandal, and the love of money. It teaches them to expect principally that some part of that which is now taken out of their pockets, may be allowed to remain in them.

'In estimating more particularly the character of this party, we may mention, as its most prominent feature, the habit of indiscriminately decrying all who hold any place in the administration, or any influence in the national councils. Their fundamental principle is, that all public men are profligate, and all equally so; all public measures alike ruinous; the national good equally disregarded in the cabinet and in the senate.—The benefits of such sentiments are obvious and certain. Abuse of the great has always, to the bulk of readers, been the most amusing of subjects; and no composition can be equally palatable, with that which is seasoned with this ingredient. It seems to avenge them of that mortifying disparity, which birth or fortune has placed between them. In amusing themselves at the expense of persons standing in such high situations, they rise in their own estimation; they seem to become greater men than those they despise. Thus the fruit, and perhaps the motive, of this strain of invective, is not difficult to discover. In regard to its tendency, we may observe, that to pronounce judgment with-

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out fear or reserve on all who sway the councils of their country, is the pride of Englishmen; the privilege and the duty of every public writer and orator. Such an expression, fairly and candidly made, would form a most powerful check on the conduct of public men.—But in order that it may produce its effect, it seems absolutely necessary, that some distinction should be made, between actions which are meritorious, and those which are otherwise. If a minister is certain, that whatever his conduct may be, it will be equally reprobated and vilified by the popular leaders, the dread of their censure ceases to be any check. Whatever his measures are, the result is the same. He has nothing left but to follow his own plan, and to present to them an iron front of indifference. Thus the advantage which might be derived from a body of men who, unconnected with party, passed an independent judgment on public measures, is almost entirely lost.'

'* * * Upon the whole, though we entertain no high idea of this party, we are not altogether sorry that it should exist. A certain portion of this spirit, seconded as it is by a numerous body throughout the nation, serves as some check upon the abuses of power. It may force ministers to study economy in the disposal of the public money, and to act with caution in all their proceedings, to which, generally speaking, they are not very prone. We should be sorry indeed to see them taking the lead in public affairs; but have no particular objection to their exerting a moderate influence, such as they have done and are likely to do.'

The author warmly reprobates that indiscriminate abuse which it is too much the fashion to heap on all persons in official situations, as if they were all equally unprincipled and unjust. He has shown with much good sense the mischief which such calumny in the gross must occasion; and the callous insensibility to the verdict of public opinion which it is likely to produce. The writer mentions it as a tenet inculcated by the same class of politicians, that 'no instruction is necessary to enable any one to form an opinion upon public affairs;' and that the capacity for doing this, demands 'no depth of reflection; no cultivation of mind; and no philosophical habits.' Politics, in whatever light they may be considered, cannot well be regarded as a mere series of self-evident propositions, or an assemblage of plain and incontestable truths!—If we were to consider government merely in the paternal character, which it does not always merit, and were to suppose that it consulted the good of its subjects with as much sincerity and tenderness as a father does that of his children, politics might then be viewed principally as employed in discovering the mean

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by which the greatest sum of national happiness can be produced. Now, let us ask, is this a very simple consideration? Does it present itself as if by intuition to every capacity? Is it not on the contrary in the highest degree difficult and complex? First consider the discordant elements out of which this common happiness is to be produced. A state is composed of jarring interests and conflicting passions, of adverse parties and jealous sects; and it is from this heterogeneous mass of warring elements, out of which the persons at the helm of the government have to extract the greatest possible quantity of public good. When the problem is so intricate and difficult, surely many persons even of the most upright intentions may err in the solution without any reasonable imputation upon their probity.

Even if we were to suppose statesmen in general to be actuated by some less worthy principle then that of the public good, it would still be unjust to make them all the object of indiscriminate abuse. For even the selfish principle takes different directions in different individuals; and very different is the effect according to the direction which it takes. In some it is absorbed in the pursuit of fame, and in others in that of wealth. In the first it is frequently sublimed into something liberal and high minded; whilst in the last it is degraded to the most sordid and grovelling character. But shall we represent both these states of mind in the politician as equally degenerate and corrupt? Where men act from mixed motives let us at least give to virtue what is virtue's due.

Of the negociations for a change of ministry which took place during the year 1812, it is well known that that which was entrusted to Lord Moira, which, at one time, seemed to promise a favourable termination, was broken off upon a point of comparatively subordinate importance. This was the removal of the officers of the household. The Lords Grey and Grenville required their dismission, to which Lord Moira refused to accede. The author, having allowed that it has been the common practice to change the persons holding these situations on a change of ministry, yet condemns Lord Grenville for insisting on it as a point of primary importance in the circumstances of which we are speaking.

'We do not,' says he, 'see, therefore, the constitutional necessity of this removal; we are doubtful, moreover, as to the policy of it, with a view to the preservation of the party in power. The Prince certainly was greatly attached to these

persons; perhaps too much so; into that question we do not enter. It appears also, that their influence with him was likely to be employed in a manner unfavourable to the new administration. But was there any reason to expect, that their removal from office would remove them also from the good graces of his Royal Highness? It could only serve to increase their zeal to overthrow the men who had expelled them, and thereby render their seat in power more than ever insecure. Would it not have been wiser then by suffering them to continue, to mitigate, if possible, or extinguish an hostility, which could not cease to be formidable?'

If the prince felt the retention of these persons in their situations in the household, necessary to his personal comfort, it has been remarked, that it was no more than a proper act of deference to him not to insist on their dismission, particularly when that dismission, even if it had been conceded, would probably only have increased their influence with the prince, and would, from the outset, have estranged him from his ministers. On the contrary, it has been said that, if the two noble lords, (Grey and Grenville) had shown a disposition to yield to the wishes of the Prince in this tender point, he might probably have been more easily led to yield to them in affairs of greater magnitude, and much more intimately connected with the public interest. The pertinacity of purpose which they, the Lords Grey and Grenville, evinced in this instance, was no doubt, in their breasts, the impulse of honourable principle; but, while it served to disgust the Prince, did it tend to elevate them in the estimation of the public? The public in general thought their conduct a too rigid adherence to comparatively trivial punctilios, when great national interests were at stake.

We were much pleased with some of the remarks which the author has made on the foreign policy of Great Britain. Those which we are going to extract are in close unison with our own. We have often maintained that nations are to each other, in respect to the reciprocal duties of justice and humanity, in the relative situation of individuals. And as it is the duty of one individual, according to his ability and his circumstances, to succour another in distress, so we hold it to be the duty of nations with respect to each other, to deliver the weak from the oppression of the strong; and as much as possible to make justice and humanity respected amongst all. If the spirit of this principle actuated the majority of the European governments, it would in itself form the best code of

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public law; and be the best security for its observance. But let us hear our author.

'That justice should be maintained between nation and nation, in the same manner as between man and man, is a proposition, the converse of which may now be considered as exploded. But it is not so fully admitted, that nations are bound to cultivate between each other the relations of benevolence. It has even been treated as chimerical to suppose, that the councils of any one people should be guided by other views than those of its own particular interest. After the most deliberate consideration, however, we are quite unable to perceive any distinction between the two cases. A neighbour, in the christian and philauthropic eye, is merely another individual endowed with the same common nature; nations are merely aggregates of such individuals. One nation, therefore, appears to us bound to sacrifice some portion of its comforts, in order to produce a much greater good to another nation, in the very same manner as an individual is bound to perform the like office to his suffering neighbour. Until we see some solid argument to the contrary, we shall not be deterred by the epithet *romantic*, which may be applied to this opinion. All virtue is termed romantic by those who are strangers to it. We insist, on the contrary, that the obligation of mutual aid, is more incumbent and more wanted in the case of nations, than in that of individuals. In the interior of a well constituted society, the laws are powerful to prevent any essential injury being done by one man to another. But when a mighty potentate oppresses his weaker neighbours, there exists no legal remedy. There is no tribunal on earth to judge the masters of mankind. Unless, therefore, a remedy be found, by nations affording to each other spontaneous aid, injustice and usurpation must reign uncontrouled.'

From the present circumstances of the war, from the principle of honourable union which seems established amongst the allies, and particularly from the enthusiastic spirit which has been kindled against the domination of the French, we are inclined to augur much more favourably than we did a few months ago, of the probable reduction of the overgrown power of France, within her ancient limits. We may now hope, with some degree of confidence, that that balance of power will be again restored amongst the European states which existed previously to the French revolution. But in proportion as France made an approach to the design which she had long cherished of universal monarchy, or at least so long as she was so paramount in Europe as to tower like a Colossus over other states, it was vain to expect any thing

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like the establishment of a system of reciprocal justice, and a mutual check upon the inordinate cravings of individual ambition in the great family of the European nations.

ART. VIII.—*The Bees; a Poem in Four Books. With Notes, Moral, Political, and Philosophical. By John Evans, M. D. &c. Book III. 4to. 7s.* London: Longman.

SUCH a long interval has elapsed since the second book of this poem was published, that we had almost forgotten that it remained to be finished. We noticed the last number in our Review, vol. XIV. page 300, in which we expressed a hope that Dr. Evans would divest himself of the close imitation of Dr. Darwin's style. Dr. Evans, however, verifies the old proverb of 'proffered service,'—for he certainly has not heeded our wholesome advice. He is still *Darwinic;* but, without producing the same interest, which that poet cannot fail to excite when deprived of some of that fulsome sweetness of which we have frequently complained.

This Third Book of Dr. Evans's Bees, is written with the same ease of versification as the former parts; and may be called equal to them; but it never rises to superiority. It cannot be said of the poetical power of Dr. E. that, vires acquirit eundo. With regard to the interest of the whole, we are however inclined to think that the third book of this mellifluous poem may claim a preference to the second. Our ingenious author has provided an agreeable repast for the botanist; and the botanical matter in his notes is very entertaining and edifying. But as the Bees are the first *personages* of consequence in the poem, we shall extract the following description of the Queen Bee surveying the toils of her labourers, and the construction of the cells.

'Still happier they, whose favour'd ken hath seen
Pace slow and silent round the state's fair queen,
In gaze attentive while the joyous crowd
Bend lowly, as she moves, with plaudits loud,
And even the busy toilers pause awhile,
To bask enraptur'd in their sovereign's smile.
Well pleas'd she marks the light-fang'd artists crawl,
Tracing with gluey streak their embryo wall,

And smiles complacent, while o'er many a prop
Of *living* steps they scale the vault's high top.
These in firm phalanx ply their twinkling feet,
Stretch out the ductile mass, and form the street,
With many a cross-way path and postern gate,
That shorten to their range the spreading state.
Those with sharp sickle, or with sharper tooth,
Pare each excrescence, and each angle smooth,
Till now in finish'd pride, two radiant rows
Of snow-white cells one mutual base disclose.
Six shining pannels gird each polish'd round,
The door's fine rim with waxen fillet bound,
While walls so thin, with sister walls combin'd,
Weak in themselves, a sure dependence find.'

The royal cells are built last. And these are supposed to be the cradles of the infant Queens. In the formation of these cells the bees forego their usual economy.

' For their lov'd queen her mansion of the year,
No more by wary thriftiness imprest,
They grace with lavish pomp their royal guest,
Nor heed the wasted wax, or rifted cell,
To bid with fretted round the imperial palace swell.
Yet, no fond dupes to slavish zeal resign'd,
They link with industry the royal mind.
Flown is each vagrant chief? They raze the dome
That bent oppressive o'er the fetter'd comb,
And on its knotted base fresh garners raise,
Where toil secure her well-earn'd treasure lays.
But when to finished prime the fabric grows,
And the last embryos court a short repose,
Again on pious wing the mothers fly,
With foodful loads to heap the hollow'd thigh,
Again with sweets to fill the ready comb,
From flower to flower the brisk purveyors roam.
And plains sad Chloris how these spoilers steal
From her ripe crests the vivifying meal,
Pare the thin films that shield her anther'd reign,
And all her nectar'd cells insatiate drain!
No! kind intruders, all reserv'd for you
She pours thro' honey'd horn her luscious dew,
While, grateful for the rich repast, ye shed
Fresh showers prolific round her genial bed.
Ah! now, in full-blown pride while summer beams,
And burst from every pore nectareous streams,
Ere the mild twins to fiery solstice yield,
And scythe or sickle glitter o'er the field,
With trunk and talon keen, ye restless throng,
Thro' the late lingering ray your work prolong.'

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Our author, after describing the loves of the bees, gives us the following account of the massacre of the Drones.

'Devoted Drones! already hath the Muse
Shed o'er your doom her sympathetic dews,
And still she marks you with foreboding spring
Dart thro' the door, and ply the hurried wing.
But where, alas! sad outcasts shall ye flee,
To shun the stroke of stern necessity?
E'en should your art the keen pursuit evade,
And safe ye reach some solitary glade,
Where no rude spoiler yet hath chanced to stray,
But bloomful August sheds a second May,
For pleasure solely form'd, in vain ye try
With trunk unskill'd to drain the blue-bell's eye;
And vain, with hunger faint returning home,
Ye seek a scanty pittance from the comb,
Thence the sharp strokes of angry wings resound,
And rave in screamings shrill the matrons round,
With fangs infuriate seize each kindred male,
And hurl their mangled corses to the gale.

* * * * *

Nor ceasing here, they wreak their vengeful rage
Even on the young Aurelia's helpless age,
Tear the crude bee-nymph from her silk-lined cell,
And crush the half-form'd embryo in its shell.'

This seeming act of cruelty in the bees is to ward off the dire effects of famine during the winter season—so that they do not keep one member in the hive more than they can maintain with ease. Very numerous and diversified are the other subjects on which the author touches at more or less length in the present book. The work is addressed to the Right Honourable Lady Eleanor Butler and to Miss Ponsonby; and to these ladies the author pays some elegant and well-deserved compliments.

ART. IX.—*A general View of the Agriculture of the East Riding of Yorkshire; published by Order of the Board of Agriculture. By H. E. Strickland, of Righton, Esq.* York: Wilson. London: Mawman, 1812, 8vo. 12s.

WHATEVER opinions some persons may entertain respecting the merits of the Board of Agriculture, we think that the accounts which, under their direction, have been published of the state of agriculture in the different counties, have contributed to form altogether, a body of

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very valuable information, not merely on agricultural, but on other associated subjects. The nature and varieties of the soil of the different counties, the different modes of tillage, the rates of labour, the condition of the peasantry, the provision for the poor, the division of property, the number of gentry, the state of the population, the poor's rates, the products, both vegetable and animal, the prices of provisions, and a multitude of other important particulars, are all, in general, accurately described in these agricultural surveys. And indeed, in many respects, they furnish us with details of more real interest and more general usefulness, respecting the several counties, than are to be found in many county histories of great bulk and enormous price. The present Agricultural View of the East Riding of the County of Yorkshire, by Mr. Strickland, is not by any means one of the least valuable of that important class of works to which it belongs, either in respect to the matter which it contains, or the manner in which it is executed. It is indeed a very respectable performance; and does credit to the diligence, good sense, and discriminating mind of the writer.

It cannot be expected that we should notice this work much in detail; as it is composed of too many particulars to admit of a regular analysis within moderate limits; and to give a mere dry enumeration of the contents, though it would be easy to us, would to the general reader be destitute of interest.

A large part of the surface of the East Riding of Yorkshire is composed of what are called 'The Wolds.' The climate of these Wolds, from their elevated and exposed site, is said to be 'severe and variable;' but the inhabitants are not often subject to epidemic maladies, and frequently attain to a vigorous old age.

The chalk soil, which is spread over a large part of England, beginning with the southern coast,

'terminates at last in this Riding in a bold and lofty front to the north. Beyond this, northward, there is no chalk in the island. The chalk is not more than half a mile in breadth where it crosses the river Humber; but expanding as it proceeds northward, it occupies from Flamborough Head, westward, an extent of about 27 miles, and from north to south upwards of 30 miles.'

The following may serve to exemplify the great depth to which the bed of chalk extends, without any, or at least with very little interruption. At Huggate, says the author in a note at p. 14,

'a well has been sunk in the chalk rock to the depth of 348 feet, without cutting through it, or meeting with any other substance, excepting occasionally a thin stratum of flint.'

Landed property is described as less 'divided in the East Riding than in other parts of the county.' Many of the estates have belonged to the families of the present owners for many generations; and some of them from the time of the conqueror. The lands in this Riding are generally freehold. 'Copyhold tenures were heretofore very frequent, but few now remain, and they are gradually diminishing.' The author says that 'the tenure of Borough English, by which unbequeathed lands and tenements descend to the youngest son, daughter, &c. occurs in the manor of Skidby;' and a considerable property in this manor is now vested in the youngest of four sisters of the name of Ellerker, owing to the former possessor having died without making any testamentary disposition of his property.

From the statement of our author we learn that the number of resident gentry in the East Riding has experienced a considerable diminution during the last century. In the beginning of that century when Warburton published his Map of Yorkshire, he surrounded it with the coats of arms of the different noblemen and gentlemen; and in which all their mansion-houses were particularly enumerated. From this document Mr. Strickland shews that there were at that time one hundred and twenty-four mansion-houses,

'where there are now only seventy-four; a diminution of about two-fifths in the last century. That this account of Warburton's is right there can be little doubt, as most of the families are yet known to have existed, and vestiges of most of their mansion-houses may still be traced.'

Upon this fact Mr. Strickland remarks that 'so many people do not desert the place of their birth, or allow the seat of their ancestors to go to ruin except from necessity;' and the origin of this necessity he traces to the political system which has been pursued for the last century; by which he seems to think that the landed interest has been sacrificed to the commercial. We feel no inclination at present to enter upon a discussion of this hypothesis, though we think that much might be said on the other side.

It appears that tithes are not frequently taken in kind in this Riding. The numerous acts of inclosure, which have been passed during the last half century, have con-

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tributed greatly to prevent this practice. In the last acts of inclosure, land has been generally allotted to the clergyman in lieu of tythes; and, in some cases, they have been exchanged for a corn-rent. The substitution of a corn-rent seems, upon the whole, not an ineligible measure, as it effectually prevents that diminution in the income of the clergy, which a money-payment, owing to the depreciation of the circulating medium, would be always liable to produce. The author makes some weighty objections against the appropriation of land to the clergy instead of tithes; and we are inclined to think, upon the whole, that such a mode of ecclesiastical provision, if it were adopted, would ultimately prove pernicious both to the clergy and to the community. The author, in a note, mentions another mode of commutation for tithes, which has, in one instance, been 'adopted in an act of parliament.' This is the payment to the clergyman of

'one-sixth of the real rental actually reserved to the landlord, as the commutation for all tithes, great and small; the rector or vicar having a power to examine the agreement in all cases where he has reason to suspect collusion; and in all cases where the land is held in occupation by the owner, or any near connection of the owner, the clergyman to have power to demand a valuation to be made every seventh or ninth year, by an able professional land-valuer jointly appointed, or by two such persons, one appointed by each, in which case the two so appointed shall, before they proceed to the discharge of their office, nominate an umpire in case they should disagree.'

The author has not been very copious in his details respecting the poor-rates, in which he complains of the insufficient supply of information. He has however given a particular account of the progress and state of this rate in the parish of Hunmanby, from a communication by Mr. Wrangham.

The total expenditure on account of the poor in the East Riding, in the year ending Easter, 1803, appears to have been - - - - - - - - - £35,430 5 6½

The medium average of the same expenditure in the years ending Easter, 1783, 1784, 1785, amounted only to 11,283 7 5

But in the year ending Easter, 1776, the collective disbursements on account of the poor, did not exceed 7,771 11 6

In the above we probably have proof both of the increase of pauperism and of the depreciation of money.

'The resident population of the East Riding of the county

of York, in the year 1801, appears from the population abstract to have been 139,433,' so that, at that time, 'the number of parishioners relieved from the poor's rate,' appeared 'to be seven in a hundred of the resident population.'

'The area of the East Riding of the county of York (according to the latest authorities) appears to be 1,268 square statute miles, equal to 811,520 statute acres. Wherefore, the number of inhabitants in each square mile (containing 640 acres) averages at 110 persons.'

The following is our author's picture of the general state of the East Riding, before inclosures had changed the face of the country.

'The country was heretofore entirely open, with the exception of a few small garths attached to the respective villages. Of these villages each was surrounded by a large arable field, which was proportioned into several "*falls*" or divisions, annually cultivated in a fixed rotation of crops. Beyond this, was an "out-field," cultivated only occasionally, but serving as a stray for sheep, when not in cultivation; and a large extent of sheep-walk, which never was tilled, but stocked in proportion to the quantity of arable land possessed by each individual.'

At p. 110 we are told that 'the system of naked fallows is still maintained throughout the whole of this Riding.' If we may estimate the improvements in agriculture by the addition which they make to the productive powers of the land, one of the greatest seems to be the modern substitution of green crops for the more ancient practice of fallowing. The whole land is thus kept constantly employed; and the quantity of food which is produced, is considerably increased. We do not believe that that indolent repose of the productive powers of the land which a fallow supposes, is ever requisite; and where fallowing is practised, it is either through a prejudiced attachment to old customs, or through ignorance of a better mode. Where fallows are necessary to recover the land from the effects of exhaustion occasioned by overcropping, or to prepare it for the reception of a crop of wheat, there are several green crops by which this end might be accomplished with more advantage than by a naked fallow. Some crops of this kind are now cultivated, which were quite unknown a few years ago; which seem to have the effect of mellowing or fertilizing, rather than of impoverishing the soil; and it is probable that more of this kind of crops will hereafter be introdnced. Hence, perhaps, that practice of fallowing, by which so much land was annually rendered unproductive, will come at last to

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be entirely discontinued; and that perpetual vegetable activity will be restored to the earth of which it is susceptible; and which the greatest good of its inhabitants requires.

The following shows the great change which has taken place in the habits of the East Riding with respect to the bread in common use within less than half a century.

'Previously to the last forty years, about which time the inclosures in the East Riding first commenced, and introduced a prodigious alteration in the system of agriculture, bread made of barley and peas, was universally used in all the farm-houses, and amongst all the lower orders on the Wolds; and in some places on the clay-lands, where beans were more generally cultivated than peas, barley and beans were mixed; the former made an excellent, nutritious, and palatable bread; the latter had a stronger and less pleasant flavour, if many beans were used, but was equally nutritious and wholesome. Both were leavened or fermented, and made moist and light bread, the dryness and heaviness of barley-meal being corrected by the peas or beans. Fashion, however, has so greatly changed the taste of the people, that probably at this time barley-bread is not to be met with in a single family in the East Riding. People are still living who remember wheat so little esteemed, that where barley was wanted for bread, it was not unusual to give an equal quantity of wheat in exchange for it.'

The Swedish turnip, the utility of which the author mentions in terms of high commendation, is said to be coming into more general cultivation in this part of the island. The author speaks of it in the following terms.

'It is easy of culture, and its value in spring, when turnips are become hollow or rotten, and clover and tares are not ready for cutting, is incalculable; it appears, indeed, to be the grand link so long sought for in the chain of provision throughout the year, for the inhabitants of the field and the farm-yard. It is a plant likewise, upon the durability of which the most perfect dependence may be placed; for when once produced, it is insensible, however bruised or injured, to the inclemencies of the weather; and is besides so entirely retentive of its natural juices, that roots drawn in February, and carted to a barn, have been found perfectly juicy, and in every respect good in the beginning of June; it even remains sound and moist after having ripened its seed.'

Paring and burning 'is in great repute in the East Riding, and particularly upon the Wolds;' and the author appears to be a warm friend to the practice.

'*The best farmers* on the Wolds, in taking up a piece of distant and barren swarth, pare and burn for turnips, which will in general produce a crop sufficient to pay the expences, without

any other manure; these they eat upon the ground by sheep, the treading and dung of which will ensure a good crop of turnips the second year; these are likewise eaten in the same manner; a crop of barley with grass-seeds follows, by which means the land is left perfectly clean and in good heart, and the seeds are certain to prosper.'

The wages of labour in the East Riding are represented by the author to be exorbitantly high; and he states them in many cases to have been doubled, and in some more than doubled since 1794. Most of the agricultural labour is said to be 'performed by yearly servants in the farmer's house.' The labourers, both those who are maintained in the house, and those who maintain themselves, appear to live better than in many other parts.

'The food of farming servants and labourers is invariably milk for breakfast and supper, with cold meat, or fruit pies, or cheese-cakes; and for dinner hot meat-pie or boiled meat and dumplings, with small beer. No ale is given except during harvest, or occasionally as a reward for any extra or severe labour; nor is beer given, except to those who are boarded in the house. The labourers, who supply food for themselves and their families, live also comfortably in general, compared with those of many of the southern counties. Their bread comprehends the whole of the wheat, except the coarse bran, and is home-made; this they eat with butter, or bacon and potatoes, and they have commonly one meal in the day of fresh meat, or meat-pie.'

From the author's account of the high wages of labour and of the degree of comfort in which he describes the peasantry to live, we suppose that the supply of labourers in the East Riding is hardly equal to the demand. This we consider to be a disparity on the right side; as it tends to add most to the happiness of those who are generally most oppressed. If the supply of labourers were more plentiful, and there were many superfluous hands, the price of labour would, indeed, be reduced; but would not the general stock of comfort and enjoyment be diminished?

In the sum total of the population of this Riding, which was 109,403, according to the returns in 1801, there is an excess of females above the males to the number of 2,349.

'At some former period many parishes in the East Riding, and particularly upon the Wolds, have far exceeded their present population, as traces exist, proving numerous villages to have been much more extensive than they are at present. In many instances, indeed, populous townships appear to have

been reduced to one or two farm-houses, and in some are totally obliterated.'

From the account of the population of the East Riding, which was taken in 1811, it appears that it had experienced an increase of 20,963, in the course of ten years, or nearly one-fifth of its previous amount, if the former returns were accurately taken, which the author seems to doubt. 'A decrease of population to the amount of 2,724 has taken place in the town and county of Hull since the former return.' This must be ascribed to the peculiar circumstances of the war; and the decay of trade which it has produced. We here take leave of our worthy author, wishing him health to pursue his agricultural researches; and to enjoy the sweets of rural life.

ART. X.—*A Treatise on the Diseases and Organic Lesions of the Heart and great Vessels. By J. N. Corvisart, M. D. first Physician to their Imperial and Royal Majesties, Baron of the Empire, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Institute, and of the Academies of Vienna, Madrid, Naples, Petersburgh, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the French by C. H. Hebb, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.* 8vo. Underwood, 1813. 10s. 6d.

IN a preliminary discourse, prefixed to this Treatise, the writer insists on the necessity of anatomical and physiological knowledge to the practical physician. He says on this subject,

'The sole end of practical medicine should be not from a barren curiosity to seek out singular appearances in the dead subject, but to enable ourselves to distinguish diseases by certain signs, by invariable symptoms; yet even at this day men are to be found hardy enough to maintain that to cure diseases it is not necessary to be well acquainted with them; and it cannot be denied that this miserable assertion has found defenders even among those who pretend to be physicians. From hence springs the vulgar notion, that the minute researches of anatomy are useless to the physician. I hesitate not to affirm, that this opinion, which has promoted the neglect of the study of practical medicine, is one of the principal causes of the little progress that our art has made in the knowledge of organic diseases. *Morgagni* maintains it as part of his text.'

No enlightened person will dispute that correct physiological principles are a valuable, perhaps the most va

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luable part of medical knowledge. Just pathology, without which all medical disquisition is but idle babble, can rest upon no other solid foundation; and it includes as essentially necessary to its acquisition, a competent knowledge of the animal structure in general; and more particularly of the human frame. But we must observe that the connexion between these studies is but slight and imperfect. A man may be an excellent anatomist, he may know every minute artery, vein, and nerve of the human body, and be completely ignorant of the properties of the body, as a living system. Minute anatomical researches, therefore, give but an imperfect aid to the enquiries of the physician. We will not deny their utility, but we suspect that this utility is commonly rated too high, by those physicians, in particular, who are much versed in them.

M. Corvisart, though possessing a just sense of the character of his profession, and evincing some sensibility to the obloquy which is often unjustly thrown upon it, seems to be fully aware of the strict limits which nature has set to its utility. He considers it to be as absurd for a crowd of badly organized individuals to expect health from the art of the physician, and to aspire to longevity, as it would be to demand of an architect to render solid and durable a house built against every principle of architecture, and with the worst materials. He acknowledges that organic disease must in most, if not in all cases, prove inevitably fatal; the causes of these affections he believes to be seated deeply in the physical and moral habits of mankind; causes over which medicine possesses little controul.

One of the sources of these organic lesions consists, in the opinion of this enlightened writer, in their own action. They, thus, in spite of the renovating and conserving powers of the vital principle, wear out and give way. This is certainly true to a certain extent. Every animal has thus its limited term of duration. But as the *feræ naturæ*, as far as we can gain information concerning them, do not appear subject to organic disease, we doubt whether the natural weening of parts can be fairly adduced as a cause of these changes of structure. It is a just cause of old age; but not of diseased and premature mortality.

The author has treated separately of the different parts of the heart. *Pericarditis*, or inflammation of the investing membrane, is the first object of his attention. M. Corvisart has not produced one example where this di-

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sease was pure and uncomplicated. We may therefore conclude that such is extremely rare; though it sometimes occurs; and indeed we have ourselves met with it. More commonly it is united with pleurisy, or pleuropneumonia. Hence, therefore, its symptoms are conjoined with those of these diseases, or of other deep-seated inflammations. And whether it really possesses any regular pathognomic symptoms, by which it can be precisely ascertained, is somewhat doubtful. Nor is this a matter of so much consequence as may be apprehended, since the treatment is essentially the same as in other inflammations of important organs. Perhaps, an extraordinary depression, jactitation, faintings, a very quick and contracted pulse, with pain and uneasiness about the region of the heart, may be the signs which most commonly indicate the disease.

There is both an acute and a chronic *pericarditis:* M. Corvisart has given examples of both.

In treating of the *hydro-pericardium*, we are presented with a curious observation. It is in the following words.

'I have often remarked in my lectures, that although a few days before, or even at the moment of death, the extremities may have been swollen or distended with water, yet fifteen or twenty hours afterwards, this swelling has been found to have greatly, nay sometimes almost wholly subsided.

'In a very short time, then, notwithstanding the body was inanimate, a kind of revulsion took place, which caused, on the one hand, the almost total disappearance of effusion in the extremities; and on the other, produced a deposit in the chest and pericardium, proportionate to the emptying of the cellular membrane of the extremities. We consequently feel some surprise, on opening the chest, to find, contrary to expectation, more or less water in it, as well as in the pericardium.'

These phenomena concur with several others in proving that total death does not take place at the same moment as the immediate and external signs of death. It is, on this principle, not difficult to account for this observation. In these cases there was, probably, a great mechanical obstruction to the entrance of the lymph into the great veins adjoining the heart. By the relaxation of death, this obstruction is removed; when the absorbent vessels continuing to act, the anasarcous swellings of the limbs are removed. But whether there is any thing like a *revulsion* or not, is at the best exceedingly doubtful; as it

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is nearly impossible, in such cases, to determine that the cavities of the thorax were previously free from water.

Aneurisms of the heart are of two species. Sometimes to the dilatation of one or both ventricles, is united a thickening of the muscular fibres: at others, the fibres expand without any increase of substance, so that the cavity assumes the appearance, nearly of a membranous bag. Yet commonly these appearances are conjoined, one of the ventricles (usually the left) being thickened, and the other merely expanded. But cases sometimes occur, in which the right ventricle is thickened, and even the auricles of the heart have been found in that condition. Examples of each of these facts are here given. Others are likewise produced, in which all or some one of the cavities were preternaturally dilated without thickening. The most usual exciting cause of these dilatations is a contraction of the aorta, or ossification of its valves. It is easy to see how the obstruction given by this morbid structure to the emptying of the left ventricle may cause the blood to accumulate in this ventricle. And how occasionally the same defective action and its consequences may be communicated to the other cavities. M. Corvisart has called those cases of dilatation, in which there is a thickening of the muscular fibres, *active aneurism* of the heart; where the dilatation is simple it is denominated *passive*.

The remote cause of the difference between these two different states, is to be sought for in those labouring under active aneurism, possessing a greater original energy of constitution. It would probably not be very difficult to distinguish the one from the other by the symptoms. In the active aneurism the palpitations are strong and violent, and the pulse full and vibrating; whereas in passive aneurism the heart will rather undulate than pulsate, and the pulse will be almost lost. M. Corvisart points out several other distinctions; but we apprehend that none of them are fixed and invariable. Nor do we think, notwithstanding what he has said to the contrary, that they are not both of them essentially founded in a constitutional debility of the fibres of the heart. For however strong the heart is apparently in active aneurism, it is still unequal to the due performance of its functions. It is this defect which lays the first foundation of the disease. In consequence of this the ventricle is never emptied; and the cavity is dilated. The increase of the mus-

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cular fibres appears to be a constitutional process to restore the just proportion between the moving powers and the resistance; but a process which is only imperfectly attained, since the disproportion continues increasing, till death finally closes the scene.

Aneurismal dilatations of the cavities of the heart are usually united with ossifications and contractions of the valves, or auriculo-ventricular apertures, and, indeed, appear to be a consequence of them. These deviations from the healthy structure, like the aneurism, are much more usual on the left side than on the right; insomuch, that some distinguished anatomists, and, in particular, Bichet has declared that the right side of the heart is perfectly exempted from them. He asserts, as the result of all his observations, made in the Clinical Hospital of the School of Paris, that the orifice of the right ventricle, the tricuspid valves, the pulmonary sigmoid valves, and even the beginning of the pulmonary artery, are never affected with cartilaginous or osseous induration. But M. Corvisart has clearly shown how much too general his assertion is, and has produced examples of ossifications and contractions of each of these parts. It must be granted, however, that these are by no means common occurrences.

Among other alterations from the natural structure, M. C. has observed excrescences on the semilunar and mitral valves, which in appearance greatly resembled venereal warts; and he suspects that they might have had a similar origin. The proof, however, is exceedingly vague; and we suspect the resemblance itself to be more fanciful than real. This conjecture we regard as a proof, that the minds of the writers of the French school continue to be tainted with those superstitious notions regarding the syphilitic poison, which, fifty years ago, were universal. It is easy to perceive what will be the precise effect of the ossification of these valves on the propelling powers of different parts of the heart. And were the human body subject to the fixed laws of a simple hydraulic machine, it would not be difficult to determine the symptoms which would result from their derangement of structure. But in the living body this is a business of infinite difficulty; perhaps it is sometimes impossible. If the disease be confined to the parts concerned in the pulmonary circulation, the only necessary mechanical change would be a disordered respiration. But how is it possible to distinguish a disorder of the respiration from this cause from the irregu-

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larities of the same function, which may proceed from a multitude of other causes, either physical or moral? An enlightened man may form perhaps a probable conjecture; but certainty is obviously unattainable. If the obstruction be seated on the left side, the nature of the complaint will be more evident, both from the action of the heart itself, and from the pulse, besides other signs. When the valves of the aorta are indurated, there is said to be

"a particular rustling, difficult to describe, perceptible to the hand when placed on the præcordial region, and which, doubtless, proceeds from the difficulty which the blood experiences in passing through an aperture no longer proportionate to the quantity of fluid to which it has to give vent.

We are well acquainted with this peculiar feel; but should call it a grating rather than a rustling. We conceive it to be owing to the regurgitation of blood into the body of the ventricle, owing to the defective action of the valves.

The far greater part of the observations collected in this volume are original, and made principally from patients received into the hospital *de la Charitè*: but on subjects on which his original sources of information are defective, the author has called to his aid collateral authority. We find among other things, a very good collection of facts regarding what has been called the blue disease; a state of system which has been very satisfactorily explained by anatomical investigation, which has at the same time exposed the futility of hypothetical speculations concerning it. It does not appear that this colour of the skin is owing to exactly the same kind of defective or morbid organization; but there seems to be one general cause of this affection; viz. a mixture of venal blood in the arterial circulation. In two cases, which fell under the author's inspection, this was caused, in the first, by a perforation of the septum between the ventricles; in the second, by a similar perforation in the situation of the foramen ovale. Similar facts have been observed by other writers; and indeed been reported by Sen[illegible] and Morgagni. There has been observed, in more than one subject, both the foramen ovale open, and a hole through the septum of the ventricles. These cases occurred to M. Caillot, professor at Strasburgh. In a child at Glasgow, the aorta sprung from both ventricles, by two orifices, each of which would admit the extremity of a finger. Our countryman, Dr. Baillie, has recorded, in a supplement to his Treatise on Morbid Anatomy, a still more extraordinary fact. In a

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child, who lived two months, during which time the skin was constantly of a blue colour, and was cold to the touch, the pulmonary artery was found to rise from the left ventricle, and the aorta sprang from the right. The canaliculus arteriosus and the foramen ovale remained unclosed; without which disposition there could have been no communication between the aortic and pulmonary systems, and none of the venous blood, brought by the venæ cavæ to the heart, could have reached the lungs. The inference from all these cases is, that this morbid state, far from being, as some physicians have dreamt, the consequence of a scorbutic cachexy, is generally produced by a vicious conformation of the heart, either natural or accidental, which, causing an unnatural communication between the right and left cavities, produces a transposition of a quantity of venous blood, and its admixture with arterial.

M. Corvisart has some singular ideas on the production of aneurisms of the arteries, which, though not established as yet by observations sufficiently numerous or decisive, merit the attention of anatomists. Aneurisms have been called *true* and *false*; the true being a simple dilatation of the coats of the artery; the false having in addition to the dilatation a rupture of one of the coats. M. C.'s remark regards the generation of the false aneurism. He says, that he observed in the body of a tall thin man, on the anterior part of the arch of the aorta, a little tumour, of the size of a walnut, and of a black colour, which appeared like a gorged bronchial gland; but was found to be a real fibrous pouch, adhering, as it were, to the coats of the artery, with which it was in a great measure confounded. It had a membranous covering, containing a substance not quite so firm as tallow, and of a deep red colour, much resembling the old clots of blood which adhere to the sides of aneurismal sacs. He sought in vain for any communicating aperture between this membrane and the cavity of the vessel; but the external coats of the artery, at the part corresponding to the cavity of the cysts were destroyed; and at this point the artery was much thinner than elsewhere. Internally, there was a greyish and livid spot, corresponding with the base of the cyst; but no aperture of communication could be perceived.

In the same subject, another tumour rather smaller, but in other respects resembling that described, was discovered just above the trunk of the cæliac artery; and in

a very old subject, three similar tumours were observed upon the ventral aorta; and the primary iliac arteries had each one or two. The inference, which the writer would draw from these facts, is, that had the subjects lived longer, the coats of the artery would have been completely penetrated; so that the blood would have passed into the cavity of the cyst, transforming it into a sanguineous tumour, which would have increased, in proportion to the facility with which the blood could have dilated its fibrous parietes. The author concludes,

'If these facts should hereafter be confirmed by a number of similar ones, the mode in which some aneurisms form will turn out to be very different from what is usually supposed. It would then appear, that these aneurisms, instead of developing themselves, from within to without, by the dilatation of one or all of the arterial coats, are formed from without, by a kind of erosion, wearing out, or even, if we may use the expression, causing the death of these coats. And the aneurismal bags, instead of being formed of one or many of the dilated arterial coats, would entirely consist of a membranous, fibrous, and adherent cyst, quite distinct from them.

'Yet still to render clear this mode of formation, it would be necessary to know how, and of what this tumour is composed, in what manner and by what means it develops itself; whether it be by some chemical process with which we are unacquainted, or by some unknown acrid humour corroding the internal membrane of the artery, and producing the grey and circumscribed spot, so much resembling a burn, a kind of sphacelus, &c.'

Having gone through the different species of organic lesions, with the various signs of each, M. Corvisart concludes his work with corollaries, which may be deemed a summary recapitulation of the most important preceding observations. In these are included a general survey of the causes of these diseases, their signs, their usual course, the prognostic, treatment, and the symptoms by which organic lesions of the heart may be distinguished from other complaints of the chest, as peripneumony, asthma, hydrothorax, palpitations, and some hepatic affections. Many of the remarks indicate an acute, discriminating, and penetrating observer. But we suspect that the writer has occasionally described from imagination, or has grounded his diagnostics upon that mechanical reasoning to which all anatomists are inclined, rather than upon a faithful delineation of nature. This we think very evident in the distinctions which he has attempted to establish between the signs of organic lesion of the heart and hydrothorax. He

has drawn a picture of this latter disease, which we think no practical physician can recognize, and which is at variance with the best authorities in medicine. We agree, however, with the author, in thinking that most commonly various organic lesions have received the indiscriminate appellation of hydrothorax, which, though considered as the idiopathic disease, was purely consecutive.

Among the causes of these diseases M. Corvisart mentions one which we cannot but suspect to be purely imaginary. He has suggested it at the outset of the work, and again recurs to it towards its close. He says,

'The causes which may change organs from their natural condition, are very numerous; the vital principle may resist some, but cannot overcome all; it may surmount them for a time, but cannot permanently destroy them. I say more, that the vital principle itself, the source and preserver of health, may sometimes, by its unequal distribution, by its prolonged accumulation, upon one organ, or by its abandonment of another, become the cause of organic diseases, as well as of many others; and I do not think it inconsistent with what has been advanced in the course of this work to assert, that active or passive aneurisms may, under different circumstances, have no other cause than this vital power being excessive in some or deficient in others, I would boldly assign this cause to an infinite number of other diseases, not organic, but disposed to become so, if it would not lead me into a long digression from the subject.'

This paragraph presents one of the too common examamples in which men substitute words for things, and attempt to account for phenomena by the assumption of gratuitous principles. What in truth is the meaning of the vital principle being accumulated in an organ? Is vitality a substance or a mode? To suppose it capable of excess and deficiency is giving it an existence independent of the matter in which it is inherent; though it appears a strange confusion of ideas to suppose that life can be any thing distinct from the living substance. Again, what is the meaning of an excess of vitality? Can a part be too much alive? We believe, on the contrary, that excess of action is not inconsistent with diminished vital powers. We would cite the example of erysipelas, which often terminates in gangrene; that is to say, in a complete loss of vital power, or of vitality; for we suppose the phrases synonimous. But granting that in diseases the vital principle accumulates in one part and is deficient in another, is this the cause of disease, or is it no more than a sign of dis-

eased action. And is there no assignable cause of this inequality of distribution? For it is obvious, that if there be, it is to little purpose to indicate the fact, whilst we are still in the dark as to the causes of the fact.

We certainly think that the translator of this work has rendered an acceptable service to the profession, by giving it an English dress. It is the only complete treatise on diseases of the heart which we possess. Numerous as are the deviations from the natural structure which M. Corvisart has described, perhaps there are still some omissions. We have not met with any account of ossifications of the coronary arteries, which Dr. Jenner has pointed out as consistent with, and apparently occasioning the paroxysms of the angina pectoris. There may be other omissions; but they cannot be numerous or important. The work is a valuable addition to our stock of dissections. Though dissections afford but an imperfect clue to the phœnomena of the living body, whether in health or under disease, yet it is of consequence to know all that they can teach. To those of Morgagni, Lieutand, &c. these of M. Corvisart form a good appendage, and as such, we have no doubt will command the approbation and esteem of the scientific members of the medical profession.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*Scripture Instructions, in the form of Question and Answer, as taught in the Royal Lancasterian Schools; being a Selection designed to promote Piety and Virtue, and to discourage Vice and Immorality. Originally compiled by John Freame, and printed in* 1713. London: Darton, Harvey, and Co. 1813. 12mo.

THIS is an excellent catechism; and is the more to be esteemed, because the answers to the questions are in the language of Scripture. Thus therefore it does not substitute human exposition for Scriptural doctrine; but gives us the great truths of Scripture in Scriptural expressions without any sectarian comments or perversions. We will select one of the sections as a specimen of the manner in which the work is executed. It shall be 'Section XII, *of Lying and Flattering*.'

'Q. *Should we not avoid lying, and always speak the truth?* A. EPH. iv. 25. Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members of one

another. COL. iii. 9. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds.—*Q. What saith David of those that tell lies?* A. PSALM ci. 7. He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.—Q. *What saith Solomon concerning a faithful witness?* A. PROV. xiv. 5. A faithful witness will not lie: but a false witness will utter lies. Chap. xix. 9. A false witness shall not be unpunished: and he that speaketh lies shall perish.—Q. *Will God's children tell lies?* A. ISAIAH lxiii. 8. For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so he was their Saviour.—Q. *What saith Solomon of a lying tongue?* A. PROV. xxvi. 28. A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it, and a flattering mouth worketh ruin.—Q. *Should a ruler hearken to lies?* A. PROV. xxix. 12. If a ruler hearken to lies, all his servants are wicked.—Q. *What saith Jonah of those that observe lying vanities?* A. JONAH ii. 8. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.—Q. *What saith David of flattering lips?* A. PSALM xii. 2. They speak vanity every one with his neighbour: with flattering lips, and with a double heart do they speak. 3. The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things.—Q. *Doth he not desire to be delivered from lying lips?* A. PSALM cxx. 2. Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue. 3. What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? 4. Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of Juniper.—Q. *What was to be done by the law of Moses unto a false witness?* A. DEUT. xix. 16. If a false witness rise up against any man, to testify against him that which is wrong: 18.——If the witness be a false witness,——19. Then shall ye do unto him as he had thought to have done unto his brother: so shalt thou put the evil away from among you.—Q. *What said Elihu concerning giving of flattering titles?* A. JOB xxxii. 21. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering title unto any man. 22. For I know not to give flattering titles, in so doing my Maker would soon take me away.—Q. *What were the two things Agur prayed for?* A. PROV. xxx. 7. Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. 8. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me.—Q. *What seven things did Solomon say were an abomination to the Lord?* A. PROV. vi. 17. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood. 18. An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief. 19. A false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren.—Q. *What said Christ to the Jews, who called God their Father, and yet continued in their wickedness?* A. JOHN viii. 44. Ye are of your father, the devil, and the

lusts of your father ye will do; he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.—Q. *Shall all liars have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone?* A. REV. xxi. 7. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. 8. But——all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone:——

Very salutary admonitions may be impressed in this manner; and, being enforced by Scriptural sanctions may leave such traces on the mind as will not readily be effaced.

POLITICS.

ART. 12.—*Letters addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Protestant Clergy of England, on the secret Cause of the Increase of Catholics; as inserted in the British Press: with additional Letters and Notes, Signed a Catholic Priest; or a Reply to the Calumnies and Slanders advanced against the Catholic Petitioners in the Year* 1813. London: Keating.

THERE are many sensible, sprightly, and pertinent remarks in these letters on the subject of the Catholics. The writer, whether a Catholic priest in reality, or only in self designation, is evidently a person of sagacity and reflection. In lett X the author having mentioned a report that in London there has been a great falling off from the Protestant church to the Catholic, exhibits the following as the means by which the Catholic priesthood add to the list of proselytes.

'The Catholic Priests, winter and summer, generally rise between the hours of five and seven, though some make a practice of never beign in bed after four. The two first hours of the day are devoted to private prayer. Our chapels open *every day in the year*, at half past seven in the morning: and between the hours of eight and twelve you will seldom enter, without seeing a priest at the altar; as they officiate at the different hours, in regular rotation, for the advantage and convenience of the congregation. Nearly the whole of the morning, till one o'clock, may be said to be taken up with prayer, or the instruction of individuals, and often will you see the priest, who can rise with Pindar in his loftiest flights, cheerfully descending to the level of the humblest understanding, and with the utmost solicitude and labour, explaing to the infant, or the poor unlettered matron, the first article of the Apostles' creed.

'He then issues forth from his chamber, not to distribute his cards at the doors of fashion—not in quest of invitations to dinners—to balls—or to routs; but to the couches of the sick—to the hovels of the distressed—to loathsome cellars and garrets—

to the workhouses and hospitals; and his chief riches are a cheerful heart and an upright conscience. With these he cheers the drooping and desponding, and when he can afford a gift, he leaves behind him the generous tribute of his humble means.

'Neither the name of Protestant, Dissenter, or Methodist, repels him; no disorder, however contagious or offensive, nor distance, startles him; at all hours of the night he is called upon, and no Catholic priest in London, ever retires to his bed, without being exposed to be roused from it any hour to assist the dying. Such is the manner in which they spend their day; the evenings of which are either occupied with private prayer, the preparation of sermons, instructive reading, or in the society of virtuous and respectable friends. With all this toil and labour, their receipts, however, seldom reach 100*l.* a year. Nevertheless, they in general contrive to distribute several pounds of this sum among the poor.'

'It is very certain that the stand which Catholicism, particularly in Ireland, has made against the light of the reformation, is not owing to the want of any hostile will on the part of the legislature, or any hostile conduct on the part of the law. For if Catholicism could have been crushed by the effect of malevolent intentions, or by a weight of penal and disqualifying statutes, hardly a Catholic could, at this moment, have been left in Ireland. But what part of the world is there in which Catholicism is so firmly rooted amongst the mass of the people as in Ireland? Persecution, instead of rooting it out, has, in fact, made it strike deeper into the soil, and caused it to twine itself with an almost indissoluble tenacity round the hearts and affections of the Irish. The reformation would, probably, during the last century, have made great progress in Ireland if it had not been checked by the penal statutes which a parliament, professing the Protestant faith, thought proper to enact against those who adhered to the Catholic.

'It is remarkable and worthy our reflection, that there is no country on earth where the Catholics have been so industriously reformed by forfeitures, gavels, informations, restraints, *præmunires*, and penalties, as in Great Britain and Ireland; nor any country where Catholicity, unassisted by visible means, has made such an obstinate stand against the reformation. In short, a further law is requisite against Catholicity, to give the present laws effect; and that is, an act to deprive men of their senses, with a view to persuade them that oaths, constables, lawyers, and parliaments, are the genuine successors of the Apostles, and Guardians of Christianity; or that disabilities and penalties, inflicted on a people for mere matter of opinion, can be reconcileable with *Liberty of Conscience.*'

'At the end of these letters there is an extract from a memoir, which M. Talleyrand read some years ago at the National In-

stitute, in which that subtle statesman remarks the singular harmony which prevails amongst the Americans of diverse sects and the most discordant theological opinions. This harmony he ascribes to the ardour with which every individual pursues his own immediate interest. Does he mean that religious zeal is replaced by mercenary cupidity? And if it be, can we imagine that this would ultimately redound to the benefit of mankind? We can easily see how the moral complexion of a country may be vitiated, but cannot so readily discern how it can be at all improved by banishing the warm glow of devotional sentiment in order to make way for the cold calculations of avarice; or by leaving a nation no ruling passion but that of the most sordid and mercenary kind.—We have sometimes known religionists of *high professing orthodoxy*, as eager in the race of personal interest as those who never troubled themselves about modes of faith. But still the religious spirit, though it may sometimes suffer a man to be debased, has, in general a tendency to elevate his sentiments and to inspire disinterestedness of principle. When the spirit rises even to the pitch of enthusiasm, its effects are still upon the whole more favourable to the best interests of humanity than those of a grovelling selfishness, which has always a more or less immediate connection with cruelty and injustice. The characteristic of the Americans with respect to religious sentiment is apathy; but who would wish to generate a torpid indifference to those truths, which, if of any, are of the highest magnitude and importance? The religion of the Americans is that of Change-Alley; and the worship of Mammon is the only one which they seem to prosecute with zeal.

Art. 13.—*Christianity in India. Letters between Laicus and an East India Proprietor, as they appeared in the Times Newspaper, in the Months of August, September, and October*, 1813. London: Rivington.

THE two polemics, who are seen in this pamphlet contending for, or against, the necessity or fitness of endeavouring to convert the Hindoos to Christianity, are both men of abilities; nor shall we attempt to decide to which we ought to ascribe superiority of mental strength. With respect to the question itself, which they have both so strenuously agitated, it may be regarded in a double light, as one of political expediency, and of moral obligation. With respect to the political expediency of the measure, most persons who have been in India appear to think that the attempt is perilous in the extreme: and with respect to the moral obligation, there are many who cannot bring themselves to believe that it can be obligatory on their consciences to risk the safety of an empire and the destruction of millions for the sake of diffusing amongst them a theological system different

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from that which they at present possess. If the mass of the people in this country, in a great and striking degree, exceed the natives of Hindoostan, in temperance, truth, justice, mercy, and other virtues, and if this moral superiority of the British over the followers of Brahma be entirely owing to the different articles of their belief, then we think that the conversion of the Hindoos would be so far an undertaking worthy of the highest order of philanthropists. But, even on this last supposition, a question may well arise about the best mode of accomplishing the great end which we have in view. Shall we endeavour to effect it by oral teaching, or by means of the press? by missionaries, or by books?—Those, who think that the attempt should be made in that manner, which is least likely to excite disturbances in Hindoostan, would certainly prefer the silent operations of the press to the obstreperous brawling of fanatical preachers; and consider books as the best missionaries which we can send to the East.

POETRY.

ART. 14.—*Fingal, a Fine Eirin; a Poem, in Six Cantos. With Notes, intended to delineate the Manners and State of Society of Ancient Ireland.* London: Miller, 1813.

THOSE readers, who are admirers of that kind of lofty romance which carries us many hundred years back, and who love the descriptions of warlike chiefs with dark looks, glittering spears, terrific scowls, gleaming javelins, and blue-eyed maids with golden hair, will take some interest in the poem now before us. And in the description of the manners of ancient Ireland which it exhibits, they will find some entertainment. In Ossian we read of the king of woody Morven, the airy hall of Cruthloda, and the dark-haired Duth Maruno. Though the present poem may not exercise our articulating organs so much as Ossian, yet we are not wanting in sounding names. We have a Carthollan, a Marthon, a dark Innismone, and a blue-eyed maid called Gelchossa. The story of this beauty is a very melancholy one, and forms the chief interest of the poem. Gelchossa is the only remaining child of the old Kerthal, who having lost all his sons, is soothed by the tender and affectionate attentions of this beauteous daughter, for

> ———'lovely was Gelchossa's song,
> And sweet upon the harp her powers;
> And Kerthal's days went calm along
> On peaceful downy-winged hours.
> Alas! Gelchossa's harp low lies,
> The light of health deserts her eyes,
> Her wasted form, her faded bloom,
> Seem sinking to the rapid tomb.'

Kerthal, alarmed at the ill health of his lovely daughter, hastens to the temple of Beal, and kneeling at the shrine, vows that, if the gods will restore her to health, he will consecrate her remaining days to the service of this deity.

'To tend his fire—to hymn his praise.
'The pray'r was answer'd, and the vow
Was heard and register'd above:
Nor would the priests of heav'n allow
The pleadings of a father's love.'

On Gelchossa's recovery, she quits her aged father, and repairs to the Temple, where she is admitted amongst the Virgins of the Sun, whose business it is to tend the sacred fires. On the absence of his child, Kerthal becomes lonely and wretched; and for many months he has very frightful dreams, which alarm him for the safety and happiness of Gelchossa. So distracted indeed is he by the repetition of these terrific visions, that he determines to go secretly to the temple to catch a sight of his child.

'He sought the sacred temple's pale,
Where foot profane had never trod,
Where e'en the high-priest of the god,
Enters with mute mysterious awe,

* * *

Hid by a pillar of the fane
Th' unhappy Kerthal trembling knelt;
——— He hop'd to gain
Gelchossa's glance; thro' all the throng
He look'd, but saw her not: her song
He heard not 'mid the voices high,
That sent sweet music to the sky.
Sudden they cease! alarm is given,
Wide through the temple loud and shrill
With cries the calm night-air is riven,
And shoutings shake the holy hill.
Distinct they now are heard to say,
Some stranger, thro' the secret way,
E'en to the temple's inner dome,
Hath been this ev'ning seen to come.'

Search is made, and Kerthal being found by the priests, he is bound and cast into a dungeon, from which he is soon brought forth for condemnation. And here follows a description of that dreadful tribunal, where all is mystery, darkness, and horror. Whilst he is waiting, the chief priest orders the woman to be brought forth who has proved false to her vows, that he may pass upon her the dreadful sentence of the law, which is nothing more or less than that of being burnt alive.

——— 'Aged matrons place
The victim bound within the pale,

And closely draw the impervious veil
Of black, that darkling, o'er her face
And round her slender limbs is thrown,
She speaks no word, she heaves no groan,
Kerthal, in bonds at distance laid,
Felt, tho' he knew not why, the dart
Of keen forebodence pierce his heart—
Can this be his dear blue-eyed maid.'

The sentence is passed upon both the criminals, and

'Kerthal, now borne the dark shrine nigh,
Gazes intent with anxious eye,
To see the female's veil remov'd,
'Tis done—'tis done—whom his soul lov'd,
His sweet Gelchossa he beholds;
Like one whom heavy torpor holds,
With count'nance pale, with lifeless air
She stands supported—her fine hair
Down her white neck dishevell'd falls,
In vain her father frantic calls.'

The remainder of this scene is very well described. Kerthal and his offending daughter are bound to separate stakes, and fire is set to the pile.

'Now while involv'd from ev'ry eye,
By smoke and fire, while death seems nigh,
Wond'rous to tell, the ground beneath
Sinks with the death-devote; they breathe
A freer air below the blaze.'

* * * *

'Kerthal, convey'd in slow descent,
At length—Gelchossa by his side—
Finds him within a spacious room,
Where glimm'ring torches scatt'red wide,
Partially dissipate the gloom.'

After remaining some hours in this situation,

'By mortal hands
Seemingly untouch'd, wide open flies
A distant door; before these eyes,
The late so dreaded high-priest stands,
No frown he wears—look soft and kind,
Such as from woman's gentle mind
Might emanate, he fondly throws
Upon Gelchossa's dead repose.
He kneels, his hands with trembling haste
Loose from her lovely limbs and waist
The chords that to the stake confin'd.
Kerthal he next proceeds to unbind,
And then, as tho' his soul was there,
Again gaz'd on the slumb'rer fair.

Old man, he said, she soon will wake
From this dull stupor, then thy way
With her thou must immediate take
Downward yon slope.

* * * * *

The priest orders Kerthal to follow the winding of a river which he points out to him, and tells him that it will take him and his daughter to a place which they are to make their home. After urging him to hasten his departure, he disappears—and Gelchossa awakes. She raves about the priest; and, in the tumultuous confusion of her thoughts, fancies she is speaking to him, bids him depart, and refuses to accept of life from his hands.—She exclaims,

'Go! leave Gelchossa to repose,
Thou hast preserv'd thy priestly name.'

But, when her father makes her sensible that the high priest of the temple has preserved their lives, Gelchossa discloses to her father that by dark magic spells she had been seduced by this holy man, that when her crime became known, she was thrown into a dungeon, though the ghostly father had assured her, that she should not die; but that the laws must seem to be obeyed in order to shield his dignity and fame. Gelchossa soon gives birth to a son and dies. Kerthal takes the infant and follows the path which was pointed out to him by the priest, and reaches the home prepared for him in safety. This son of course expands into a great warrior; but we think that we have given our readers such a specimen of the poem as may excite their curiosity to pursue the details of the story, which is by no means wanting in interest; and in many parts exhibit marks of elevated conceptions, and a poetical mind.

ART. 15.—*Poems, by Three Friends.* London: 1813. Heseltine Price 7s.

'THE poems of which this little volume is composed, are the production of three friends, the amusement of whose early years, has been the cultivation of that small share of poetical talent which may have fallen to their lot. Their entrance, however, on the more serious pursuits of very different, but equally laborious professions, will in all probability prevent their continuing that devotion to a cherished pursuit, which may now be inconsistent with their duty.'

So says the preface, and we heartily congratulate these poetical youths on their being so much more advantageously employed than in spending their precious time in bringing forth such common-placed jingle as *miss* and *bliss*, *free* and *flee*, *sage* and *page*, *gloom* and *bloom*, and, of all things in the world, *bring* and *offering*. But it seems that these *Beau-garçons* were unwilling to resign their lyre, till they had encircled it with a

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'wreath of poetical wild flowers,' as a memorial of their friendship. All this is very pretty and delightful. But, why they should have thought it necessary to publish their united effusions remains to be proved. It could not certainly be from the harmony of the verse, the beauty of the imagery, or the novelty of the subjects. We have had dedicatory epistles in verse, impromptu's to Marianne's, lines to worthy folks, who are confined by sickness, farewels, imitations, odes, stormy nights, inscriptions to arbours, and psalms paraphrased, so often before, and so much better than this triad of friends have produced, that we really think the world would not have been offended past endurance, had the present collection remained in the young gentlemen's writing desks, or at least have only occasionally made their appearance in manuscript for the gratification of a bachelor uncle, or to the astonishment of a maiden aunt. But, that our poets may not think that we treat them shabbily by not giving our readers a specimen of their genius, we shall select the following, not because it is the best, nor because it is the worst; for we believe that there is not the smallest difference, and that they are all equally *excellent*. But the present morceau best suits our limits.

TO MARY.

'Yes Mary, I have journeyed long,
In life's eventful morn,
The roseate bowers of love among,
And felt its keenest thorn;
Yet would'st thou but the wish befriend,
With thee should all my journeyings end.

'And I have strung the harp of love,
To many a fair one's praise,
And I have heard her lips approve
The fond, but artless lays;
Yet wouldst thou bless its simple tone,
That harp were strung for thee alone.'

There's a brave lad for you! If Miss Mary curls up her lip in disdain at this offer, she ought to sing 'Poor old Maidens' all her life. We are a little curious to know at what age this enamoured poet tumbled into love; for as he talks of *journeying long* 'in life's eventful morn,' and having felt 'love's keenest thorn,' &c. one would suppose that he had attained to years of discretion at least. But, on referring to the preface, we are told, (by way of an excuse for all faults that may chance to be found) that they were such very young men when these *effusions* were penned, as not to have reached their twenty-first year.—How droll then, to talk of '*journeying long*,' and to string the harp of love to the praises of so many of the fair! what a gay

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deceiver it is! However, we trust that the three friends will hang up their harps for the present; and attend to more serious concerns, like good boys; and learn to preserve their friendship for each other, without writing love ditties in company; or continuing their poetical partnership, in which when they come to pay their printer's bill, and settle with their stationer, they will find more loss than gain.

NOVELS.

ART. 16.—*L'Intriguante; or, the Woman of the World. By Anthony Frederick Holstein. Author of Isadora of Milan, Miseries of an Heiress, Bouverie, or the Pupil of the World, &c. 4 Vols.* London: Colburn, 1813.

THE fertile brain and active fingers of Mr. Anthony Frederick Holstein are never idle. One production follows so quick upon another, that he is a host in himself; and we know not how the circulating libraries could go on, if it were not for his indefatigable industry and heroic perseverance.

L'Intriguante; or, the Woman of the World, cannot fail to please those readers who delight to revel in horrors; and in this novel they may pick and choose amongst the *dismals*, so happily and so plentifully are they scattered over the whole. The first volume opens with the execution of a murderer, who ends his life on the gallows. This *hanging business* is but just got over, and we are going on smoothly to find out the story, when we are very agreeably favoured with a most delightful mysterious assassination. If, however, this brace of horrors is not thought sufficient, the reader will find his way cheered by numerous comical *peccadillos* of the same kind, such as sending little babies, by means of a dose of opium, into the next world, before their time, or by dispatching a man by a good knock down blow, that kills, without any farther ceremony, upon the spot. This performance is also rendered piquant by a handsome wife, running stark staring mad; and all for love of a handsome young man in lieu of her own husband. But these are mere *bagatelles* compared with the conclusion, which is nothing more nor less than a burning to death of one of the principal female characters of the piece; and which said *finale* may truly be denominated a *blazer*.

We know of no horror-monger of the present age like Mr. Anthony Frederick Holstein; he has the faculty of whisking us from a murder to a ball, from a gloomy dingle haunted by a frightful nun to a concert room, and this with so much agreeable facility, that we hardly know where we are. And then as for a murder, we would pit him against the Williamsons or the Learys for a thousand pounds to a tester. In fact he carries off the palm for murderous writing from all his brother quill-drivers of the day.

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Mr. Holstein has distinguished himself as a novel writer for some time; and several of his productions, which have met our eye, certainly lay claim to much ingenuity of plot and originality of character. Even the one now before us has its merits, though it is by no means equal to some other of his productions. Mr. Holstein has also been fortunate in hitting the *taste of the times*, both in his style as well as the form and arrangement of his stories.

What Miss—or what Maudlin, listless wife, does not glow with admiration when she meets with such language as the following:—His *ardent gaze*, *rose-blighted*, (much virtue in rose blighted) *adored lover*, *convulsive start*, *voice soft*, *musical*, *emphatic*, *pangs of jealousy icing* the *streams of love*, *glowing beneath the gaze of his ardent eyes*, *uncertain shadows*, *fearful shadows*, *mysterious dingle*, *effulgent beauty*, *melancholy's deepest charnel*, *eyes cast down*, *and eyes cast up*, *clammy lips*, *shuddering frame*, *unconscious steps*, *tottering steps*, (and any step but a straight forward one,) *withered heart*, *innocent offspring of guilt*, *senseless on the floor*, and *eau-de-luce*.

What lady of modern sensibility can read the above, without heaving a thousand soft sighs of sympathy? And with this sort of diction Mr. Holstein's work abounds. This is the inebriating language, these are the senseless rhapsodies that turn our girls' heads, and make them imagine themselves *lovely unfortunates*, and *interesting angels*. It is this flowing, flowery accumulation of *prettinesses* that makes the Miss of fifteen toss up her nose in the wind, at the plain sense and wholesome admonition of her parents and guardians. It is reading all these fine things about nothing at all, which teaches her how *to clasp her lovely hands*, *and throw up her fine beseeching eyes to heaven with an expression almost celestial*, and personify the heroine. And it is, moreover, this kind of study that makes the handsome matron direct her sparkling eyes with almost any expression, except that of modesty, to the admiring youths around her chair.

Mr. Holstein has *got up* this novel in haste; it displays throughout, a good deal of ingenuity and stage effect,—quite enough to dazzle; but it is by no means well executed. Gertrude's character is too demoniac to interest, and too close a copy of many others which we have read. Lady Olivia's hypocrisy and guilt are not exposed as they ought to be; for though Mr. Holstein gives her one of the most horrible deaths that can fall to the lot of a human creature, yet still she dies triumphant. Her crimes are not made known, and therefore Elizabeth's fame remains unjustly aspersed. Nor do we see the necessity of poor Sir Lucius Denham's so suddenly making his exit; for his living would make no difference in the business of the drama, any more than his death. We could find some other faults, but, as that is an office which we are by no means fond of exercising, we shall close the book, with assuring Mr. Holstein, that he has produced much better novels than 'The Woman of the World'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 17.—*Particulars of the Successful Treatment of a Case of Hydrophobia, with Observations, &c. By Rice Wynne, Apothecary, Shrewsbury.* London: Longman, 1813. 1s. 6d.

WE shall give the particulars of this case as they are related by Mr. Wynne. It appears that a pointer bitch, supposed to be mad, was observed in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, on the 22d of January, 1813, and after biting a cow in the leg, (but, as it is said, not through the skin,) a kitten which was killed, a greyhound which was likewise killed, at last bit a man on the hand who was unloading coal. Abraham Cook, aged 38, the person thus bitten, was persuaded by his friends to walk to Shrewsbury about an hour after the infliction of the wound, when in the language of Mr. Wynne, the bitten part was *excised* by Mr. Thomas Sutton, surgeon; but according to this account, without any good effect. For symptoms which our author judged to be those of hydrophobia, began on Friday the 5th of February, fourteen days after the accident. These kept gradually increasing till the Monday, when Mr. Wynne was incidentally called in to see the patient as he was passing through the village in which he lived. Mr. Wynne describes him at this time as having his eyes inflamed and staring, his features distorted and indicating the greatest distress and anxiety, while he was "with difficulty detained in his bed, and appeared to be watching, and anxious to escape an object that occasioned his distress."

'In a very short time,' says Mr. Wynne, 'his left hand, arm, and his head were convulsed. I pressed him to drink some water, but could not prevail; and although I did not observe any additional horror at the moment I offered it, still it was evident he was so much convulsed as not to be able to drink.

'Being convinced in my own mind of the nature of the disease, I was anxious for the advice and assistance of my much-esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Sutton; yet I was also aware that no time should be lost, and that the delay of an hour might hazard the life of our patient. The pulse was from 70 to 80 beats in a minute, varying in strength and regularity.

'I had recourse to the abstraction of twenty ounces of blood, taken from a large orifice, and the time of taking it did not exceed six minutes. He fainted, and remained for an hour with scarcely a perceptible pulse; and it was evident the whole time, his disease was abating. His countenance became more composed, and much paler; his eyes were less inflamed; the convulsions ceased; when recovering from his faintness, his first request was that he might be allowed to drink some water, and when it was brought to him he seemed much to enjoy it. I now left him; desiring, if any return of his disease took place, I might be immediately acquainted with it. I sent him pills, containing, to each dose, one grain of opium, three grains of the submuriate

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of mercury, and one grain of James's Powder, which were directed to be taken every three hours.'

The patient was bled again on the following day till he had lost about ten ounces of blood, when 'he fainted, and his pulse was again scarcely to be felt.' 'After the faintness had subsided,' the pulse 'was reduced to fifty-five beats in the minute, and was regular.' It 'did not exceed during the remainder of his illness.' After the second bleeding, no symptoms which deserve any particular notice occurred, 'and the patient perfectly recovered.' In this case, perhaps, the actual madness of the dog, by which Abraham Cook was bitten, has not been so fully established as might have been wished; and if the dog was actually mad, there may still exist a doubt whether the symptoms of the patient were those of hydrophobia.

ART. 18.—*The Germany and Agricola of C. Cornelius Tacitus from Brotier's Text, with all his Observations, Notes, and Emendations; and with Critical and Philological Remarks. By Edmund Henry Barker, of Trinity College, Cambridge.* London: Longman, 1813. 12mo.

THIS is a valuable addition to the number of our useful school books. The editor has given ample proof of his various reading in his notes at the end of the volume.

ART. 19—*Doctrina Generum sive Introductio ad veram Logicam. Aliorum excogitata collegit, suaque aliqua adjecit, Daniel Mooney, Coll. Trin. Dub. Socius.* Dublinii, 1812. 8vo.

THIS work has the merit of perspicuity and precision; and contains as much instruction in the forms of the common logic as can well be required in the process of academical instruction. This logic is of more use in detecting error than in discovering truth, and in dissipating the cobwebs of sophistry, than in establishing the edifice of science, or adding to the stock of valuable information. It is, however, one of the intellectual auxiliaries of which the mind ought not to be destitute.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in November, 1813.

ADELAIDE; or, the counter Charm, a Novel. By the Author of Saint Sebastian's, 5 Vols. 12mo. £1. 15s.

An Exposure of the Misrepresentations and Calumnies in Mr. Marsh's Review of Sir G. Barlow's Administration at Madrass, 1s.

A List of the Maps, Plates, &c. in the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1731 to 1807, 5s.

A Treatise on Politeness. Translated from the French, by a Lady. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Compendium of the Holy Scriptures, with Notes, 8vo. 3 Vols. £1. 1s.

Ash Rev. J. M. M.D. D.—The Masonic Manual, or Lectures on Free Masonry, 10s. 6d.

Aiton W. T.—Hortus Kewensis; or, a Catalogue of Plants cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew, 2d Edition, enlarged, 8vo. 5 Vols. £3. 3s.

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Brydges Sir E.—The Ruminator; a Series of Moral, Critical, and Sentimental Essays, 2 Vols. 18s.

Brook Rev. B.—The Lives of the Puritans, from the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth by the passing of the Act in 1562. 3 Vols. 8vo. £1. 1ls.

Chevy Chase, a Poem, founded on the ancient Ballad, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Coley J. Millman. —A practical Treatise on the remittent Fever of Infants, with Remarks on Hydrocephalus internus, &c. 8vo. 7s.

Clark Adam, LL. D.—A new Edition of Butterworth's Concordance to the Holy Scriptures. 16s.

Collins's Memoranda for 1814, 4to. 4s.

Douglas Lady Charlotte.—A Vindication of the Conduct of Lady Douglas, during her Intercourse with the Princess of Wales.

Eustache Ude Louis.—The French Cook; or, the Art of Cookery in all its Branches.

Enclytica, being the Outlines of a Course of Instruction on the Principles of universal Grammar, as deduced in an Analysis of the Vernacular Tongue, 6s.

Forster F. F. L. S. —Observations on the Retreat of the Swallow, 2s.

Francis and Eliza. — The rival Roses, or Wars of York and Lancaster, 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 1s.

Fitzgerald Preston, Esq. — Spain delivered, a Poem, 8vo. 6s.

Germany, translated from the French of the Baroness Stael Holstein, 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

Galt J.—Letters from the Levant, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Gwilliam J. — The Campaign, a Poem in Two Parts, 7s. 6d.

Horne A.—The Seat of Vision determined, and by the Discovery of a new Function in the Organ, a Foundation laid for explaining its Mechanism, and the various Phenomena, on Principles hitherto unattempted, 3s. 6d.

Johnson J. Esq.—The Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions, 8vo. 14s.

Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimats, translated from the original Latin MSS. By Thomas Brown, Esq. 5s. 6d.

Modern Accomplishments; or, the Boarding School, in Verse, 2s. 6d.

Montague G. Esq. F. L. S. — Supplement to the Ornithological Dictionary, 8vo. 20s.

Medical Transactions, published by the College of Physicians in London, Vol. 4, 12s.

Narrative of a Tour taken in the Year 1667, to La Grande Chartreuse, and Alet. B. Don Claude Lancelot, 8vo. 8s.

Neal's History of the Puritans, abridged. By Edward Parsons, 8vo. £1, 4s.

Pring David, Member of the College of Surgeons—An Essay on the Absorbents, 5s.

Pocock J. — The Miller and his Men, a Melo-drama, 2s.

Philippart J. Esq—Northern Campaigns, 2 Vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Prichard J. C. M. D.— Researches on the physical History of Man, 8vo. 16s.

Rylance R. — A Vocabulary of English Words, chiefly derived from the Saxon, 8vo. 5s.

Robinson D. Esq. — The Political Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy, promulgated 19th March, 1813, 4s.

Ross G. Esq.—A Treatise on the Law of Venders and Purchasers of Personal Property, 8vo. 12s.

Rene.—A Tale, from the French of Chateaubriand, 4s.

Stael Mad. la Baronese de l'Allemagne, 3 Vols. 8vo. £1. 16s.

Smith R. Esq.—First Impressions, a Comedy.

The first Report of the Committee to ascertain the Extent of the Process of Messrs. Delahoyde and Lucett, for the Relief of Insanity, 1s.

Tramper Sylvester, the Travels of, through the Interior of the South of Africa, 3s. 6d.

The Comet; a Vision. By the Author of the Triumph of Fashion, 2s.

The European in India, from a Collection of Drawings by C. Doyley, Esq. with a Preface and copious Description. By Captain J. Williamson. With a brief History of Ancient and Modern India. By P. W. Blagdon, Esq. 4to. £5. 5s.

Thomson J. M. D. — Lectures on Inflammation, 8vo. 12s.

The Ordeal, a Novel, 3 Vols. 18s.

The Trial of William Crutchly, of John Street, Bedford Row, 2s. 6d.

Virgil in London, or Town Eclogues, 3s.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV. DECEMBER, 1813. No. VI.

ART. I.—*The History of Bengal, from the first Mohammedan Invasion until the virtual Conquest of that Country by the English, A. D. 1757. By Charles Stewart, Esq. M. A. S. late Major on the Bengal Establishment, Professor of Oriental Languages in the Honourable East India Company's College, Herts, Author of the descriptive Catalogue of Tippoo Sultan's Library, and Translator of the Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan.* London: Black, Parry, and Co. 1813, 4to. £3. 3s.

IN a very modest and unassuming preface, Mr. Stewart states the object of his history, its probable usefulness, and the sources from which he has collected his materials and derived his information.

The first Mohammedan conqueror of Bengal was Mohammed Bukhtyar Khulijy, who invaded that province A. D. 1203-4. He had previously reduced the province of Behar. This chieftain was a person of extraordinary prowess; but of great personal deformity. When he stood upright, it is said that 'the ends of his fingers extended considerably below his knees.' At the time of his invasion of Bengal, that fertile province was under the dominion of a Hindoo prince named 'Luchmunyah, who resided at Nuddeah, still a celebrated seat of Hindoo learning.' Bukhtyar, after surprising the Raja Luchmunyah in his capital, which he abandoned to be plundered by his troops, made choice of the ancient city of Gour, as the capital of his newly acquired possessions. Mohammed Bukhtyar did not set up as an independent so-

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vereign; but 'continued to stamp the coin with the name of the sultan of Ghor,' in Persia. After the death of Bukhtyar (A. D. 1205-6), Mohammed Sherān, who was unanimously chosen by all the Mussulmen commanders for their chief, 'assumed the ensigns of royalty and took the title of Aza Addeen.'

We shall not stay to give a dry and uninteresting enumeration of the succeeding kings or governors of Bengal, till we come to the reign of Ghyas Addeen, who ascended the throne in the year 1367. Ghyas Addeen was the only son of the second wife of Sekunder Shah, who by his first wife had seventeen children. Ghyas Addeen was attempted to be sacrificed by the perfidious contrivance of his half-mother, who envied his superior accomplishments; but her machinations redounded only to her own ruin and disgrace. The first act of Ghyas Addeen's government was one of the usual precautions of Eastern policy. He deprived his half-brothers of the power of disturbing his reign by putting out their eyes. Notwithstanding this act of cruelty, which is reckoned only amongst the expedients of self-preservation by the maxims of Eastern despotism, Ghyas Addeen is celebrated as a pattern of justice and moderation. Of those qualities the following anecdote is cited as a proof.

'One day, while the king was amusing himself in the practice of archery, one of his arrows by chance wounded a boy, the son of a widow. The woman immediately repaired to the tribunal of the Cazy, Suraje-Addeen, and demanded justice. The judge was confounded, and said to himself, "If I summon the king to my court, I shall run the risk of being disobeyed: and if I pass over his transgression, I shall be one day summoned before the court of God, to answer for my neglect of duty." After much reflection, he ordered one of the officers to go and summon the king, to answer the complaint of the woman. The officer dreading to enter abruptly the palace with such an order, considered on some means to get introduced into the presence of the king. At length he ascended the minaret of the mosque adjoining the palace, and at an improper hour called the people to prayers. The king hearing his voice, ordered some of his guards to bring before him the man who thus make a mockery of religion.

'When the officer was introduced into the royal presence, he briefly related the circumstances, and concluded by summoning his majesty to the Cazy's tribunal. The king instantly arose, and, concealing a short sword under his garment, went before the Cazy; who, far from paying him any mark of respect, said to him with a tone of authority, 'you have wounded the son of this poor widow; you must therefore immediately

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make her an adequate compensation, or suffer the sentence of the law." The king made a bow, and, turning to the woman, gave her such a sum of money as satisfied her; after which he said, "Worthy judge, the complainant has forgiven me." The Cazy asked the woman if such was the fact, and if she was satisfied: to which the woman having assented, was dismissed. The Cazy then came down from his tribunal, and made his obeisance to the king; who, drawing the sword from beneath his garment, said, "Cazy, in obedience to your commands, as the expounder of the sacred law, I came instantly to your tribunal; but if I had found that you deviated in the smallest degree from its ordinances, I swear that with this sword I would have taken off your head! I return thanks to God that matters have thus happily terminated, and that I have in my dominions a judge who acknowledges no authority superior to the law."—The judge, taking up the scourge, said, "I also swear, by the Almighty God, that if you had not complied with the injunctions of the law, this scourge should have made your back black and blue! It has been a day of trial for us both." The king was much pleased, and handsomely rewarded the upright judge.'

This prince endeavoured to induce the poet Hafiz, by the most generous offers to quit Shiraz, and reside at the seat of government in Bengal. But the poet declined the invitation.

From the year 1491 to 1494 the sovereignty of Bengal was possessed by Mulk Andiel, an Abyssinian slave, who had treacherously murdered Shahzadeh, the former sovereign. On mounting the throne, Mulk Andiel assumed the title of Ferose Shah. Our author relates the following anecdote of his liberality.

'On some public occasion, the king having ordered a lac (100,000) of rupees to be distributed to the poor, the ministers thought he was too profuse of the public treasure, which might probably arise from his little knowledge of the value of money, or of the amount he had ordered: they therefore piled the money in one of the apartments through which he was to pass, in hopes that he would notice it, and be surprised at the quantity of silver. When the king entered the apartment, and saw the heap of money lying there, he asked what it was; and being told it was the sum he had that morning ordered to be given to the poor, he said, "Is this all? it is too little: give them double the quantity." The ministers were astonished at his prodigality, but were obliged to conform to his wishes.'

In the year 1526, when the empire of Hindoostan was transferred from the Afghan to the Mogul dynasty, Mahmood Lody, the brother of Sultan Ibrahim, who had been defeated and slain by the emperor Baber, sought refuge in

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the capital of Bengal. Mahmood brought with him one of the daughters of the late emperor of Hindoostan, who was espoused by the Bengalese king Nusserit Shah. This circumstance, combined with the protection of the Afghan chiefs, who had sought safety in Bengal, excited the jealousy of the Moghul emperor Baber, who, in 1528-9, sent an army to invade Bengal, which compelled Nusserit to implore the emperor's mercy, and to sue for peace. The emperor Baber died at Agra in the year 1530-1; and Nusserit Shah was put to death by his eunuchs in 1532-3.

The following is our author's account of the singular stratagem by which Shere Khan, who, in 1539, established a new dynasty in Bengal, got possession of the important fortress of Rhotas.

'To take Rhotas by open force was an impossible attempt. It was therefore necessary to devise some stratagem, by which success might be hoped. Shere, for this purpose, sent a message to Raja Berkis, who was in possession of this impregnable fortress, and told him, "That, as he himself was going to attempt the recovery of Bengal, he hoped that, from their former friendship, he would permit him to send his family and treasure into the place, with a few attendants." Berkis at first rejected this request; but Shere sent an artful ambassador to him a second time, with some handsome presents, acquainting him, "That it was only for his women and treasure he requested his princely protection: that should he be fortunate enough to conquer Bengal, he would make proper acknowledgments for the favour on his return; but if he should lose his life in the contest, he rather chose that his family and wealth should fall into the hands of Berkis, than into those of the Moghuls, his inveterate enemies." Berkis suffering himself to be deluded by his avarice, determined, when once in possession of the treasure, to keep it; and therefore consented to Shere's request. The Afghan, having provided covered chairs,* filled them all, except two or three which were to go first, with armed men and arms. He at the same time filled five hundred money bags with leaden bullets, and appointed some of his best soldiers to carry them, in the disguise of slaves, with sticks in their hands, who were intended in appearance to help to carry the treasure up the mountain. The men who carried the close chairs were disguised in the same manner. This train accordingly set out; and the first and second chair being examined at the gate, were found to contain only old women, so that further examination was neglected. The Raja, in the mean time, was busy in counting the bags, which he now reckoned part of his

* Somewhat similar to our sedan chairs; they are called Doolies.

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own fortune. When the chairs reached the house which the Raja had appointed, the wolves rushed out among the sheep, and began to dye the fold with their blood. The porters used their staves, till they supplied themselves with arms from the chairs. They easily mastered the garrison, who were off their guard; and admitted Shere, who was encamped at a small distance. Berkis himself, with a few followers, found means to escape into the woods, by a private passage behind the fort. Thus fell one of the most impregnable fortresses in the world into the hands of Shere, together with much treasure, which had been accumulating there for ages.

'Rhotas is built upon the level top of a mountain. The only entrance to it is a very narrow road, through a steep ascent of two miles, from the foot of the hill to the gates, which are three in number, one above another, defended by guns and rolling-stones. The square contents of the fortified table land, on the top of the mountain, is more than ten miles: in this space are contained towns, villages, and corn fields; and water is found a few feet from the surface. On one side runs the river Soane, under an immense precipice; another river, in the same manner, passes close to the other side; and both meeting a little below, form the hill into a triangular peninsula. There is a very deep valley on the third side, full of impervious woods, which spread all over the mountains, and render access that way next to impossible.'*

In the year 1540, Shere Shah, which was the title under which he had been proclaimed sovereign of the united kingdoms of Bengal and Behar, drove the emperor Homayon from his throne, when the sceptre of Hindoostan was again transferred from the Afghans to the Moghuls. Shere Shah was an adventurer of great enterprise and abilities; and Bengal was much benefited by his administration.

'Shere,' says Mr. Stewart, 'left many monuments of his magnificence behind him. From Sonargaum, in Bengal, to that branch of the Indus called the Nilab, which is fifteen hundred coss †, he built caravanserais at every stage, and dug a well at the end of every coss. Besides, he raised many magnificent mosques for the worship of God on the highway, wherein he appointed readers of the Korân, and priests. He ordered, that at every stage, all travellers, without distinction of country or religion, should be entertained, according to their quality, at the public expence. He, at the same time, planted rows of fruit-trees along the roads, to preserve travellers from the scorching

* Since the English have had possession of Behar, the forifications of Rhotas have been entirely neglected.

† About three thousand of our miles.

heat of the sun, as well as to gratify their taste. Horse-posts were placed at proper distances, for forwarding quick intelligence to government, and for the advantage of trade and correspondence; this establishment was new in India. Such was the public security during his reign, that travellers and merchants, throwing down their goods, went without fear to sleep on the highway.'

In an early period of his life, Shere had been introduced to the emperor Baber; and had accompanied him in one of his expeditions, when he gave the following indications of the ambitious designs which he afterwards successfully accomplished, and when his superior cast of character attracted the notice of the emperor.

'After Shere had staid some time in the Moghul camp, and observed their manners and policy, he one day told a friend, that he thought it would be an easy matter to drive those foreigners out of Hindoostan. His friend asked him what reason he had to think so? Shere replied, "That the emperor himself, though a man of great parts, was but very little acquainted with the policy of Hindoostan; and that the minister, who held the reins of government, would be too much biassed in favour of his own interest, to mind that of the public. That, therefore, if the Afghans, who were now at enmity among themselves, could be brought to mutual concord, the work was completed: and should fortune ever favour him, he imagined himself equal to the task, however difficult it might at present appear." His friend burst out into a loud laugh, and began to ridicule this vain opinion. Shere, a few days after, had, at the emperor's table, some solid dishes set before him, and only a spoon to eat with. He called for a knife, but the servants had orders not to supply him with one. Shere, not to lose his dinner, drew his dagger without ceremony, and cutting up his meat made a hearty meal, without minding those who diverted themselves at this odd behaviour. When he had done, the emperor, who had been remarking his manner, turned to Amyr Khalifa, and said, "This Afghan is not to be disconcerted with trifles, and is likely to be a great man."'

The sovereignty of the Afghan nation over the province of Bengal, was terminated by the destruction of Daood Khan in 1576, or the 20th year of the reign of the emperor Akbar. Mr. Stewart says, that the government of the Afghans in Bengal,

'nearly resembled the feudal system introduced by the Goths and Vandals into Europe. Bukhtyar Khulijy, and the succeeding conquerors, made choice of a certain district as their own domain: the other districts were assigned to the inferior chiefs, who subdivided the lands amongst their petty commanders, each of whom maintained a certain number of soldiers, composed

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principally of their relations or dependants; these persons, however, did not cultivate the soil themselves, but each officer was the landlord of a small estate, having under him a certain number of *Hindoo* tenants, to whom, from the principle of self-interest, he conducted himself with justice and moderation: and had it not been for the frequent change of masters, and constant scenes of rebellion and invasion, in which private property was little regarded, the cultivators of the soil would have been placed in a state of comparative happiness; and agriculture would have flourished, as it subsequently did in another part of India, under the government of their countrymen, the Rohillas.'

In the year 1639, Sultan Shujaa, the second son of the emperor Shah Jehan, was appointed governor of Bengal. It was under his government that the English obtained permission to establish the first factories in Bengal. This permission was primarily owing to the good offices of an English surgeon of the name of Boughton, who had fortunately cured a daughter of the emperor Shah Jehah of a dreadful burn, occasioned by her clothes catching fire; and who was afterwards equally successful in restoring to health one of the ladies of Prince Shujaa's *Haram* at the Court of Rajemahel.

In the year 1657, the indisposition of the emperor occasioned a furious competition for the sovereignty between his four sons. In this conflict, Shujaa, who possessed many amiable qualities but no military skill or energy, was defeated by the superior conduct and good fortune of his younger brother Aurungzebe; and, after various reverses, was at last obliged to relinquish the province of Bengal. With his family, his treasure, and the few friends who still adhered to him, notwithstanding his vanished hopes and his fallen fortunes, he crossed the Burrampooter and proceeded on his melancholy way for Chittagong, from which port he intended to embark on board a ship for Arabia, where he had conceived the design of passing the remainder of his days in pious meditation, either at the temple of Mecca, or near the tomb of the prophet. But, when, after a toilsome journey, he reached Chittagong, no ship was to be seen in the harbour; and, if there had been any, he could not have prosecuted his intended voyage to Arabia, as it was the height of the monsoon. Shujaa had no alternative but either to take refuge in Arracan or to fall into the hands of his enemies who were pursuing him. In this extremity of distress he determined on the former; and accordingly sent an envoy to the raja to

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make known his circumstances, and to solicit a hospitable reception. That prince accordingly sent an officer to meet Shujaa on the frontier, 'with assurances of his protection and friendship.' The unfortunate fugitive was at this time accompanied only by his family and forty domestics or friends.

'He and his family were delighted to think their wanderings were now at an end; and, as they had still a considerable quantity of gold and jewels with them, they hoped to pass their lives in comfort in that retired part of the world; or that some revolution in the politics of Hindoostan might enable them to return thither, as their ancestor Homayon had done from Persia.

'The royal fugitives were met, at some distance from the city of Arracan, by a cavalcade, and escorted to a house prepared for their reception. There the assurances of the raja were again repeated; and, as a proof of his hospitality, a large supply of provisions, fruit, &c. was presented, as a welcome offering.

'For some time the conduct of the raja was unexceptionable; but, whether alarmed by the threats, or won by the bribes, of the governor of Bengal, his behaviour suddenly changed: he became cold and reserved; and his servants no longer attended to the rights of hospitality. At length he sent Shujaa a verbal message, that he must either give him his daughter in marriage, or immediately quit his kingdom. The first of these demands was an insult the unfortunate prince did not expect. He replied in haughty terms, that the race of Timour would never submit to dishonour themselves by so inferior a connection; that as soon as the monsoon changed, and a ship could be procured, he would quit the country, and recompense him liberally for the trouble he had given him; but that the raja must be well convinced it was impossible for him to depart at that season of the year. The raja was highly offended at the haughtiness of this answer; and repeated his orders for Shujaa immediately to quit his territory. The unfortunate prince was then convinced that the mind of the raja was actuated by the combined passions of lust and avarice, and that certain death awaited him and his sons: but, as there was yet a possibility of saving the lives of his domestics and friends, he summoned them to his presence, and having laid open to them his situation, conjured them to leave him to his fate, and throw themselves on the mercy of Aurungzebe, who, he doubted not, would forgive their attachment to him, when assured that he no longer existed. His speech was heard with melancholy attention and silence; but when concluded, the whole assembly declared their only ambition was to shed their blood in his defence.'

The raja, in order to exhibit something like a specious pretext to his council for the outrage which he meditated,

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affected to be alarmed by a plot, which he affirmed that Shujaa had formed, to assassinate him and to seize upon his throne. The council gave it as their opinion that Shujaa and his party should be immediately sent out of the country; but, 'as the followers of Boodh are prohibited from shedding blood except in battle,' they 'would not authorize the raja to touch the life of his prisoner.'

'The raja was therefore obliged to limit his orders to his troops, to remove the Moghuls from their present residence, and compel them to take the route of Chittagong; but if, in so doing, the life of one of his subjects should be lost, the officer commanding was at liberty to satiate his revenge. Such a subterfuge was unworthy even of an Eastern despot, who in his own mind had fully determined the fate of his devoted captives. The spot on which was situated the temporary house fitted up for Shujaa, was a narrow bank with the river in the front, and stupendous cliffs behind; the only approach was therefore by one or other flank: these Shujaa had taken care to barricade in the best manner he could; and placed his son, with twenty of his friends, at one end of the pass, while he, with the remainder of his adherents, defended the other.

'The favourite arms of the Arracanners were a short sword and buckler: with these they advanced, with horrible shouts, towards the residence of Shujaa, but without discharging any missile weapons; whilst the Moghuls, ignorant of their prejudices and instructions, received them with a volley of arrows, which laid many of the assailants level with the ground. The object of the raja was accomplished: his people now sought revenge; and, terrible as assailants, they clambered to the top of the precipice, and hurled down huge stones on the heads of Shujaa and his friends, whose attention was occupied in defending the flanks of their position. The contest was no longer equal: the Arracanners supported every moment by fresh troops, were incessant in their attacks: whilst the Moghuls, wearied by the slaughter of their enemies, were at length overpowered, and the greater number of them hewn to pieces.

'Shujaa was one of the last who fell; he was stunned by a large stone from the precipice. He was instantly seized, disarmed, and bound; and was afterwards placed in a small canoe with two of his attendants, who insisted upon accompanying him. They were carried into the middle of the stream; when the boatmen, having pulled out some plugs from the bottom of the vessel, jumped overboard, and were soon picked up by another boat. The prince, being fast bound, sunk without a struggle; but his two friends made a vain effort to save themselves by swimming: the breadth of the river, or the opposition of their enemies, prevented their reaching the shore; and they obtained

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that death which, according to the regulations of Arracan, was the exclusive privilege of the royal family. The wife and daughters of Shujaa, in a fit of despair, threw themselves into the river: they were not, however, permitted to escape so easily; they were seized, and carried with all the other females, to the raja's palace.

'When the raja had the insolence to wait upon Piaree Banu, (the Beloved Princess) who was celebrated in Bengal for her wit and beauty, she drew a dagger, and attempted to stab the wretch; but failing in her design, she turned it against herself, and fell by her own hand. Of the three daughters, two are said to have put an end to their misfortunes by poison: the third was forcibly married to the raja, but did not long survive her disgrace.'

Such was the tragic end of Prince Shujaa, whose character was of that kind which rendered him generally beloved; and whose virtues were remembered long after his death. When the catastrophe, which he had experienced, became known in Hindoostan, Mr. Stewart says, that 'it filled every eye with tears.'

After the expulsion of Shujaa, Aurungzebe appointed Meer Joomla, to whose conduct of the war against his brother and competitor for the empire he had been so much indebted, to be governor of Bengal. Meer Joomla fixed his residence at Dacca; and the English had no good reason to complain of any want of lenity in his administration. But this chieftain, who was a person of enterprising ability, died A. D. 1663-4, in consequence of a dysentery which he had caught in an expedition which he had undertaken against the kingdom of Assam; and by which he fondly hoped to open a road to China. Shaista-khan, the successor of Meer Joomla, 'governed Bengal with great prudence and vigour till the end of the year 1087,' (A. D. 1677). The commerce of the English flourished during his government, though they complained of his injustice and exactions.

'It is related, that, during his government, grain was so cheap that rice was sold at the rate of 640lbs. weight for the rupee; to commemorate which event, as he was leaving Dacca, he ordered the western gate, through which he departed, to be built up, and an inscription to be placed thereon, interdicting any future governor from opening it, till he had reduced the price of grain to the same rate: in consequence of which injunction, the gate remained closed till the government of Nuwab Serferaz Khan.'

In the year 1689 the emperor, offended by the proceedings of the English, issued orders to his commanders to

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expel them from his dominions; 'and to seize or destroy all their property wherever it might be found;' but, in the following year, Aurungzebe, who ever made his passions subservient to his policy, invited them to return to Bengal.

In the year 1698,

'the grand signior, having been informed that the Europeans procured great quantities of one of the ingredients for making gunpowder from India, wrote to Aurungzebe, to desire he would no longer permit his subjects to dispose of that article to Christians, as it was frequently used by them in the destruction of the followers of Mohammed; that, therefore, whoever supplied them was accessary to the death of the true believers. In consequence of this request, the principal source of the East India Company's commercial advantages was, for some time cut off, by a strict injunction to the governor of Bengal not to allow them to purchase or manufacture any saltpetre.'

In 1696 the English raised the first fortifications round their factory at Calcutta, which in 1699, 1700, they called by the name of Fort William, in compliment to the king of England. This took place under the government of Azeem Ooshan, a grandson of Aurungzebe.

Mr. Stewart informs us that Azeem Ooshan often 'visited the hermits and dervishes, and solicited their prayers for his succession to the throne.' On one occasion he sent his two sons, Kereem Addeen and Ferrokhsere to request a hermit, or *Soofy*, who had a great reputation for sanctity to come to the palace. When the two brothers arrived at the dwelling of the saint and sage, Ferrokhsere alighted from his horse; proffered his respectful homage to the holy man; and delivered his father's message, whilst his brother scarcely deigned to return the hermit's salutation.

'The saint with great dignity replied, "alas! what you desire has already been given to your son Ferrokhsere: the arrow of my prayer has been shot from the bow, and cannot be recalled." He then arose, bade the prince adieu, and retired to his cell; leaving Azeem Ooshan quite discomfited by his prediction, to which he gave much credit, and which in the sequel, was realized.'

Notwithstanding the devotional exterior which was assumed by Azeem Ooshan, he was of a mercenary disposition; and is said to have accumulated during his government of Bengal, three millions of pounds sterling in specie, and jewels to a very great amount. One of his expedients for enriching himself excited the displeasure

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of Aurungzebe. This was the monopoly of all the foreign goods which were imported into Bengal, which he purchased at a low price by the agents whom he had stationed at all the ports; and afterwards retailed for a considerable profit.

In the year 1705-6, the garrison of Fort William 'was augmented to the number of one hundred and thirty European soldiers; and a number of guns were mounted on the works. This display of strength does not appear to have given any offence to the Moghul government; but it inspired the native merchants with confidence, and induced many of them to go and settle in Calcutta; which, in consequence, had become a regular and populous town, and produced a considerable revenue; and being rendered independent of Madras by the Company, rose highly in the estimation of the commercial world.'

On the death of the emperor Aurungzebe, Feb. 21, 1707, at the advanced age of ninety-one years and thirteen days, the imperial sovereignty of Hindoostan soon became the object of eager contest among his descendants. The Prince Azeem Ooshan, who had lately been recalled from his government of Bengal, had taken with him a considerable portion of his best troops, and he no sooner heard of his grandfather's decease than he adopted the most vigorous measures to secure the throne to his father Mohammed Muazim, who was then distinguished by the title of Shah Allum; and who became emperor under that of Behadur Shah. On his death, in 1712, his son Azeem Ooshan mounted the throne; but was killed in battle against his three brothers in the same year. His eldest son Mohammed Kereem was also made prisoner, and put to death. But the destruction of both Azeem Ooshan and of his eldest son was soon avenged by the successful rebellion of his second son Ferrokhsere, for whom we have seen above that a *Soofy*, hermit or fortune-teller had already destined the imperial throne. From this elevation he was however precipitated in 1719.

During the reign of Ferrokhsere, an English embassy was sent to Dehly, on the part of the Company, in order to complain of the grievances which they sustained from the exactions of the Nuwab of Bengal, Moorshud Cooly Khan. About this period the bride, whom the emperor Ferrokhsere had engaged to marry, arrived; when an indisposition of the sovereign, which none of his own medical attendants could remove, caused the postponement of the intended nuptials. In this exigency recourse was had to the surgeon of the English embassy, Mr. Hamilton, who had the good fortune to restore the mo-

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narch to health; for which he promised, in addition to other testimonies of royal gratitude, to 'grant any other favour he should ask.' Instead of stipulating for any farther favours for himself, Mr. Hamilton requested his majesty to grant to the English ambassadors the object of their mission. The emperor promised, after the celebration of his marriage to 'take the petition into his serious consideration, and grant the English every indulgence he could, consistent with the dignity of his own empire.' Means, however, were found after this by the agents of the Nuwab of Bengal and by the intrigues of interested persons about the court, to protract the accomplishment of this business for a considerable interval, till the English ambassadors put in practice a hint, which they had received, to bribe a favourite eunuch of the seraglio; when, to their great surprise, they found that those obstacles were immediately removed, which they had before in vain endeavoured to overcome.

The following is part of the character of Moorshud Cooly Khan, who is mentioned above and who was superintendant or governor of Bengal during part of the reign of Aurungzebe and of his immediate successors.

'Moorshud Cooly was indefatigable in the extirpation of robbers. Wherever a robbery was committed, he compelled the Foujedar, or the Zemindar, either to find out the thief, or to recover the property. The goods, or their equivalent in money, were always restored to the persons who had been robbed; and the thief whenever caught, was impaled alive.

'At Cutwah and Moorshudgunge he erected guard-houses, for the protection of travellers; and gave the command of the police guards to one of his slaves, named Mohammed Jan, who was of a savage disposition, and who was always attended by a band of executioners; and whenever he caught a thief, used to have the body split in two, and hung upon trees on the high road; from which circumstance he was nick-named the Kolhareh, or Axe.

By these severe means, during Moorshud Cooly Khan's government, travellers were protected on the roads, and every man slept securely in his own house.'

'His judicial decisions were so rational and proper, that they were as much respected and obeyed as the decrees of those monarchs whose names are most renowned for equity and justice. He was such an observer of his word, that he never failed in the performance of any engagement: he slept but little, and carefully observed the stated times of prayer; from breakfast to noon he employed himself in copying the Koran, and in administering justice; and every year he sent Korans

of his own writing, with valuable offerings, to Mecca, Medina, and other holy places.'

He maintained above two thousand readers, beadsmen, and chanters, who were constantly employed in reading the Koran, and in other acts of devotion. During the first twelve days of the month Rubby al Avul, which include the birth and death of the holy prophet, he feasted people of all conditions: and on those nights, the road from Maheenagur to Loll Baugh, which is above three miles, was illuminated with lamps, representing verses of the Koran, mosques, trees, and other figures. Nearly a hundred thousand persons were employed on these occasions; and, on the firing of a gun, the whole was illuminated at once, exhibiting, in an instant, such a sheet of light as astonished the beholders.'

Moorshud Cooly, who died in 1725, was succeeded in the government of Bengal by his son-in-law Shujaa Addeen. He is celebrated for his truth, humanity and beneficence. Serferaz Khan obtained the government after the decease of his father in 1739. This chief kept a number of readers of the Koran and other religious persons in his pay; and he also had his seraglio filled with 1500 women of different descriptions. His passion for beauty excited the discontent of his subjects, and was one of the principal causes of his fall. The following is recorded as an instance of that infirmity.

* * 'Having learned that the eldest son of Juggut Seat was married to a woman of exquisite beauty, the curiosity of the Nuwab was so much inflamed, that he insisted on seeing her, although he knew the disgrace which would be fixed on the family by shewing a wife unveiled to a stranger. Neither the remonstrances of Juggut Seat, nor his power to revenge the indignity, availed, to avert the Nuwab from his insolent and futile resolution. The young woman was sent to the palace in the evening; and after staying there a short space, returned, unviolated indeed, but dishonoured to her husband.'

A conspiracy was formed against Serferaz Khan, which was headed by Aly Verdy Khan. Serferaz Khan perished in the field in 1740. Aly Verdy Khan took possession of the government, which he held for sixteen years, till his death in 1756. His administration appears to have been generally approved; and the Europeans had no reason to complain of his injustice or exactions. On one occasion, when his principal general, Mustapha Khan, urged him to expel the English from Bengal and to seize their property, he made no reply to his advice, but afterwards said to one of his nephews, who had been renewing the same solicitations,

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"My child, Mustapha Khan is a soldier, and wishes us to be constantly in need of his service; but how came you to join in his request? What have the English done against me, that I should use them ill? It is now difficult to extinguish fire on land; but should the sea be in flames, who can put them out! Never listen to such advice as his, for the result would probably be fatal."

The following is rather an interesting account of the character and habits of this Mohammedan prince,

'Aly Verdy Khan from his early youth was not addicted to idle pleasures, as wine or opiates, music, or the company of courtezans. He was regular in his devotions, and assiduously abstained from all things forbidden by the divine law. He generally rose two hours before day, and, after ablution and prayer, drank coffee with his select companions. At day break he gave public audience; when the commanders of his army, the civil officers, and persons of all ranks who had any applications to make, were admitted without reserve, to set forth their business, and received satisfaction from his bounty. At the expiration of two hours he retired to a private apartment, where such only as were invited came. These were generally his nephews, Nuazish Mohammed and Sayid Ahmed, his grandson Seraje ad Dowlah, and particular friends. Pieces of poetry were now recited, or history or anecdotes read to him; and sometimes he amused himself by giving directions to his cooks, who prepared victuals before him, according to his palate. The officers of different departments, if necessary, also came for orders. He than sat down to eat with his friends, and many shared the bounties of his table. When the meal was over, the company retired to repose. At this time a story-teller always attended, to relate some amusing narrative. He generally rose about an hour after mid-day, performed his devotions, and read in the Koran till near four. After saying the prescribed prayers, and drinking a draught of water cooled with ice or saltpetre, he received several learned men, in whose company he daily spent an hour; hearing them discuss points of divinity and law, for his information. When they retired, the officers of the revenue, with Juggut Seat his banker, were admitted, and gave him the intelligence received from Dehly and every province of the empire, also of each district of his own government; after which he issued his orders to them, as the nature of the business required. An hour passed in this manner, and sometimes his near relations were allowed to be present. By this time night set in, lights were brought, and with them certain jesters and buffoons, who entertained him with their repartees on each other for a short time. He then retired to prayers; after which he sat in private with his own begum, to receive the visits of near female relations, till nine

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o'clock. The women then departed; and men were admitted who had business with him, till he retired to sleep; generally early, and without eating. In this manner he passed his time, having stated hours for every employment.'

We have now approached close to the confines of that period, when the English became virtually masters of Bengal by their victory at Plassey under Colonel Clive in 1757, over the forces of Seraje Ad Dowlah, the grandson of Aly Verdy Khan. In the year before this fatal battle, Seraje Ad Dowlah had besieged and taken Fort William, when the English garrison, consisting of one hundred and forty-six persons, were immured in the month of June under a burning sky in a chamber called the black-hole, which was not twenty feet square, and had only two small apertures for the admission of air. Of the one hundred and forty-six miserable captives who were locked up in this suffocating dungeon, only twenty-three were found alive the next morning. This barbarous act may be said to have laid the basis of the English dominion in Hindoostan; as it forcibly awakened the sentiments of sympathy and revenge amongst the English troops in the settlement at Madrass; and made the government of Fort St. George resolve to make war on the Nuwab of Bengal; and to prosecute it with all the vigour which they could at that time exert. The land forces, which were employed on this memorable occasion, 'consisted of 900 European soldiers and 1500 seapoys.' With this comparatively insignificant army the heroic and enterprising Colonel Clive laid the foundation of the present mighty empire of the English in the East Indies.

Before we conclude we will give an account of the end of Seraje Ad Dowlah, the last independent Mohammedan governor of Bengal. After the rout of his army at Plassey he fled towards Moorshudabad, accompanied by 2000 horse. These however, afterwards deserted him when in his utmost need; and he pursued his flight accompanied by two or three women to Bogwangola. Here he embarked in a boat, and proceeded up the river;

'but, on his arrival opposite to Rajemahel, he and his women, being oppressed with hunger, stopt at the cell of a Mohammedan Derveish, named Dana Shah, and requested him to procure them some "food." To this man Seraje ad Dowlah, in the days of his prosperity, had offered an affront, the remembrance of which still rankled in his mind.'

The Derveish, however, disguised his feelings under the garb of courtesy; and ministered to the present wants of the Nuwab, whilst he secretly communicated the intelli-

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gence to his enemies, by whom he was apprehended; and soon after deprived of his life. The Nuwab had previously proposed, if they could be induced not to put him to death, to retire upon a small pension and to pass the remainder of his days in privacy.

'When therefore the assassin entered his apartment, he said, "art thou come to kill me? What! will they not let me live in obscurity?" he added, "no, no, it cannot be! I must die, to atone for the murder of Hussein Cooly Khan." Time was not given him to say more. After the assassin had inflicted several wounds, he sunk to the ground, and said, "Enough, enough! Hussein Cooly, thou art revenged!" Immediately after which he yielded up his soul to his maker.*'

As the province of Bengal may at present be regarded, notwithstanding the immense distance by which it is separated from this country, as an integral part of the British empire, we regard this work as a valuable appendage to our historical store. To those who have resided in Bengal, or are going to reside there, it will be more particularly interesting. We have made some extracts from it, which will probably not be destitute of attraction to the more general reader; and which will also serve as a fair specimen of the ability with which Mr. Professor Stewart has executed his useful undertaking.

ART. II.—*Voyage round the World, in the Years* 1803, 1804, 1805, *and* 1806, *by order of his Imperial Majesty Alexander the First, on board the Ships Nadeshda and Neva, under the command of Captain A. J. Von Krusenstern of the Imperial Navy. In Two Volumes. Translated from the original German. By Richard Belgrave Hoppner, Esq.* London: Murray, 2 vols. 4to. £2. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a work of more value in a nautical and geographical than in a literary view. It contains much information, by which the navigator may profit, but not so much by which the general reader is likely to be amused. Let it not be supposed, however, that we mean to charac-

* This is, perhaps, a solitary instance of a native of Hindoostan expressing a consciousness of guilt on his death-bed. Being absolute predestinarians, they lay the fault to fate; and, after a life spent in every species of atrocity, they pass their last moments in tranquillity.

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terize it as destitute even of entertaining details of men and manners in situations but little frequented, or only imperfectly known. The account which the author has given of the manners and habits of the natives of Nukahiwa, one of the group of islands known under the name of the Marquezas, contains a good deal of matter to interest curiosity both in a geographical, moral, and philosophical point of view. It places, indeed, the specimen of our species which that island presents, in a light, which either excites our disgust, or makes us shudder with horror. We behold a race not of imaginary, but of real, cannibals; who devour one another with as much avidity and as little repugnance as a hungry Englishman would sit down to feast on a sirloin of beef.

Without staying to give any account of the preparations for this voyage, or of the origin of the undertaking, we shall only remark that Captain Krusenstern sailed from Cronstadt on the 7th of August, 1803, with two ships, called the Nadeshda and the Neva, which had been carefully supplied with every necessary for a voyage round the world. On the 3d of March, 1804, our adventurous navigator doubled Cape Horn, four weeks after his departure from the Island of St. Catharine's on the coast of Brazil. When the Nadeshda arrived off the island of Nukahiwa on the 7th of May, Captain Krusenstern had the satisfaction of finding an Englishman on board the first canoe which put off from the shore to greet the ship. This Englishman, whose name was Roberts, and who had then been seven years upon the island, had assumed the dress and appearance of one of the islanders, and married a relation of the King of Nukahiwa. He offered his services to Captain Krusenstern to assist in supplying his wants and gratifying his curiosity. He, at the same time, warned him against a Frenchman, who had also been a resident upon the island for several years, and whom Roberts represented as an implacable enemy, who had spared no pains to deprive him of his life.

'Here too,' says the author, 'the innate hatred between the French and English appeared. Not content to disturb the peace of the whole civilized world, even the happiness of the lately discovered islands of this ocean must feel the influence of their odious rivalship, without so much as knowing the origin of it. How unfortunate it is, that at such a distance, upon islands, the inhabitants of which are as yet rough in their manners, and whose mode of life is still horribly cruel, where alone the necessity of self-preservation ought to have united two civilized men, though half the globe had been interposed between their native

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countries, that here, I say, two Europeans should hate, and strive after each other's life!'

Our author appears to have made every possible effort during his stay at Nukahiwa to extinguish the burning feud between these two desperate rivals; and they were once induced to shake hands in his presence in token of reconciliation; but the Englishman does not seem to have confided in the sincerity of this promised amity.

Captain Krusenstern's ship was scarcely anchored, when it

'was surrounded by several hundred of the inhabitants, who brought cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, and bananas, for sale. The only things we could give them in exchange were pieces of old iron hoops, four or five inches long, with which I had supplied both ships for this purpose while we lay at Cronstadt. Such a piece was usually the price of five cocoa-nuts and three or four of the bread-fruit; but though they seemed to set a very high value on these, axes and hatchets were the chief objects of their wishes. They showed a childish joy on receiving even a small piece of iron hoop, and usually evinced their satisfaction by a loud laugh, displaying their newly acquired riches with an air of triumph to their less fortunate companions, who *swam round* the ship.'

In the afternoon,

'the king and his suite came on board. His name was Tapega Kettenowee. He was a very strong, well-made man, with a thick and extremely fat neck, from forty to forty-five years of age. His body was tatooed with a dark colour approaching to black, so completely, that it even extended to spots on his head, from which the hair had been cut away. He was in no-wise to be distinguished from the lowest of his subjects; being, with the exception of the tschiabu, entirely naked. I led him to my cabin, and gave him a knife and a piece of red cloth about twenty ells long, which he immediately bound round his loins.'

After all the men had left the ship and gone on shore, the women, though they had been swimming during five hours, did not desist from their importunate invitations to the crew; the object of which was expressed in a manner too significant to be misunderstood. Captain Krusenstern at last yielded to their intreaties to be taken on board. He informs us that a certain malady which has made such dreadful ravages in some of the other islands in the Pacific Ocean has not yet been introduced into Nukahiwa. It appears from the account of our author that this disgusting conduct of the fair sex amongst the Nukahiwers

was occasioned less by their own vicious propensities, than by the avarice of their husbands or fathers,

'who sent off their wives and daughters to procure small pieces of iron and other trifles, and in the morning were seen swimming out to meet them, and taking possession of the treasures which they had obtained.'

'At six the next morning,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'the ship was again surrounded by several hundred islanders with their cocoa-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruit; and the whole royal family did not fail to come on board by seven.'

His majesty of Nukahiwa was inexpressibly delighted with a large looking-glass in the cabin, whither he proceeded without delay whenever he came on board; and took his station before it for several hours to the no small annoyance of the captain.

When Captain Krusenstern went on shore, he proceeded to a house not far from the beach, where the king was waiting to receive him and his retinue.

'About five hundred paces from this house, the king's uncle, who is at the same time his step-father, and is here always called the king's father, came to meet us. He was an old man of seventy-five years of age, yet seemed to enjoy perfect health. His eye was very brilliant, and the features of his countenance displayed the marks of an intrepid and determined character. He was one of the greatest warriors of his time, and was now suffering from a wound on his eye, over which he wore a bandage. In his hand he held a long staff, with which he endeavoured, but in vain, to keep back the crowd that followed close upon us. He took me by the hand, and led me to a long narrow building, in which the king's mother, and all his relations of her sex, were seated in a row, and appeared to be expecting us; and we had scarcely entered the precincts of this building, when the king likewise came to meet us, and welcomed us with much familiarity and friendship. The people here stood still, and separated in two bodies, the king's dwelling being tahbu. I was forced to sit down in the middle of the royal ladies, who all examined me with a great deal of curiosity, holding my hand by turns clasped within their's, and only dropping it to examine my clothes, the embroidery of my uniform, my hat, &c. There appeared so much frankness in all their countenances, that I was in the highest degree prepossessed in their favour, and presented them with some buttons, knives, scissars, and other trifles, which I had brought with me; but they did not appear to derive that pleasure from them which I had expected, and they seemed much more occupied with us than with our presents. The king's daughter, a young woman of about twenty-four years of age, and his daughter-in-law, who seemed a few years

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younger, were both of remarkably good appearance, which even in Europe would not have been denied. They were wrapped in a yellow stuff, and their heads unadorned, except by their black hair, which was well smeared with cocoa-nut oil, and was tied in a bunch at the top. Their bodies, which were not entirely covered by the yellow stuff, were neither coloured nor tatooed; but half of the arm and hand was tatooed black and yellow, which gave them the appearance of short gloves, such as our ladies used formerly to wear.'

The natives of the island lent every possible assistance, according to the author, in filling the water-casks, and in swimming 'with them back through the surf.' 'Nor would it,' says he, 'without their help have been possible for us to have procured more than one boat-load of water in a day; and even then not without great exertions on the part of our men, and the risk of endangering their health.'

With all his exertions our worthy navigator was not successful in procuring a supply of hogs at Nukahiwa. 'In three days,' says he, 'we had got but two, of which one was a present made in return for a parrot, and the other we received in exchange for a hatchet.'

The following is an account of our author's journey to the king's house, which was about a mile from the shore.

'The way thither led through a copse of cocoa trees, bread-fruit, and birch-trees; the grass grew so luxuriantly that it reached to our knees, and incommoded us very much as we walked; at length we came to a foot-path where were several marks of an Otaheite custom, not very favourable to the cleanliness of the Nukahiwa people. From thence a hollow way, filled with rain-water up to our ancles, led us to a path, which was kept with the greatest cleanliness. We here entered a romantic, beautiful country, and found ourselves in a large forest that seemed to reach to the chain of mountains behind. The greatest part of the trees in this forest were apparently about seventy or eighty feet high, and chiefly cocoa and bread-fruit trees, as was easily to be distinguished by the fruit with which they were all loaded. Several winding rivulets, that rushed with considerable noise and rapidity from the mountains, and whose beds of large broken rocks formed the most beautiful cascades, crossed each other and watered the habitations of the valley. In the vicinity of these habitations, a number of plantations of taro root and cloth-mulberry, laid out in great order, and surrounded with a neat enclosure of white staves, bore the appearance of belonging to a people who had already carried cultivation to a considerable extent; and these delightful prospects assisted a good deal in removing the unpleasant sensations

we experienced upon reflecting, that we were amidst the dwellings of cannibals, capable of the greatest crimes, and who commit the most unnatural acts without hesitation, or indeed, without perceiving within them, those calls of nature to which even wild beasts are awake.'

Before Captain Krusenstern and his party quitted the king's house, where they were refreshed with cocoa-milk, he was shown the grand-daughter of the sovereign, a child about eight or ten years old, but who is nevertheless considered as 'Etua, a deity.' This deification is stated to be the privilege of 'all the children and grand-children of the king's family.'

To an enquiry how long the mothers in Nukahiwa are wont to suckle their children, the author was told, that

'with very few exceptions, they never nurse their own children; but as soon as a child is born, the nearest relations, among whom a dispute generally ensues which shall be its foster-mother, take the infant from its mother and carry it home with them: the child is not nourished with its mother's milk, but fed upon fruits and raw fish.'

This mode of nutrition appears not to stunt the growth of the Nukahiwers, for the men are said to be of a colossal size.

'Every family has its separate morai,' or burial place. Our author, under the guidance of Roberts, visited one of these cemeteries, which is 'situated on the top of a pretty high hill.'—Roberts prevailed on Captain Krusenstern to visit his house, which

'was quite new and in the midst of a wood of cocoa trees. Upon one side flowed a small stream, and upon the other, in the middle of a rock, was a spring of mineral water. We all seated ourselves round his house on the rocks which formed the banks of the rivulet, and refreshed ourselves, in the shade of the lofty cocoa trees after our walk, which, owing to the extreme heat, had greatly fatigued us. About twenty of the islanders were busied throwing down cocoa-nuts from the trees, which others cleared of the husks, and broke with great skilfulness. The kernel quieted the hunger we began to feel, and we quenched our thirst with the fine cold milk, which was extremely refreshing.

'Roberts's wife, a pretty young woman of about eighteen years of age, seemed in some measure to have departed from the custom of her country, and, in our opinion, very much to her advantage; for she had not rubbed her body over with cocoa-oil, which, although it gives great lustre to the skin, produces a very powerful smell.'

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'The King of the Nukahiwers appears to be possessed of very little power.

'The king is not to be distinguished either by his dress or by his ornaments from the lowest of his subjects; they laugh at his orders, and should he venture to strike any one, he would infallibly meet with a like return.'

The nobles consist only of the king's family; and are said to possess little authority above the rest. The Nukahiwers are described as invariably of large stature, well-made, very muscular, with great regularity of countenance, but with eyes destitute of animation and a countenance indicating apathy. The author saw no instances amongst them of personal deformity. He represents them as highly temperate; and as not addicted, like many of the islanders in this ocean, to excessive potations of kava. Their natural complexion is mentioned as not differing very much from that of the Europeans, except in being 'rather more yellow.' They acquire, however, 'a black appearance,' 'by tatooing their bodies very much, and rubbing them with a dark colour.' The author represents them as possessing 'the most constant health,' and, (either the cause or the consequence,) as being entirely ignorant of what is called medicine.

Captain Krusenstern does not bestow much praise on the personal attractions of the fair sex in Nukahiwa.

'Their form,' says he, 'is any thing but beautiful; their person is generally short, and without carriage, and this is the case even with girls of eighteen; their gait is likewise awkward and unsteady, and their lower stomach particularly large.'

'As soon as a Nukahiwer arrives at the age of puberty, his whole body is tatooed; an art carried to much greater perfection in this island than in any other; as they paint in fact, their bodies with different figures, rubbing a pleasing colour into the skin, which is first scratched till it bleeds. Black is the colour generally used for this purpose, which after some time takes a bluish tinge.'

The men always go naked, with the exception of a bandage of coarse stuff, 'made of the bark of the cloth-mulberry plant, which they wear round their loins.'

Captain Krusenstern seems to describe the Nukahiwers as wanting the benefit of any thing like legal redress in cases of injury or violence, as the chief magistrate, or king himself, is without power. Their notions of justice must be very circumscribed or very perverse, as stealing is not

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esteemed criminal, but, on the contrary, as rather meritorious, except in those who evince no dexterity in the art. 'Adultery is only a crime in the royal family; murder alone is not allowed to pass unnoticed; not by the king and the priests, but by the relations and friends of the slain, who seek revenge and will have blood for blood.' The nuptial tie, seems to hang very loose on the ladies of Nukahiwa; who, either do not know or do not respect the relative obligations of the connubial state.

'The shocking consequences,' says the author, 'of this brutal mode of life are in no cases so apparent, as in the indifference with which, during a famine, a Nukahiwer will murder his wife and satiate his hunger with her flesh; and he butchers his child and devours it with the same voracity.'

'A very important member of the royal family is the *firemaker*: his duty consists partly in being always near the king's person to execute his orders; but the business wherein his master generally employs him, is of a nature perfectly characteristic of the monarch of Nukahiwa. On quitting his house for any time, his firemaker does not accompany him, but must, in every sense, represent his person with the queen, who finds in him a second husband during the absence of the first. He is the guardian of her virtue, and his reward the enjoyment of that which he has to protect.'

'It may easily be imagined,' continues our author, 'that a people who find pleasure in eating human flesh, will frequently wage war with their neighbours to procure some of this delicacy, although there should be no other sufficient reason for it; and in their art of war, there is a perfect similarity between the character of these savages, and of wild beasts. They seldom meet in large parties in the field; but their usual mode of warfare is, to be constantly watching for and secretly seeking to butcher their prey, which they devour on the spot. He who evinces the greatest skill in these arts, who can lie the longest on his belly perfectly motionless, who can breathe the lowest, run the swiftest, and spring with the greatest agility from one precipice to another, acquires no less reputation among his comrades than the brave and powerful Mau-ha-u. In all these attainments the Frenchman particularly excelled, and he has since frequently amused us with a relation of his exploits, and of the numbers whom he has slain, in this mode of warfare; entering into a particular detail of all the circumstances. But he assured us, and even Roberts his enemy did him the justice to acknowledge, that he had never eaten human flesh, always exchanging his victims for hogs.'

The following shows how favourable the influence of superstition occasionally is in a rude and savage state of society to the production of good, or the prevention of

evil. One of the vallies in Nukahiwa is called Homa, the warriors of which are denominated Taipihs; meaning warriors of the great ocean.

'With these Taipihs the people of Tayo Hoae,' (that part of the island near which our navigator anchored,) 'do not carry on war by sea, but merely by land. The reason is singular and deserves notice, since it proves, that although the king is held in but little consideration, very much respect is paid upon some occasions, to the persons of the royal family; a circumstance perhaps arising from some ancient superstition. The son of Kettenowee is married to the daughter of the king of the Tai-pihs; and as she joined her husband by water, the sea which divides these two vallies is *tahbu*, that is to say, must not be contaminated by any blood. If the young prince should quarrel with his wife, and she should return in consequence to her parents, the war which can now only be waged by land, would again commence by sea. But if she should die in this valley, an everlasting peace would ensue, because the spirit of this royal personage, who is considered as etua, a deity, would hover over these regions, and its rest must not be disturbed.'

When a cessation of hostilities is agreed upon between the parties at war, the event is indicated by planting a branch of the cocoa nut tree on the top of a mountain. There is one occasion in which hostilities are inevitable among them, and are neither to be prevented by the interposition of a truce nor the spirit of an etua.

'Whenever one of the chief persons dies, three human bodies must be sacrificed to him. These are never chosen from among the people to which the priest belonged; but must be taken from some of the neighbours, and several canoes are immediately dispatched to procure them. If these should fall in with a canoe too weak to defend itself, having the proper number of victims on board, all hostilities again cease, and the sea is tahbu as before; but if they do not succeed by sea, they land, lurk among the rocks, where the islanders often come in the morning to catch fish, and it is not long before they are enabled to offer up a sacrifice, to conciliate the deity with the spirit of the high priest. These are not devoured, but hung up on a tree until the flesh falls off the bones. If this sacrifice is not obtained the first day, the report of it spreads abroad, the rights of retaliation are asserted, and the war becomes general; but these hostilities are seldom of long duration, as the number of victims necessary to be sacrificed is but small. During our stay in Tayo Hoae, a similar scene was hourly expected, the high priest lying at the time dangerously ill, and very little hopes being entertained of his recovery.'

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The strongest religious feelings of these islanders, if such cannibals as they are represented to be, can be allowed to have any religion, appear to be excited by that ceremonial which they practise under the name of *tahbu*.

'The priests only can impose a general tahbu, but every individual has a right to pronounce one upon his own property: this is done by declaring, if his wish be to preserve a bread-fruit, or a cocoa tree, a house or a plantation, from robbery and destruction, that the spirit of his father or of some king, or indeed of any other person, reposes in this tree, or house, which then bears the name of the person, and nobody ventures to attack it. If any one is so irreligious as to break through a tahbu, and should be convicted of it, he is called Kikino; and the Kikinos are always the first to be devoured by the enemy, at least they believe it to be so, nor is it impossible that the priests should so arrange matters as that this really happens. The persons of the royal family and of the priests are tahbu, and the Englishman assured me that he was so likewise; and yet he often expressed his fear of being taken in the next war and devoured. In all probability he was at first considered like every other European, as Etua, and only seven years acquaintance with him had worn away the lustre of his divinity.'

The marriages in Nukahiwa are said to be very unproductive. Roberts assured our author that a woman had seldom 'more than two children, and very often none at all.' We find throughout nature one species of animals preying on another. We see life causing destruction; and destruction prolonging, or renovating life. But, except in cases of extraordinary exigency, which are exceptions to general rules, we do not see animals of the same species devouring each other with that sort of instinctive avidity with which they feed on animals of other species. Wolves will not mangle each other when there is a sheep fold at hand from which they can satisfy their voracity. But our author talks of the Nukahiwers as if they devoured one another with peculiar satisfaction, even when not immediately under the influence of that hunger which operates upon the will like a paroxysm of insanity. Roberts and the Frenchman, though inveterate enemies to each other, both agreed in the account which they gave of the propensity of the Nukahiwers to sip each others blood; and eat each others flesh.

'The very fact,' says the author, 'of Roberts doing his enemy,' (the Frenchman,) 'the justice to allow that he never devoured his prey, but always exchanged it for hogs, gives the circumstance a greater degree of probability; and these reports concur with

several appearances we remarked during our stay here; skulls being brought us every day for sale. Their weapons are invariably adorned with human hair, and human bones are used as ornaments in all their household furniture:—circumstances which leave unfortunately, no doubt of the inhabitants of Nukahiwa being cannibals.'

Our navigator set sail on the 18th of May from this region, where, according to the statement in this work, the human nature seems sunk below the brute. He proceeded to the Sandwich islands, where he hoped to procure a supply of provisions; but he was disappointed in this expectation. One of the canoes, which came off to the ship from a village at the Southern point of Owaihi, contained a large hog, which Captain Krusenstern says that he had destined for a Sunday dinner for his crew. But though he offered every thing which he had at his disposal as hatchets, knives, and scissars, &c. in exchange for this valuable animal, the possessor refused to part with it, 'except for a large cloth mantle capable of covering him from head to feet,' and such a mantle our navigator had not in his power to bestow. Our author here notices the great change which a short period has made in the circumstances of this people, as a few years ago there was hardly any thing in the island which iron would not purchase. But 'at present the natives of Owaihi appeared almost to despise this metal, and they scarcely deigned to look upon even the most necessary tools. Nothing would satisfy them that did not flatter their vanity.'

Our author remained for six months at Japan; but his stay at that island was only a kind of mitigated imprisonment, and of course he has not been able to tell us any thing new or interesting respecting the Japanese. Their jealousy of strangers is well known, and their Russian visitors on this occasion had sensible experience of its unremitting vigilance and suspicion.

'The first great proof of their jealousy,' says the author, 'was evinced in their taking from us all our powder and firearms, even to the fowling pieces belonging to the officers, among which were some of considerable value; and it was not until after four months constant entreaties and representations that these latter were returned to them in order to be cleaned, though many of them were entirely destroyed by the time they were restored.

* * 'We were not only forbidden to go on shore, but not even allowed to row about within a short distance of the ship, nor was it until after a six week's negotiation that a place was

granted us, at a trifling distance, as a walk, and this only in consideration of the pretended illness of the ambassador. This place was close to the shore in a confined bay, and was shut in on the landside by a high wall of bamboos; and although its whole length did not exceed an hundred paces, and its width at the most was forty, there were two watch houses erected in its immediate vicinity. One single tree, but not a blade of grass, adorned this promenade, which was entirely upon a rocky ground. This place of course could not answer its intended purpose, nor was it used as such; but it was of great advantage for our astronomical observations, which the Japanese did not in any way attempt to disturb. As soon as any boat put off from the ship, for Kibatsch, for so this promenade was called, a fleet of ten or fifteen vessels immediately put themselves in motion, surrounding the boat on all sides, and in this same manner it was conducted back again.'

When the ambassador M. de Resanoff, who had been sent out by the Russian government on board the Nadeshda with valuable presents, &c. for the emperor of Japan, was permitted to land, he was still kept in a state of close imprisonment in the house, which was appointed for his residence.

'The house was situated upon a neck of land so near the sea, that on the south and east sides the water at high tide came close under the windows. When I say windows, indeed, I make use of an improper expression; for this word can scarcely apply to a square space about a foot wide, provided with a double lattice work, and which therefore admitted but very little light into the room. A high bamboo fence surrounded the whole building, not only towards the land, but even on the sea-face in spite of the waves; the protection of which the Japanese did not seem to consider sufficient. Besides these, there were two rows of bamboo canes carried from the door down to the sea, as far as the tide ebbed; in order, that when the boats came from the ships they might only land between these canes, a precaution which scarcely could answer any one purpose. A large gate with double locks formed the entrance from the waterside.'

The side towards the land was guarded with the same unremitting vigilance as that towards the water. As all the ship's boats stood in need of repairs, Captain Krusenstern requested permission to have them hauled up on shore. Though this favour was granted, yet the space allowed for this purpose was 'so narrow and confined that it was impossible to work at high water.' It was besides entirely 'surrounded with bamboos, and two boats kept guard constantly while the carpenters were at work.'

When the ship anchored in the harbour of Nangasaky,

several Japanese magistrates called banjos, came on board; and

'without waiting for an invitation, walked at once into the cabin, and seated themselves on the carpet. Their servants placed a lantern in front of each of them, with a little box containing their smoking apparatus, and a vessel with coals to light their pipes, a very necessary article in consequence of the small size of the latter, which are emptied in four or five whiffs.'

The Banjos brought along with them the director of the Dutch factory, with two captains of the Dutch ships that were in the harbour, 'and Baron Pallast;' all of whom had no sooner entered the cabin than they were commanded to pay their devoirs to the Banjos in the most humiliating manner. The Banjos did not condescend to return the compliments of the *mynheers* even with a nod. When the Japanese are accosted by their superiors they throw themselves flat upon the ground touching the earth with their heads, and crouching backwards and forwards in token of their reverence.

'The Dutch would find great difficulty in casting themselves on the ground, owing to their clothes, and the pliability of the body required in these prostrations cannot be expected in people who are not brought up to it; but in order to imitate the Japanese customs as much as possible, the Dutchman must incline his body until it forms nearly the figure of a right angle: and what is much more difficult, he must remain in this position with his arms extended until he receives permission to stand again in his natural posture, which is not till after a lapse of some minutes.

'There must likewise be a difference in the compliments which the Dutch pay in Jeddo from those which we saw here; for we were told that previous to going there all persons belonging to the embassies receive instructions in bowing.'

'In the winter the Japanese wear five or six dresses one over the other; but I have never seen any of them in a cloth dress, or in any kind of furs, although the weather is very raw in the months of January and February. It is singular that they have no notion of clothing their feet; their stockings, which cover only half of their legs, are made of woollen stuffs sewed together, and instead of shoes they merely wear soles made of straw, which they fasten to the great toe by a kind of loop; and which, as their floors are always covered with wadded mats, they take off the moment they enter the room. The upper classes are scarcely sensible of the want of better shoes, as they seldom walk, and sit throughout the day with their feet bent under them; but the poorer sort, who constitute perhaps nine-tenths of the whole population, must suffer very much from it during the winter months. The Japanese exposes his head in a simi-

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lar manner; although he is half shorn he never strives to protect it by a parasol against the heat of twenty-five degrees, and he is equally regardless of one or two degrees of cold, and the most piercing north winds which prevail during the winter; nor do they ever use an umbrella in rainy weather. The hair is rubbed over with a very strong pomatum, by which it obtains a great polish, and is tied together on the top of the head, and made to terminate in a very small knot, forming a crooked line in front quite close to the forehead. The toilet of a Japanese must occupy a very considerable time, as they not only anoint and comb their hair, but shave their heads daily; this latter operation they never perform on their beards, but pluck out the hair with small pincers, that it may not grow again, and these and a metal looking-glass occupy the chief place in the pocket-book of every Japanese. They cannot be denied a great cleanliness of person, although they make no use of linen, without which we have no notion of such a quality; but this, as far as we saw, appears to be the ruling passion of the Japanese of every rank.'

The author remarks that the Japanese do not continue their religious or national feasts for many successive days, but always interpose a working day between. He adds, that they have no Sundays, and only very few holidays.

Amongst the presents, which the ambassador took out for the emperor of Japan, was a large mirror, which the author found was to be carried by hand to Jeddo, the seat of the imperial government, though the author says that it would 'require at least sixty men to relieve each other every half mile.' But he was told that 'nothing was impossible to the emperor of Japan,' and that about two years before a live elephant had been carried from Nanjasaky to Jeddo. The ambassador himself was not permitted to proceed to Jeddo; nor to purchase any thing at Nangasaky. But the ship was supplied with provisions, and every necessary article at the emperor's expence; and was ordered to leave the Japanese harbour as soon as she was ready for sea. As the ambassador was not suffered to proceed to the seat of government, the emperor had sent a deputation to treat with him, at the head of which was a person of the highest rank, according to the notions of rank in Japan; for he *was permitted to see the emperor's feet.* If such a privilege be the distinction of the highest rank, what must be the degradation of the lowest?

On the second interview which the Russian ambassador had with the plenipotentiary of his Japanese majesty, some documents were put into his hands, which 'con-

tained an order that no Russian ship should again come to Japan.' The author adds, that 'the presents, and even the letter from the emperor of Russia, were all refused.' This was the abrupt and unsuccessful termination of the embassy, by which the Russians not only obtained no new advantages, but lost that of the permission to visit Nangasaky, which they had before possessed.

Our worthy navigator left the harbour of Nangasaky on the 17th April, 1805, and after touching at the island of Jesso, and describing the Ainos, whose good qualities he highly commends, he proceeds to the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamschatka. The author gives a deplorable account of the present state of Kamschatka; and suggests various means for its improvement. 'Nothing is visible here,' says the author, 'that could at all persuade any one of its being inhabited by civilized people.' The harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul is said not to be enlivened by a single boat. The shores are strewed with stinking fish, the possession of which is contested by multitudes of half-starved dogs.

'It is perfectly in vain that you look about, upon landing, for even one well-built house; in vain does the eye seek a road or even a well-beaten path, along which a person may walk in safety to the town: no garden, no meadow, no plantation or enclosure of any kind indicative of the least cultivation.'

The author says that the climate of Kamschatka is not so bad as is commonly represented, and that, with vigorous and judicious cultivation, the soil would produce every thing requisite for the healthy subsistence of the inhabitants. The excessive use of spirituous liquors, which form the only commodity, of which there seems no defect in the supply, appears to be highly injurious both to the health and industry of the residents in this remote part of the world. According to the following account of the author, there seems little chance of any speedy addition to the population of Kamschatka.

'At St. Peter and St. Paul, where the number of inhabitants, including the military, amounts to one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty persons, there are not five-and-twenty females. It frequently happens that the company's ships and transports winter here, and the number of men is often increased to five hundred, while on the other hand, that of the women remains always the same. The consequences of this pernicious disproportion are unproductive marriages, and a total decline of all morals: I do not remember to have seen more than five or six children at Kamschatka, and these partly belonged to the officers, and partly to such of the inhabitants as

had distinguished themselves by their exemplary conduct. All marriages, with the exception of three or four, were entirely unproductive.'

The native Kamschatkadales, like other persons in their rude state of existence, have a strong propensity to drink spirits, and the agents of the American company omit no endeavour to turn this weakness to their profit by giving them a sufficient quantity of gin to deprive them of their senses, in order to obtain in return the sables and other furs which they have perhaps procured by months of strenuous toil.

Our author prosecutes his voyage from Kamschatka to China, and disposes of his cargo at Canton: and here we shall take our leave of him, after mentioning that he returned to Cronstadt on the 19th of August, after an absence of three years and twelve days; and that during his long voyage he did not lose a single individual belonging to the crew of the Nadeshda.

ART. III.—*An Essay on the Study and Composition of Biography. By James Field Stanfield.* London: Gale, 1813, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Mr. STANFIELD appears to have conceived in his mind an *ideal* of biographical excellence, which it will forever be impossible to realize in practice. He has developed his thoughts upon the subject with much distinctness and perspicuity; and many of his remarks will be found to be highly judicious, and eminently useful, though the whole plan, which he has sketched for the attainment of something like biographical perfection, must be regarded as beyond the reach of human diligence or ability to accomplish. The *ideal* of any art will always be something beyond the reach of the genius which it is intended to stimulate; but he, who perpetually contemplates a model, though of unattainable excellence, is likely to make nearer approaches to perfection, than another, whose notions of excellence are rather below than above the boundary of practical imitation. In the productions of intellect, as well as in the habits of morality, it is always right to propose to ourselves some point of attainment beyond our actual powers; that we may never rest satisfied with a vapid mediocrity. He was a wise teacher who recommended the perfection of the Deity himself, to the imitation of his disciples. The statuaries of anti-

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quity were not the mere servile copyists of the imperfect works of their predecessors, but placed before the vision of the mind the most beautiful and lovely forms which the creation exhibits; and these they did not aspire merely to imitate, but to surpass. The same process will apply to the poet, to the orator, or to the author of any species of literary composition. The highest excellence which can be conceived, ought to be the object of ardent desire and vigorous pursuit. We suppose some idea of this kind to have been entertained by Mr. Stanfield, when he sat down to delineate a perfect model of biographical composition.

The following is the account which the author gives in his introduction of the origin and nature of the present work.

'In pursuing another study—that of the general human character—much biographical reading and observation became necessary: and in order to facilitate the process, and to arrange facts and principles, the form of a system was extracted from the nature of the study itself, which, from the accumulation of fresh analogy and observation, grew every day more applicable and comprehensive. This synopsis was seen by a judicious, but partial friend—who, alas! has not been spared to witness either the censure or the approbation its completion may draw. This friend thought that something like the plan before him, a little more extended and filled up, might become useful to the general reader of biography; and under that idea the attempt was made, which has terminated in the present Essay.

'In entering upon the studies having relation to a design so important, it became necessary to take a view of biography, as the subject had been generally treated; to examine the nature of the disabilities it might have laboured under, in order to consider of the means of supplying deficiencies, or of suggesting improvements. For this purpose, the detrimental or disqualifying circumstances have been examined, as they subsist in the constitution of the *subject* itself. These will be found to consist in the want of clearness and connection in the materials; the distance of time intervening between the period of writing and that of the personage whose actions are to be recorded; and the difficulty in obtaining sufficient and genuine information. Deficiencies are also found in the *narrator*, where the personal requisites and preparatory studies are wanting; or where there is a total absence of the biographic spirit. Disadvantages may be again considered, as influencing the actual *composition*, or as existing in the union of the author with his subject; such as may arise from culpable partiality or resentment, from credulity or scepticism, from confused method or faulty execution.

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'Having enumerated and remarked upon the disadvantages biography has encountered, the second part will consider them in a different aspect; with a view of furnishing auxiliaries, or intimating improvements. The essential requisites and preliminary acquirements (regarded as of high importance) are insisted on and discussed at some length; the biographic spirit is ascertained and expounded, and its three-fold influence, in the subject, the writer, and the student, illustrated by observation and example; the impartiality which should direct investigation, and the moral power of decision with which the writer is invested, are considered and discussed as the sacred duties of his station; and, lastly, the materials of which biography is composed are distinctly surveyed, their relations, connections, and arrangement; the principles by which they are animated, and the laws by which they are governed, together with the auxiliary matter which may be obtained from analogy and the knowledge of general character.

'The third part enters upon the important business of actual composition; upon a comprehensive yet detailed view of the order and process of the work. It considers the expediency of introduction and preliminary character; and passing through the different stages of infancy, childhood, adolescence, youth, manhood, and declining age, connects the distinct characteristics of each with the general progression of the whole. In a second division of this part, a more distinct view is taken of the human character, in its constitutional disposition, and in its changes and shiftings from the influence of surrounding circumstances. The beneficial effects resulting to the study and delineation of character, from a more efficient application of comparison or parallels, are offered as an improvement. The doctrine of pursuits, whether directed to the particular points of distinct profession, or more comprehensively extended to objects of general advancement, is an important article in the science of man; the consideration of which, and a chapter on the possible influence of improved biographical study and composition, conclude the design.'

We will now furnish a few specimens of the manner in which Mr. Stanfield has accomplished his laborious undertaking. These we shall select from that portion of the work which treats of character, the luminous development of which is one of the most difficult parts of biographical composition.

'In remarking,' says the author, 'upon the delineation of character as presented by biographers, or as adapted to the examination and improvement of the observer, it is not intended to confine the observations either to the preliminary miniature at the commencement, or the full-finished portrait at the end of the work. The position we would wish to establish is, that

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the character should not for a moment be lost to the artist's or the student's view. In the great pictures of history, or in the conversation-pieces of more familiar life, the characteristic likeness and originality of expression must ever be kept conspicuous and predominant. The skilfulness of the general design may excite admiration, and the curious adaptation of the parts may surprise by its accuracy; the reasoning may convince, and the reflections may instruct, but it is the *expression of character*, only, that can unite us to the subject, that can interest our sympathy, and fix our application.

'In biographical productions, the character is not dwelt upon with the attention and warmth its importance demands. The character is all in all. Circumstances and occurrences may assist, modify, and, sometimes, even command. But it is the MAN who encounters and makes use of them; and, in such conflicts, the effects produced are exactly according to the nature and efficiency of the character.'

According to our notions, though original temperament forms the first nucleus of character, subsequent circumstances, which are continually, but often imperceptibly, depositing their concretions around it, gradually produce that often heterogeneous mass of disposition and habits, which constitute individual peculiarity. When Mr. Stanfield says above, that 'the circumstances and occurrences may assist, modify,' &c. but that 'the effects produced are exactly according to the nature and efficiency of the character,' he appears to give to the individual a controul over the circumstances, rather than to the circumstances over the individual. Nor is what he says in this place in strict unison with what follows a few pages farther on, where he remarks that

'The characters of men are, in general, formed by the gradual operation of occurrences and circumstances: that is, by events and situations. The natural constitution may go far in originally disposing the mind to receive or reject, with eagerness or with laxity, certain impressions; but in the intercourse itself with immediate objects, we must seek for that actual power by which the character is formed, developed, and expanded.'

The following may deserve attention, though the diction is occasionally too verbose and lax; and indeed, there is a want of compression and force, in this, and in other parts of the work.

'The whole range of human characters might, as to their importance and efficiency, be very fairly separated into two great divisions;—those, who, courageous, and collected in themselves, carry on their purposes with firmness and resolution; and those others, by far the greater portion, who, constitutionally timorous,

feeble, or pliant, dare not embark in any enterprize of hazard or exertion, or, who if stimulated by accident or necessity to some temporary adventure, faint under the fatigue of needful perseverance, and are intimidated by the very appearance of obstruction or danger.

'There is also another division of character, which, though it has not passed without notice, may bear to be touched on with some propriety. This division proceeds from the nature of the intellectual and moral qualities, as considered apart; and from a contemplation of the dissimilar appearances of character, arising from their separate influence. And it seems the more fitting to offer a few observations on the subject, according to this distinction, as the two classes of qualities have been often confounded; and sometimes, the eminent professor of the one, (by the notion of some fanciful analogy of the several powers) has been supposed, from a necessary association, to be in absolute fruition of the gifts and faculties of the other.

'But though we have some illustrious instances of this happy union, we have too many cases of an opposite determination to receive an hypothetical analogy for a necessary co-existing establishment. The intellectual endowments of Cicero were of that extended and exalted sort, as few among the sons of men have been favoured with; yet, uninfluenced by the spirit of these transcendent powers, his moral course was marked by weakness, ambition, inconstancy, and an insatiable, and even criminal, lust of praise. And in that glory and, in some measure, that shame of our country and our species, the immortal Bacon, we have the flagrant example of the frequent disunion of these classes of mental disposition, too generally known to need the mortifying repetition here; and too obvious in its consequences, not to make manifest an evident distinction, both in the nature and in the result of the moral and intellectual system.

'In pursuing this study, there is an advantage, which, though not often, does sometimes occur; and that is when, what is called, an original (meaning a marked and distinct character) is the subject of observation. This is the case when the disposition and conduct appear consistent with each other in all their relations and dependencies; when a complete congruity is observed in all their leading manners, sentiments, and pursuits; when every assemblage of particulars seems appropriately collected, and all the separate parts have relation to an impressed and substantial distinction of the character as a whole, shewing, at one view the conformation of the features, and displaying the figure at full length—with the national drapery, serving, by the flowing light and shade of its folds, rather to display than encumber the original proportion of the form.'

The author truly intimates, that the state of social intercourse in modern times, is very unfavourable to striking originality of character. The character of the mass is diluted into an insipid uniformity.

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It is very observable that strong lines of diversity are sometimes seen in the character of the same person at different periods, though the original temperament, which formed the primary basis of character, has undergone but little change.

'When any powerful change' says Mr. Stanfield, 'is about to be recorded or studied, a pause should be made, and an ample review of the character, as it stands at that precise period, should be taken. This practice will help to shew, in a distinct light, the power of external circumstances in producing revolutions in an apparently fixed character; and by this review, also, the way will be cleared, for observing the kinds of dispositions that are by their constitution, the easiest, or most difficult, to be influenced by the nature and succession of particular objects. For it must be remembered that the same objects or excitements, presented or occurring to different individuals, will not, in degree or quality, produce the same effects. Some dispositions will require a greater quantity of this exciting power before they can be brought into that state or condition, which in others, is effected by a smaller proportion. In some men the original preponderancy of character is so firmly established, that, like the Cato of Utica, they present an inflexible vigour of resistance to every change of circumstance or condition. And, in not a few cases, we behold the very same state of circumstances completely reversing the characters of men, and producing, in different persons, even violent effects of the most opposite tendency.* Thus the possession of supreme authority exhibited an important change in the characters of the emperors Augustus and Constantine; but the effects of that change were in an exact contrary direction. From selfishness, cruelty, dissimulation, and a course of most unprincipled manners, Augustus, when securely seated in dominion, rose to an exalted pitch of liberality, mildness, candour, and munificence; while, actuated by a like change of circumstances, the latter emperor, from a character ennobled by openness, temperance, activity, and a heroic vigour, degenerated into a course of conduct and propensities, stained by prejudice, dissoluteness, cruelty, and effeminate ostentation.'

After remarking that the 'varied character of Tiberius will afford another opportunity of studying the seemingly

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* Tacitus has many masterly sketches of this disappointment of expectations, founded on conduct in situations that occurred before. This is one amongst many.—"Vitellius and Vespasian had been pro-consuls in Africa; the former governed with moderation, and was remembered with gratitude; the latter incurred the hatred of the people. From past transactions, the province and the allies in the neighbourhood formed the idea of what they had to expect under the reign of either of them: but the event convinced them of their error."

disjointed materials of these anomalies' &c. Mr. Stanfield proceeds as follows:

'When a suspicion can arise, that the appearances may be the reverse of the real purposes and sentiments, it might be found of advantage to trace the whole character back to its sources, step by step, in a retrogade investigation: assisted by the lights of this experiment, again to follow the march and formation of the character in direct progression to its established, undisguised position;—and, from the observations and principles gained by such a process, essay to solve the problematical appearance of one period, by a proportional estimate with the actual and acknowledgedconduct of another.'

In the above, our worthy author talks as if it were about as easy to resolve that curious compound, '*the whole character*' into its elementary ingredients, and then to shake them together again, as it is to decompose any chemical substance,and afterwards restore it to its pristine form, by a synthetic operation. Chemical substances are constituted of ingredients palpable to sense, of fixed affinities and definite quantities; but, though individual character be a compound, the constituent parts are of a less tangible nature, and not so readily ascertained.

As we have before said, there are many good remarks in this essay; but as a whole, it is prolix and tedious. In this respect it bears a close resemblance to some of the productions of the German literati. Mr. Stanfield has the modesty to call it only an essay; but it is an essay which makes a pretty large volume, and is evidently an elaborate production.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use, of Natural History. By Charles Fothergill.* London: White, 1813, 12mo. 8s.

WE have attentively perused this work; and we can truly say that the first sentence in the first chapter will be found a fair sample of the average merit of the whole. That sentence is as follows.

'Such is the nature of human existence; so gradual are the unfoldings of mental power, as the infant grows into manhood; and, by such imperceptible degrees are all the visible objects of creation fully perceived by man, that he is not so forcibly struck by the exquisite beauty, and the astonishing wonders, of the globe which an OMNIPOTENT BEING, the great Architect of the universe, hath allotted to him for an inheritance—as he must necessarily have been, had it pleased the same Almighty

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Power to drop him suddenly upon this earth, with all his faculties about him, clear and undismayed.'

The above sentence is to our minds rather too verbose, vague, and indeterminate; and this we fear will be found the general character of this 'essay on the philosophy, study, and use, of Natural History.' We say general character, because a passage may, here and there, be found which is certainly better than the rest; and in which the author thinks with more force and expresses himself with more precision. The most interesting and, indeed, the only interesting part of the performance is that, in which Mr. Fothergill has given instances of the instinctive sagacity, or, perhaps, he would rather wish us to say, 'mental faculties,' of different animals, with the uses in the general scale of being of some of those which are reputed the most noxious. Many of these instances are indeed common; and have been often repeated in other books; but, as far as they tend to illustrate useful truths, or to exemplify the wisdom and goodness of God, we have no objection to see them again, though we have often seen them before. When Mr. Fothergill, relinquishing the facts of natural history, attempts to pursue a train of metaphysical reasoning, he soon gets bewildered in the involution of his own thoughts; and though he uses many words, he excites but few ideas in the mind of his readers. He takes many steps and seems to threaten great things; but, as he proceeds in a circle, and that of very narrow dimensions, he makes but little way.

The following is a pretty fair specimen of Mr. Fothergill's capability of metaphysical reasoning. After having, to use his own words, 'simply pourtrayed,' what he calls 'the great, leading faculties of the human mind,' he says,

'The *will*, or the power of *volition*, can scarcely be deemed a distinct faculty; if its existence, which is denied by the *Necessarians*, is to be allowed at all; since it cannot act independently of some other quality of the mind. Though *volition*, under different limitations, seems to be possessed by all animals; yet perhaps, in none, not even in man, does it amount to *absolute free-will*; nor has it ever been clearly defined. It is quite plain, that an impression must already be received on the mind, or an idea presented to it, before any thing can be willed concerning it. This truth is sufficient to convince us, that the faculty of *volition*, if it be one, is extremely limited. I should rather define it as the presiding, directing, regulating power of the mind, which, though not able to prevent the admission of impressions, or ideas, could determine and regulate the atten-

tion towards them when received, suppressing it towards those that were painful, and continuing it towards those that were agreeable. I should prefer such a definition to one that could rank the power of *volition* equal with what we imagine to constitute *free-will* in its fullest extent.

'If there were no presiding, or regulating, power over the mind; to what a state of confusion and chaos would it be reduced! being able neither to resist the admission of ideas, nor to arrange and govern them when received, it would be in a state of natural and terrible insanity; myriads of ideal forms would incessantly rise before the troubled soul, and whirl in maddening groups, in ten thousand strange and frightful combinations, till all was dark, and horrible, and the sleep of death fell upon the benighted sufferer! Why should we refuse to believe that GOD hath given a preventive check for such enormous evils? or why should we object to allow that that check is the power of *volition*?'

The above appears to us a mere jargon of contradictory assertions. The author, having first very properly said that 'the will can scarcely be deemed a distinct faculty,' and that it has never 'been clearly defined,' proceeds himself to define it 'as the *presiding, directing, regulating power of the* mind,' * * * and he afterwards continues to speak of it, as a 'presiding or regulating power *over* the mind,' without the possession of which, according to our philosophical author, it '*would be in a state of natural and terrible insanity; myriads of ideal forms would incessantly rise before the troubled soul and whirl in maddening groups*,' &c. &c. Thus we see that the author, after setting out with representing the will as a sort of non-entity, or at least not 'a distinct faculty,' embodies it into a kind of individual, personal existence, and invests it with a very high, and indeed royal office, in which it *presides over the mind itself*, keeps the very key of the sensory, and admits ideas to visit it in what order and combinations it judges best, in order to keep out the '*maddening groups*,' which would otherwise dance over the brain '*till all was dark and horrible, and the sleep of death fell upon the benighted sufferer*.' Our readers will, we believe, by this time, be sufficiently convinced of our author's marvellous metaphysical capabilities without calling for further proof.

Our author is not only a great metaphysician, he is also a tip-top divine; and ventures to talk on the high subject of predestination, on which subject he throws full as much light as he does on the nature of mind; which, according to him, designates '*certain qualities of the brain*,'

After having mentioned, in one part of this essay, '*the immortal part of man, which ranks him with the children of light*,' we were not a little surprised to find him afterwards stating this immortal part of man to be

'his *claims* to a superior state of existence, and to eternal life: not any intellectual principle distinct from the physical faculties of what is termed mind, which I believe,' says Mr. Fothergill, 'to be common to all animals having locomotion, and any peculiar destinies to fulfil.'

Without putting man, like our author, on a level with 'all animals having loco-motion,' we do not see what '*claims*,' he can have 'to a superior state of existence;' nor how these '*claims*,' which have no distinct existence, can constitute his '*immortal part*.' A claim is either just or unjust. Of an unjust claim we say nothing; because we do not suppose that even Mr. Fothergill would deem this a title to immortality. A just claim supposes a right to the thing claimed; but who is so hardy as to imagine that man can have a *just claim* to eternal life? Eternal life is the *free gift* of INFINITE GOODNESS; but it has nothing to do with a *claim of right*; though the same goodness may append the enjoyment to certain conditions of obedience. But, though we fulfil the conditions to which the enjoyment of any gift is appended, we acquire no *right* to the thing itself, independent of the divine bounty by which it is conferred.

After having furnished a sample or two of Mr. Fothergill's metaphysical and theological lore, we will now produce a few specimens of the instances, which he produces of animal instinct or intelligence, which constitute the most pleasing part of his essay. The following is the instance which the author borrows from Pontoppidan of the sagacity of that most sagacious quadruped the fox, in

'getting rid of the fleas which pester him at certain times of the year. In order to accomplish so desirable a purpose, this crafty animal collects a bunch of moss, or straw; and, taking it in his mouth, he gradually backs himself into the water, slowly wading step by step, deeper and deeper still, in order to allow time for the fleas to retire from the coldness and unpleasant sensation of the water, on to the warm and dry parts of the body; till, at length, having passed the neck, and being assembled all together upon his head, which is then alone above the surface of the water, he gradually sinks that part also, leaving his nose only, and the bunch in his mouth, dry; as soon as he has discovered that his numerous little enemies have retreated into the trap placed for them, he suddenly drops the bunch of moss, or straw

into the water, and immediately runs off, well washed, and exulting in the success of his stratagem.'

'I have always,' says Mr. Fothergill, 'considered the following curious fact as a striking instance of the reasoning faculty, though in no very extensive degree, in a beautiful little bird with which every one must be acquainted. It was noticed by Bolton, the very ingenious, but very unfortunate, author of the "*Harmonia Ruralis.*"

"'On the 10th of May, 1762, I observed a pair of *goldfinches* beginning to make their nest in my garden: they had formed the ground-work with moss, grass, &c. as usual; but, on my scattering small parcels of wool in different parts of the garden, they in a great measure left off the use of their own stuff, and employed the wool; afterwards, I gave them cotton, on which they rejected the wool, and proceeded with the cotton; the third day I supplied them with fine down, on which they forsook both the other, and finished their work with this last article."'

The next extract, which we shall make, is what our author says on the utility of the toad.

'The object of its existence is to destroy *living* insects and worms of almost every genera and species, that are not too large, which cross its humble path through life. And the manner in which it surprises and secures its prey is peculiar to itself. Having a keen and watchful eye, and a steady, piercing, sight, but with very little activity, it generally steals upon its victim with such slow caution, and with co curious a gait, that the spectator is often reminded of the manner of a spaniel, or pointer, when he has first scented any game, and is endeavouring to get as near to it as possible—now crouching close to the earth, now elevating and advancing the head, now slowly moving one leg, and then another, till it has approached within a few inches of its prey; when its fine and expressive eye seems suddenly to lighten up, and dart forth glances of unusual keenness, and the victim is seized, and swallowed, with a motion so quick, that the eye of a spectator can scarcely follow it. The tongue of the animal is the instrument which is used upon this occasion, and it has many striking peculiarities, being wonderfully well adapted to accomplish the purposes for which it was intended. It is very long, slender, and singularly elastic; and is covered, particularly at the end, with a kind of glutinous saliva, to which the insect struck at closely adheres, and is thereby more readily and easily secured. But the most extraordinary character in the formation of this part of the animal, is the situation of the tongue, and the manner in which it is fixed, and operates, in the mouth.

'The basis of the tongue of a common *toad* is fixed just within the extreme tip of the lower jaw, and that organ lies back-

ward with the point towards the throat, when at rest, in a manner quite different from what I have observed in any other animal, but for a purpose that is very apparent; for, by this folding back of the tongue, the elasticity and quickness of its motion, and the glutinous matter at its pointed tip, an insect is seized and jerked into the throat in a wonderfully rapid and imperceptible manner; and it is reasonable to conclude, that without this peculiar formation, and the celerity of movement of which the part is capable, all winged, or quickly moving insects, would escape the stroke.

'As the *toad* frequently preys upon *bees* and *wasps*, whose stings are to be dreaded, the upper and lower jaw of this reptile are furnished with two protuberances, between which the *bee*, or *wasp*, that has had the misfortune to be seized, is almost instantaneously squeezed to death, in order to prevent any dangerous consequences, from the sting, in the act of deglutition.

'Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the part which the *toad* has to act in the creation, in respect to its prey, than that it uniformly refuses to eat a dead insect. A relative, and intimate friend of mine, has tried the experiment, at many and various times, for the last twenty years, but could never succeed in inducing one of these animals to strike any thing that had not sufficient life to enable it to move. In order to try whether it was possible for hunger to conquer this aversion, he placed a vigorous *toad* in a large garden pot; and having counted into it a certain number of *bees*, newly killed, covered the top in such a manner as to admit some little air and light, but totally to exclude such insects as were likely for the *toad* to feed upon. At the expiration of six or seven days, he found that not a single *bee* had been touched, notwithstanding he was well aware that this insect, when alive, constitutes a very favourite species of food!

'The havoc made by *toads* amongst the tribes of insects which constitute their food, is very great; of which any one, who will take the trouble to place a tame and hungry animal of this species under a bee-hive, may be speedily convinced.'

We commend Mr. Fothergill for his wish to make the study of Natural History subservient to the elucidation of final causes, and to the demonstration of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity. We hope that the next work, which he publishes, will merit higher commendation than our critical impartiality will permit us to bestow upon the present.

ART. V.—*Travels in the Morea, Albania, and other parts of the Ottoman Empire, comprehending a general Description of those Countries; their Productions; the Manners, Customs, and Commerce of the Inhabitants; a Comparison between the ancient and present State of Greece; and an Historical and Geographical description of the Ancient Epirus. By T. C. Pouqueville, M. D. Member of the Commission of Arts and Sciences, &c. Translated from the French. By Anne Plumptre. Illustrated with Engravings.* London: Colburn, 1813. 4to. £2. 2s.

THE original travels of M. Pouqueville have now been for some years before the public; but we are not displeased to see them make their appearance in an English dress. Nor have they suffered at all in the transition from the French into an English garb; for Miss Plumptre has done ample justice to the work which she has undertaken, and carefully preserved in her version the varied embellishments and interesting animation of the original.

M. Pouqueville, in 1798, accompanied the armament which conveyed Bonaparte and his army to Egypt. He was in the medical department; but his health would not allow him to continue in that situation; and he obtained permission to quit Egypt and repair to Italy. He took his passage on board a tartan of Leghorn; but, on his way to that place, the vessel, in which he had embarked, was captured by a Barbary corsair, and, after several changes of destination, carried to the port of Navarin in the Morea. M. Pouqueville and his companions in misfortune were ordered on shore and presented to the Bey.

'We found him,' says our traveller, 'in the midst of his divan, seated upon a sofa with an air of great silence and gravity. He received us at first with much austerity; but at the sight of two trunks, containing the remainder of our effects, his features began to assume a more complacent aspect. A seal was put upon the trunks, and the examination of them deferred to the next day.'

But before the next day dawned, the rapacity of the Bey was so far awakened that he entered the chamber where M. Pouqueville was asleep, broke the seals which had been put upon the trunks, and appropriated to himself as many of the contents as suited his inclination. What escaped the rapacity of the Bey, was afterwards seized by

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that of his counsellors; and our author's books were the only article which did not become an object of spoliation. M. Pouqueville, owing to the respect which is paid in Turkey to the medical character, was not kept a close prisoner, but had an opportunity of exploring the town and neighbourhood. There is nothing remarkable in the town.

'Every house has a court planted with orange-trees: in the month of December, the time when I was there, they were loaded with fruit.' 'Navarin is the most spacious port in all the Morea; it extends from the present town to Pylos, or Esky Navarin (Old Navarin) that is to say, for more than three leagues.'

After remaining a week at Navarin, our author and his companions were dispatched under an escort to Tripolitza agreeably to the orders of the Pasha. The Bey furnished them with horses for the route. M. Pouqueville has exhibited a very good picturesque description of the country through which he passed; nor have the beauties of the landscape been at all disfigured by the pen of Miss Plumptre. When our traveller arrived at Tripolitza, he was presented to 'the Pasha, or Vizier,' whose name was Mustapha, and who now commanded in the Morea.

'He was surrounded by the grandees of the province, and was seated upon the corner of his sopha, smoking mechanically a *narguilet*, or Persian pipe, the effluvia of which he seemed to find extremely grateful. Being awakened as if from a profound reverie, he invited us to sit down by his drogman, whose name was Caradja.'

After a few brief interrogations on the part of the Mustapha, our traveller was conducted into one of the 'wings of his palace, which was properly the harem, but as he had no wives, it was then unoccupied. A chamber and guards,' says the author, 'were assigned us, with a Greek to go on our errands.' * * * Our author spent a month in this state of confinement. 'The seraglio is a sort of suburb to the town,' (of Tripolitza) 'having its own particular walls and gates.' Amongst the host of servants, with which M. Pouqueville says that the palace of the Pasha was encumbered, were

'coffee-makers, furnishers of pipes, sherbet-makers, confectioners, bathers, taylors, barbers, huissiers or tchiaoux, icholans, or dwarf pages of his highness, buffoons, musicians, puppet-show-men, exhibitors of magic lanterns, wrestlers, conjurors, dancers, an iman, and lastly the *dgellah* or executioner, the

Pasha's right-hand, without which he never stirs, and who is the only person that has the privilege of sitting in his presence.' 'The inhabitants of the palace rise before the sun, to attend the prayers which precede the ablutions, after which coffee and pipes are served. Sometimes the Vizier mounts on horseback, and goes to partake in the spectacle of the dgerid, or else he gives public audiences; then he administers justice in person; condemns one to the bow-string, another to the gallows, another to the bastinado, or finally absolves, for he unites all powers within himself. At noon, prayers again, and dinner: at three in the afternoon more prayers, the military parade, and music: then to the Selamlik,' (the apartments of the men) 'where the Pasha receives visits, or is refreshed with sherbet, and is amused by listening to a narrator who recites some of the tales from the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, or others of the like kind. Sometimes the buffoons divert him with their grimaces, or the musicians psalmodize some of the verses of the Koran. At sun-set prayers again, then supper, and then more pipes; in another hour and half the last orisons, after which the retreat is sounded to music.'

On the removal of Mustapha, the Pasha of the Morea, to Lepanto, and the appointment of a Pasha of the name of Ahmet as his successor, our author and his companions in adversity were taken from the Harem where they had been hitherto confined, to the house of their Greek servant, where they were under less restraint than they had hitherto experienced.

The new Pasha made his entry into Tripolitza preceded by a 'band of barbarous music,' and

'by the three tails the emblem of his power. A number of buffoons clothed in garments of skin, about which, as well as about their caps, hung fox-tails without number, commenced the procession, making all sorts of grimaces and throwing their bodies into strange contortions, uttering at the same time loud acclamations in a discordant and guttural tone; one of them carried a *zin*,' (an Arabian instrument known by the name of the Chinese drum) 'upon which he played. They made their horses prance, leap, and go down upon their knees, they threw themselves off at the crupper and drove the horses before them, or passed under their bellies when they were at full gallop.' * * *

The Pasha

'mounted upon a most beautiful horse which was richly caparisoned with a tyger's skin and a vast deal of gold, advanced coldly with measured steps, endeavouring, by keeping fast hold of his beard, to restrain a convulsive motion of his head, to which he had been subject ever since an extraordinary fright he had received some years before.'

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M. Pouqueville and his companions were summoned into the presence of the new Pasha not long after his arrival; he appeared touched with their situation, and 'repeated,' says the author, 'at several different times, that he wished to alleviate the sorrows of our captivity.' M. Pouqueville was particularly solicited by the Pasha to exert his medical skill in favour of 'one of the officers of his household, as well as several of his delis, or cavaliers, who were ill.'

From Tripolitza our author's descriptions branch out to the most interesting spots in the Morea; but our limits will not permit us to follow him in his topographical details. We must be contented with a selection of one or two scenes. The following is his delineation of the valley of Tripolitza.

'Mount Roïno or Menale, at the foot of which stands the town of Tripolitza, extends from the plain of Mantinea to Mount Boreas, near the gulfs of the Alpheus, and closes the valley to the west. The northern extremity of the valley is woody, and there are the ruins of a village with some shepherds' huts, and the inclosures in which the flocks are secured for the night. Half a league to the south are the remains of a convent of women which was destroyed by the Albanians; and near this is the bed of a torrent, the waters of which flow into the valley of Tegea. A road which leads from Tripolitza to Caritena, crosses the torrent a league and a half from the convent, after which, by passing a smaller torrent, we come to the chapel of Saint Mark. The rest of this valley presents an unequal surface of arid rocks and slopes covered with pines; but very few villages are to be seen. To the north the valley is bounded by Mount Artemisius, which extends to Strata Kalilbey, while Mount Parthenius, covered with forests, borders it to the east as far as the defile of Carvathi, on the side towards Sparta; Mount Boreas, now called Chelmos, forms its southern confine. Such are the boundaries of this superb plain, which Pan, the protector of Tegea and Arcadia, would still find not destitute of charms. Taygetes, whose summits are covered with snow, rising in a pyramid to the south, bounds one of the most charming views in the world. Seventy-two villages and farms scattered over the plain, or suspended upon the mountains by which it is bounded, are inhabited by the people who are the least oppressed of any in the Morea. The land, almost every where fertile, under the hands of the robust race by whom it is cultivated would soon be made the abode of wealth and delight, if these advantages were not counteracted by the vices engrafted in the government.'

Many recollections of ancient heroism and classical re-

nown will revive in the mind at the plain of Mantinea; But, what was the site of Mantinea, is now only a marsh. This appears to have been formed from obstructions in the bed of the river Ophis, whose waters having thus been forced over their natural channel, have stagnated into a morass. 'In a wet season the ruins of Mantinea are nearly covered by the waters.'

After describing the Maïnotti or Mainotes, who still exhibit traits of the hardihood, and daring, of the ancient Spartans, from whom some trace their descent, he gives the following account of a different race of people called Cacovouniotes, or Cacovougnis, 'who inhabit the southern extremity of this country quite to Cape Tenarus;' and who unite the most barbarous propensities with the utmost rigour of ceremonial sanctity.

'By a singularity which is, however, not unusual among pirates, they mingle with this spirit of rapine some of the most austere notions with respect to religion. Their fasts are so rigidly observed, that they would not even violate them though by their observance their lives must be placed in imminent danger; he who on a Wednesday or Friday should eat any thing but vegetables boiled in water, without seasoning, would be immediately shot. This great point of religion is strongly inculcated upon them by their papas; at the same time that these priests, instead of correcting their propensity to robbery and plunder, are the very people who excite and inflame their imaginations at the sight of an European flag, and who teach them to take, wherever they find them, the things of which they are destitute themselves.

'A Cacovouniote may be distinguished at the very first glance from a Maïnote. The latter is well-made, has a florid complexion, and a tranquil cast of countenance: the former has a dark and suspicious eye, and is squat and stunted like the plants of his country: he has a withered skin, and an expression of countenance which betrays at once the gloomy assassin. The tone of voice of the Maïnote is full and sonorous, that of the Cacovouniote is hoarse and guttural. The one walks with a brisk and airy step, the other rushes forward like a wild boar. The Maïnote attacks with fury and plunders with delight the Turk whom he detests; the Cacovouniote has but one enemy, but that enemy is the whole human race, whom in his blind fury he would gladly tear to pieces and extirpate.'

What the author says of the modern Greeks argues them at present very unfit for the enjoyment of the liberty which they formerly possessed. Indeed the fitness for liberty in any country is not of sudden or extemporaneous growth. The desire of liberty may be suddenly

excited; but the qualifications, which are requisite for the enjoyment, and above all for the retention, can be matured only by moral and intellectual culture, which it requires a series of years to accomplish. Liberty is, hence, often lost and won, and won and lost before it is permanently retained. The principle itself can hardly be expected to be radically fixed in any country, and widely ramified throughout its inhabitants and institutions, in a single generation. How then can we expect any thing like a capacity for this most valuable of all human possessions to spring up as it were spontaneously, without any previous preparation, in a country which has been oppressed by ages of despotism; and felt at once the debasing yoke both of the tyrant and the priest?

Of the women, the author says, that the models

'which inspired Apelles and Phidias are still to be found among them. They are generally tall and finely formed; their eyes are full of fire, and they have a beautiful mouth ornamented with the finest teeth. There are, however, degrees in their beauty, though all in general may be called handsome. The Spartan woman is fair, of a slender make, but with a noble air: the women of Taygetes have the carriage of Pallas when she flourished her formidable ægis in the midst of a battle. The Messenian woman is low in stature, and distinguished for her *embonpoint*; she has regular features, large blue eyes, and long black hair. The Arcadian, in her coarse woollen garment, scarcely suffers the regularity of her form to appear; but her countenance is expressive of great purity of mind, and her smile is the smile of innocence. Chaste as daughters, the women of the Morea assume as wives even a character of austerity. Rarely after the death of a husband whom she loved does the widow ever think of contracting a new engagement. Supporting life with difficulty, deprived of the object of her affections, the remainder of her days are often passed in weeping her loss.'

Part, at least, of the above, is probably the language of fiction rather than of truth. We cannot form any very exalted notions of the virtue or loveliness of women, who, according to the author's own confession, are 'totally destitute of instruction,' who 'know nothing,' whose language is of the grossest kind, and 'such as would not be endured among us but from the very lowest dregs of the people!'

The following is the author's account of that formidable demon called the *Evil-eye*.

'According to the Greeks, this spirit or invisible power is grieved at all prosperity, groans at success, is indignant at a

plentiful harvest, or at the fecundity of the flocks, murmurs even against Heaven for having made a young girl pleasing or handsome. In consequence of so strange a superstition, no one thinks of congratultaing another upon having handsome children, and they carefully avoid admiring the beauty of a neighbour's horse, for the *Evil-eye* would very probably at the same instant afflict the children with a leprosy, or the horses with lameness. The power of this genius even extends to taking away treasures of every kind from those by whom they are possessed. If, however, in complimenting the beauty of the children or the horses, care is taken to talk of *garlic*, or to *spit*, the charm is broken. In consequence of this prejudice, *that* one constantly sees garlic hung up in a house newly built, that the *Evil-eye* may be kept at a distance.'

'Amongst the signs of malediction in use among the Greeks, the most forcible is the holding out the five fingers extended all at once. This explains a passage in the Andria of Terence, where one of the characters says, using the same action, *Ecce tibi dono quinque*,—"I give thee five." So much exception is made to the number five, that nobody thinks even of repeating the word in conversation unless accompanied with an apology.'

The author asserts that the plague never appears at Constantinople when war puts an end to all communication with Egypt; and that it is not so contagious as is supposed

'by some of the Franks who inhabit the Levant. If it had been so,' says he, 'who among those who constituted our army of the East could have escaped falling victims to it—what would have become of our chief himself? It is well known that he one day with his own hands raised from the ground a soldier afflicted with it and laid him upon his bed, yet no symptoms of the disease ever appeared upon himself.' * * *

M. Pouqueville informs us that the medical fraternity in the Turkish empire is principally composed of a number of crafty Italian adventurers, who designate themselves by the name of '*caloiatroi*, or *good physicians*.' These good physicians are represented to be very expert in peopling the shades below; and in multiplying the numbers of widows and orphans. But the Turk, merged in smoke, in apathy, and opium, is said not to be roused from his habitual indifference by the ravages of their temerity or ignorance. He regards them as 'the ministers of *fate*.'

'Every one who wears a *hat*, whether he be Turk, Greek, Jew, or Armenian, is a physician,—for the dress is all in all: but the Italians are in the highest repute. Thus these people come in swarms from the shores of the Adriatic, like birds of

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prey into a country abounding with game. Struck with this migration, an ambassador of Venice at the Ottoman Porte once remarked, that the *Serene Republic* had not lost its taste for crusades, as by means of its physicians it carried on a constant war against the infidels.'

It appears that he, who cannot afford to pay for the advice of any of these regular practitioners is often indebted to his poverty for the preservation of his life. The author says,

'I have been surprised to see how well the peasants could manage a putrid fever. Some glasses of generous wine, pomegranates, and limes, are the things usually given to the patient, the beloved lancet being kept at a distance very cautiously: by these means I have known a patient recover very speedily. I have often seen intermittent fevers subdued entirely by a mixture of coffee and lemon-juice, which is the general remedy for them all over the country. The proportions are three quarters of an ounce of coffee ground very fine, two ounces of lemon-juice, and three of water. The mixture to be drunk warm and fasting. Women inoculate for the small-pox; and I have not the least doubt that if vaccination were introduced into the country, it would be adopted eagerly. For such diseases as epilepsy, vapours, or insanity, they have recourse only to exorcisms and charms.'

Phlebotomy appears to be, at present, in Turkey as it was formerly in this country, in the hands of the barbers, whose vocation it is to bleed as well as to shave.

The author says, p. 205, that 'the Turks never eat birds,' and that 'the Greeks hold them very cheap.' The lakes of Stymphalus and Orchomenos are said to be 'full of carp and other fish worthy the attention of naturalists. The Greeks do not eat them, considering them as unwholesome food, liable to create leprosy.'

In the latter end of May, M. Pouqueville and his companions were informed that they had been 'ordered to proceed to Constantinople.' We shall not, however, journey with them to that capital, as we have more than once previously travelled thither in other company. Before we conclude this article we must again remark, that the translation is well executed; and that the travels of M. Pouqueville are far from being destitute of interest.

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ART. VI.—*Memoirs of George Fred. Cooke, Esq. late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By William Dunlap, Esq. Composed principally from the personal Knowledge of the Author, and from the Manuscript Journals left Mr. Cooke, comprising original Anecdotes of the Theatrical Contemporaries, his Opinions on various Dramatic Writings, &c. 2 Vols.* London: Colburn, 1813, price 21s.

THESE volumes exhibit a melancholy picture of genius brutified by drunkenness. This vice poor Cooke carried to a most inordinate degree; and so well known to the public was this failing in the character of this great actor, that we have no occasion to expatiate upon an infatuation which seized its unfortunate victim like a fiend; and never relaxed its grasp till it brought its wretched object unrespected and unregretted to the grave.

George Frederick Cooke was born in Westminster, on the 17th of April, 1756. His father, who was in the army, died when the subject of these memoirs was very young, and left his mother in very straitened circumstances. After the death of her husband she went with her son to reside at Berwick-upon-Tweed; at which place our hero received a school education, and first saw a play performed by a part of the Edinburgh company. This play was the Provoked Husband, or the Journey to London; and the first dramatic piece which he read, was Venice Preserved. The impression which the performance of the Provoked Husband made upon young Cooke was indelible; and he could afterwards think of nothing else but plays and players. When he was thirteen years of age, another detachment of the Edinburgh company visited Berwick, and he saw enacted Romeo and Juliet, Alexander, the Wonder, &c. His propensity for *theatricals* was so great, that, not being able to raise money to gain admission into the house, he was content to watch the back door of the theatre, and slip in unperceived if he could.

About this time his mother seems to have died; and he was bound apprentice to a printer at Berwick. This occupation did not, it seems, at all suit our stage-struck hero; for we find that in June, 1771, he makes a visit to London; and in the November following he embarks for Holland; but for what purpose is not mentioned, and apparently not known. He returned to Berwick in 1772;

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and in the summer of 1773 a strolling party visited that place; and as it seems that this company was rather better than the ordinary class of itinerants, young Cooke did not fail in a constant attendance at their theatre; and saw all the round of plays usually performed, as Lear, Richard, Hamlet, &c. &c.

In 1774, at the age of eighteen, we again find our hero in London; and during this visit he availed himself of frequent opportunities of witnessing the performance of Foote, Macklin, Garrick, and Mrs. Barry, and doubtless, from his early passion for the drama, profited not a little by the attentive study of those great proficients in the histrionic art. In his study of Macklin's Shylock, Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax, Mr. Cooke, says his biographer, 'must be considered as Macklin's legitimate successor to the exclusion of all competition. In Iago he went far beyond.' Cooke first made his appearance on a public stage as an actor at Brentford, in the spring of 1776. His part was Dumont, in the tragedy of Jane Shore. Cooke said, when speaking of this circumstance, that he did not recollect his gaining any applause in this his first essay; but that in his second, which was in the character of Ensign Dudley in the West Indian, he excited the approbation of the motley audience. In the summer of 1777 he joined a company in Hastings; and in the spring of the year 1778 Cooke made his *debut* in London, but, like our great tragedian, Mrs. Siddons, at first only to experience neglect, 'and, like her, to return at a future period, and be the great attraction of the theatre.'

From the time of his first appearing in London, Mr. Cooke played, on various occasions, at the Haymarket; and from this period it seems that he prosecuted the customary Thespian itinerancy; improving his talents, adding to his stock of professional excellence, and gradually becoming a favourite wherever he appeared. In 1779 he joined Fisher's company at Sudbury, in Suffolk; and on his quitting them we lose sight of him till he again presents himself to our notice in the year 1781 to 1783, during which interval he appears to have led a sort of desultory vagrant life.

In 1784 Mr. Cooke obtained an engagement for the Manchester theatre, and made his first appearance as Philotas in Murphy's tragedy of the Grecian Daughter. This play was rendered attractive by the superior acting of Mrs. Siddons; for, though the incidents are affecting, yet it must be acknowledged that the piece, as a whole, is

a dull and heavy performance. Cooke found many difficulties to encounter at Manchester; but his superior genius surmounted them all: and he became the delight of that well-informed town. From Manchester we trace him to Lancaster, Preston, and Liverpool. He had now risen to very high estimation as an actor; and had the largest salary which was given in the company; which was two guineas a week. On the 29th of July, 1786, Mr. Cooke made his first appearance at York; and played Count Baldwin to Mrs. Siddons's Isabella. The following is the account which Mr. Dunlap gives of the great Melpomene of the English stage.

'Mrs. Sarah Siddons is the eldest child of Mr. Roger Kemble and Sarah his wife, who are always spoken of as respectable people, and good provincial actors, but who certainly would never have been the subjects of fame or the objects of inquiry, had they not been the parents of Sarah Siddons and John Philip Kemble. Miss Sarah Kemble married Mr. Siddons, then a performer in her father's company, contrary to the will of her parents, who did every thing in their power to prevent their children becoming actors, or being connected with the stage. Mrs. Siddons first appeared in London in the year 1775, on the 25th of December, (we did not know that the theatres were ever permitted to be open on Christmas day before Mr. Dunlap informed us), under the management of Garrick. She played Portia in the Merchant of Venice twice, then sunk into comedy of the modern school, walked as Venus in a jubilee procession, and at the end of the season was discharged. After playing in some of the lesser provincial theatres, Mrs. Siddons became the heroine of Bath, from whence she was transplanted to London, her powers and judgment matured, where she shone unrivalled.'

Such is Mr. Dunlap's history of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Cooke, in the 'thirty-eighth year of his age, and having been seventeen years a player,' made his first appearance in Dublin in the year 1794, in the character of Othello. Mr. Dunlap says that he took possession of the Dublin stage without a struggle, as there was no competitor to dispute the palm of superiority. And here he might have kept possession of the throne, and lived in respectability and comfort; but his conduct was so intractable, his habits so irregular, and his excesses so frequent, that they drove him from the stage. For after exposing himself in a drunken *row*, breaking his landlady's furniture, and other outrageous behaviour, he found himself involved in so much disgrace, that, in a fit of despair, this unhappy man enlisted as a private

soldier in a regiment which was on the eve of embarkation for the West Indies. A fit of sickness, however, prevented his joining the regiment; and he remained till the year 1796 totally lost, till he was discovered by Mr. Maxwell, manager of the Portsmouth theatre, who, with the assistance of the managers of the Manchester theatre, procured his discharge, and sent him money to pay his way to Manchester. But this wretched victim of ebriety spent the money with his usual inconsideration, and was again found by his friend Maxwell at Portsmouth in a state of the most abject misery and distress. By this friend's attention and kindness he was recovered from sickness; and, at the desire of the Manchester managers,

'Mr. Maxwell paid his passage by the mail to London, and sent him thither with just money enough to pay his expences. At London, a friend was appointed to receive and forward him by mail to Manchester; but notwithstanding all their precautions, he did not reach his friend's until after the time he had appointed. He stopped on the road, between London and Manchester, for another taste of his beloved madness, while the managers had to disappoint a great concourse of people, who crowded the theatre to witness his return. He, however, safely arrived, and played Octavian in the Mountaineers. His re-appearance was greeted by a numerous audience with the most enthusiastic applause.'

Such disgraceful scenes and disgraceful conduct are continually recurring throughout these volumes. Cooke, after this, paid a second visit to Dublin. His first had ended in misery and disgrace; and his biographer tells us that his second 'though it continued longer and ended happily, neither improved him as an actor nor as a man.' Ireland was by no means a favourable situation for a man so devoid of every particle of discretion as George Fred. Cooke. Yet he had his moments of reflection, and his intervals of regret. This is evident from the perusal of his journals, which testify how many were his resolutions of amendment; and how many and how lamentable the failures of his promised perseverance in doing right. The following is an extract from one of his diaries during his residence in Ireland.

'January 19, I dined at Kearney's (a public-house) where I remained until near day-light the next morning. The society, if I may profane the word, with whom I join at this place is disgusting, to say no worse of it. Some individuals I could wish to select, and the time we might be together would, I believe, pass tolerably; but there are others it shocks me even

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to think of. It may seem strange that I do not withdraw from it. Local convenience, and the foolish habit actors possess of unaccountably associating with each other, though contrary to their judgment, must be my plea; however, I shall make my visits rare, and shorten their duration. As the morning was far advanced when I got home, and the voice of reason drowned, I did not go to bed, but sat until near ten o'clock, when I went to the Commercial coffee-house, looked over the papers, breakfasted, called at the theatre, dined at the tavern, remained there until it was full time to go to business. Played "The Stranger," for the ninth time; felt weak and low, and in the last act very hoarse, or rather a failure of voice from the preceding day and night's intemperance. I will not affront myself with any reflections upon the matter, as it seems, if I may so express myself, to have the appearance of *self-hypocrisy.*'

Mr. Dunlap says,

'that this journal has more the air of confessions, than any of his other diaries; he records the hours spent in drunkenness, and recurs to reflections on the weakness of his conduct, making a disgusting medley of vileness and moralizing.'

The subsequent are the reflections of our *sober-minded* hero, on meeting a clergyman in a state of intoxication during his stay at Buxton.

'I returned to Fairfield—called at the Bull's Head, and drank some brandy and water. Among some other persons there, was a certain clergyman, who is said to be a man of literature and abilities: certain he writes A. M. after his name. He was dirty, drunk, and foolish. Some of the company, though they all professed a respect for him, seemed to use him as an object of their mirth. I could not help viewing him with pity; not that sensation which approaches to contempt, but a sorrowful feeling, as I cannot to please myself, otherwise express it. In viewing him, I thought of others. Drunkenness is the next leveller to death; with this difference, that the former is always attended with shame and reproach, while the latter, being the certain lot of mortality, produces sympathy, and may be attended with honour. From the general temper of the world, it is too probable, with respect to the gentleman I am writing of, that a long and faithful discharge of the duties of his office will be forgotten, while the hours of his frailty, or, to speak stronger, the periods of his vice and folly will be clearly remembered, and distinctly related. I think, and hope, I shall never forget him.'

In the month of June, 1800, Mr. Cooke was engaged for Covent Garden Theatre by Mr. Harris. And on the evening of the 31st of October, he established his fame as an actor, by his masterly performance of the arduous character of Richard. Cooke was at this time, in his forty-

fifth year. The characters, in which Cooke delighted the public are so well known, that the recapitulation of them would be superfluous. Cooke had now reached the pinnacle of his good fortune. He was courted by all the managers of the provincial theatres to play for them during the vacations; and the most liberal offers were made in order to induce him to join their companies, though only for a few nights. Our hero now became indefatigable, and such was his passion for celebrity, that for a time it suspended his habit of inebriating excess; and he appeared sober and discreet. But alas! the reformation was of only short continuance. We soon find him returning to his old habits, of which neither the desire of professional fame, the preservation of his health, nor the acquirement of riches had power to effect the extirpation. We again find him degenerating into the inveterate drunkard; and we turn from the picture with disgust. So delighted were the managers of Covent Garden Theatre with Cooke's extraordinary powers, that Mr. Harris gave him his benefit-night free of all expences. The receipt of the house was five hundred and sixty pounds; and his engagement with Mr. Harris was for three years at six, seven, and eight pounds per week. His second engagement was at a still higher rate.

After this period, Cooke, as usual, became an itinerant in the summer; and fulfilled his engagements at Covent Garden in the winter, to the delight of the audience when he kept himself sober, though he more frequently disappointed the public and perplexed the managers by his lapses into a bestial intemperance. In fact, during the season of 1809-10 his situation from his misconduct was so degraded, that he became the butt and theme of every witling who could aim a sneer or invent a pun. More frequently than otherwise he came upon the stage merely to expose himself by his incapacity to speak, and he was obliged to be led off amidst the hisses and clamours of anger and disapprobation. The managers could not calculate upon his sobriety from one hour to another.

Cooke now felt most acutely his fall from that proud eminence which he had occupied on his first season in the metropolis. He became dissatisfied with his situation; he felt that he was debased; and he gladly accepted of the proposals which Mr. Cooper made him, of going to America. Here follows the account of the transaction, and of the means by which Mr. Cooper got the theatrical drunkard on board ship. Cooke, it appears, did not tell Mr.

Cooper that by accepting an engagement for the New York Theatre, he was breaking one with Mr. Harris. Mr. Cooper utterly disclaims any attempt on his part, of over-persuading Cooke. However this may be, Mr. Cooper knowing the propensities of Cook, ought to have applied to the Managers of Covent Garden, to know whether he had contracted an engagement with them, which they expected him to fulfil. But, instead of that, he snaps up the poor player, and sends him off with all possible dispatch. If Cooke was not *trepanned*, the transaction had very much that appearance. Our limits will not permit us to follow our hero to the western world; suffice it to say, that he charmed when sober, and disgusted when intoxicated, that he went on in the old way, and finally drunk himself to death. This event took place on the 26th September, 1812, when he was at the age of 57. Mr. Cooke had three wives, of whom the last was a Mrs. Behn, whom he married in America. The following is the character given of him by Mr. Riley:

'As a man in private life, he is a gentleman, the scholar, the friend, the life of every party; an enemy to scandal and detraction, and benevolent, even to imprudence. Such is George Cooke in his sober hours; but when stimulated by the juice of the grape, he acts in diametrical opposition to all this. No two men, however different they may be, can be more at variance than George Cooke sober, and George Cooke in a state of ebriety. At these times, his interesting suavity of manners changes to brutal invective; the feelings of his nearest and dearest friends are sacrificed; his best benefactor wounded, either in his own person, or in that of his tenderest connexions, and the ears of delicacy assaulted, by abuse of the grossest nature. Such are the unfortunate propensities of this singular man; * * * * No one can more regret these failings, than he does in his hours of sanity, or make more handsome apologies; and if at night, he creates enemies, his conciliatory manners in the morning are sure to raise double the number of friends.'

Except the journals of Mr. Cooke, which his biographer has here and there introduced, these volumes contain but little worth noticing. The remarks on the stage and dramatic performances, are trite and common-place; and where Mr. Dunlap wants to make up his own deficiencies, he very ingeniously has recourse to Mr. Leigh Hunt's observations. Now this may do very well with the good people of New York and Baltimore; but it is very stale here. The anecdotes, of which a boast is made in the title page, are very few; and what few there are, are mea-

gre and insipid. The following is a specimen of George Cooke's contempt of what he called the *Yankees*.

When Cooke was told at a gentleman's house, where he had been dining, that

'Mr. Madison, the President of the United States, purposed to come from Washington to Baltimore to see him act; he answered, "If he does I'll be damn'd if I play before him. What! I, George Frederick Cooke! who have acted before the Majesty of Britain, play before your Yankee President! No! I'll go forward to the audience, and I'll say, Ladies and gentlemen,"—here he was interrupted playfully by Mr. W—, who happened to be dressed in black, "Oh, no, Mr. Cooke, that would not be right in this country; you should say friends and fellow-citizens." Cooke surveying him contemptuously, cried, "Hold your tongue, your damn'd methodist preacher!" and then proceeded—"Ladies and gentlemen, the king of the Yankee doodles has come to see me act; me, *me* George Frederick Cooke! who have stood before my royal master George the Third, and received his imperial approbation! And shall I exert myself to play before one of his rebellious subjects, who arrogates kingly state in defiance of his master? No, it is degradation enough to play before rebels, but I'll not go on for the amusement of a king of rebels, the contemptible king of the Yankee doodles!"'

Troublesome as Cooke was to the managers of Covent Garden, they felt his loss so much, that the son of his old friend, Mr. Harris, wrote him the following invitation.

Covent Garden Theatre, March 18th, 1812.

'My dear Sir,

'My father has written a letter to you, inviting a return to your old quarters at Covent Garden, where you would receive the most cordial welcome. For fear his letter should not come to hand, I write this, repeating his request, and I hope that on the receipt of it, you will take leave of the Yankees, and come over and take t'other touch at John Bull, who is as fond of you as ever, and would be most happy to see his favourite again. Believe me, Your's very sincerely,

'W. Harris.'

ART. VII.—*An Inquiry concerning the Author of the Letters of Junius; in which it is proved, by internal, as well as by direct and satisfactory Evidence, that they were written by the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke. By John Roche, Esq. An Honorary Member, and formerly President, of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, &c.* London: Carpenter, 1813. 8vo. 8s.

IF the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke could burst his

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cerements and rise out of his grave, he would probably not be a little surprised to find that a fellow-countryman of his had taken the pains to write a moderate-sized octavo, of two hundred and ninety-four pages, value eight shillings, to prove that he was the author of the letters under the fictitious name of Junius. The Right Hon. gentleman, thus resuscitated from his kindred dust, would probably feel a little of the old spleen of mortality excited in his breast to find Mr. Roche making this elaborate effort to plant upon his grave a laurel taken, without the permission of the owner, from another man's tomb. The sepulchre of Mr. Burke is crowned with a sufficiency of immortal verdure without robbing that of ——— ——— of its only evergreen.

We have read Mr. Roche's book with attention; and we give him credit for the talents and ingenuity with which he has supported his hypothesis. But he has not made us converts to his opinion; and we rise from the perusal of his work as little convinced as we were before we took it in hand, that there was any identity between Edmund Burke and the fictitious Junius. One man may occasionally be mistaken for another of a similar figure, or physiognomy; but, as far as we can judge of two individuals, not from personal appearance, but from the turn of mind and habits of thought, which are displayed in their literary compositions, there seems to us a very visible characteristic difference between Edmund Burke and Junius, whoever Junius might be.

The greater part of Mr. Roche's volume is composed of extracts from the works of Edmund Burke, which appear to him to exhibit such striking coincidences in sentiment, manner, and expression, with the letters of Junius, as to establish an homogeneous undivided personality between the said Edmund Burke and the author of the Letters. We should not lay so much stress on these coincidences as is done by Mr. Roche, even if they were more numerous than they appear, or mingled with fewer discordancies, not merely of diction and of thought, but of opinion and of principle. Mr. Burke had evidently read the Letters of Junius with attention; and though he blamed their rancour towards the sovereign and some of the aristocracy of the country, he evidently admired their execution, and thought the talents of the writer of no ordinary magnitude. That his own idiom of thought and diction should have been sometimes tinctured with that of a writer whom he has so highly extolled, who has been so generally read and admired, and

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the subject of so much discussion and interest, is not at all remarkable; but it does not furnish any stronger proof that Burke and Junius were one and the same person, than similar coincidences which have been noticed in the speeches and writings of Sir Philip Francis or General Lee prove either the one or the other to have been homoousiasts with the invisible Junius.

The effect which was produced by the Letters of Junius, and in which the matter had certainly less share than the style, excited a general ambition in the writers of that day to write like him, to catch his manner, to participate in his causticity of remark, virulence of sarcasm, and energy of invective. Even Mr. Burke, though superior to Junius in richness of fancy, vigour of intellect, and variety of knowledge, seems, at times, either deliberately or inconsciously to copy the phraseology, or to adopt the combinations of this once formidable assailant not only of the minister but of the sovereign. Mr. Burke saw and felt the impression which the mode of treating political subjects, in which Junius was so singularly distinguished, produced upon the public mind; and, as one great master gazes on the works of another great master till he imbibes something of his spirit, or transfers to himself even some of his peculiarities, so Burke read the Letters of Junius with that sort of delight or rapture which, even insensibly, beguiles him who feels it, into a more or less partial resemblance in thought or manner to the author by whom his attention is so vividly captivated.

Independently of the proof of identity, which such coincidences of sentiment and expression as we have just mentioned, appear to Dr. Roche to establish between Edmund Burke and the writer of the Letters under the name of Junius, the respectable author has produced, according to the tenor of his title-page, other '*direct and satisfactory evidence*.' Of this kind of evidence we have no doubt that Dr. Roche deems that to be the most 'direct and satisfactory,' which relates to a speech of Mr. Burke in the House of Commons on the 24th of November, 1764; of which a copy was a few days afterwards sent to the printer of the Public Advertiser, under the signature of Y. Z. though not as a speech delivered in parliament, but by this same Y. Z. himself as 'a mere jeu d'esprit,' at a political club. Now the signature which Junius constantly employed in his private correspondence with the printer of the Public Advertiser was not Y. Z. but simply C.; and Mr. Roche has not produced any thing like sa-

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tisfactory evidence to lead us to suppose that the Y. Z. above-mentioned and C. or Junius were the same individual. But, even for a moment, supposing, what is highly improbable, that they indicated the same individual, it by no means, necessarily follows that Y. Z. and Burke, and consequently Burke and Junius were only one person under two different names. For it is very possible that this Y. Z. whom Dr. Roche attempts to identify with Junius, might have been present in the House of Commons when Burke delivered the speech in question, and, as it was not at that time the conceded practice to print the speeches of members with their real names, Y. Z. might think it more expedient to publish the sentiments, to which he wished to give circulation, as a speech delivered at a club, rather than in the assembly where it was really pronounced. We know that the parliamentary speeches which Dr. Johnson either wrote or put together for Cave, were published as debates 'in the Senate of Lilliput,' 'sometimes,' as Boswell says, 'with feigned denominations of the several speakers, sometimes with denominations formed of the letters of their name, in the manner of what is called anagram, so that they might easily be decyphered. Parliament,' adds the biographer of the moral Hercules, 'then kept the press in a kind of mysterious awe, which made it necessary to have recourse to such devices.'

Now if Y. Z. who wished to make known the above speech of Mr. Burke, had recourse to the fiction of his having delivered it himself at a political club, what reason is there why we should adopt the inference of Dr. Roche, that this Y. Z. could be no other than Edmund Burke, and that Edmund Burke could be no other than Junius? If Junius were the person, whom we believe him to have been, that person, though not a member of the House of Commons, was a constant attendant in that house in the year in which this speech was delivered; and must often have listened to the oratory of Mr. Burke, and have been well acquainted with most of the distinguished parliamentary characters of that time. But, if there were any identity between Y. Z. and Junius, we are well convinced that Dr. Roche is mistaken in the hypothesis which he has formed, and which he has, to the honour of his intellectual capacity, so ably supported, that Junius was one and the same person with the late Edmund Burke.

If we were to rest our belief that Burke and Junius were not the same person on any one *single* circumstance, it would be on the contemptuous remark which Junius

has made on the imbecility of Lord Rockingham's administration, of which Burke himself was a zealous admirer and an interested partisan. We could produce many other arguments against the hypothesis of Dr. Roche, and could mention many other circumstances with which it is totally incompatible; but we are really tired of the discussion; and think it of no importance to the public.

ART. VIII.—*The Heroine; or, Adventures of a Fair Romance Reader. By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. 3 Vols.* London: Colburn, 1813. 18s.

THIS is a very spirited and laughable satire upon the various productions under the name of novels and romances which have appeared for the last eighteen or nineteen years. Mr. Barrett deserves the thanks of all sensible mothers and guardians who wish well to the rising generation for the pains which he has taken to expose the destructive nonsense, with which we have been inundated, by this species of composition.

In the volumes before us, the author gives us the history of a young lady of the age of fifteen, the only daughter of a respectable farmer, who, having been committed to the care of a *governess*, is instructed in nothing but the study of novel and romance reading. The governess, however, is discharged in disgrace by the father of our heroine at the beginning of the work, and turned out of the house, owing to an amour with the butler. Our heroine, whose real name is Cherry Wilkinson, solaces herself for the loss of her companion and governess by writing to her, in the language of romance, in which she pours out her sorrows in a copious stream of eloquent absurdity. Poor Miss Cherry's brains are so bewildered with the trash which she has been reading, that she is mad to be a heroine; and, though naturally a very amiable, sensible girl, she becomes a perfect maniac in search of adventures. She deplores her hard lot in being doomed to waste her bloom, beauty, and youth, in a series of uninterrupted prosperity. She declares to her beloved governess, that her

'ambition is to be a heroine, and how can I hope to succeed in my vocation unless I suffer privations and inconveniencies? Besides, have I not far greater merit in getting a husband by

sentiment, adventure, and melancholy, than by dressing, gadding, dancing, and singing? For heroines are just as much on the alert to get husbands, as other young ladies; and to say the truth, I would never voluntarily subject myself to misfortunes, were I not certain that matrimony would be the last of them. But even misery itself has its consolations and advantages. It makes one, at least, look interesting, and affords an opportunity for ornamental murmurs. Besides, it is the mark of a refined mind. Only fools, children, and savages, are happy.'

From this specimen the reader may pretty well judge what kind of amusement Miss Cherry promises in her history. She discovers that from the beauty of her person, she is well qualified for a heroine; as her form is tall and aërial, her face Grecian, her tresses flaxen, her eyes blue and sleepy, with a remarkable mole just over her temple. So far, so well; but then, she is thrown into despair on account of her birth, for she exclaims, if 'even my legitimacy was suspected, it would be some comfort; since, in that case, I should assuredly start forth, at one time or other, the daughter of some plaintive nobleman, who lives retired and slaps his forehead.' She is also perplexed about her name, which is by no means of the heroic kind. She therefore changes it to Cherubina; and ruminating upon her hard fate of being wealthy and pretty, she determines to think that she is not the real daughter of her father—but that she is some orphan of illustrious descent, reserved to encounter all manner of extraordinary adventures, equally delightful with those with which her beloved romances so fruitfully teem. She accordingly assails her father in the true romance style; her hands folded across her bosom, and her blue eyes raised to his face, she conjures him to tell her who are her parents; for she has discovered a mystery in her birth, and urges him to confess his crimes, and tell her where her dear distracted father is lingering out the remnant of his miserable days? The poor farmer is thunderstruck, and believes that her senses are lost past recovery.—All these scenes, which are made truly laughable, are related to her dear governess by letter, in the genuine dramatic style; and in so doing, she follows the example of all true heroines.

'Indeed,' she says, 'I cannot enough admire the fortitude of these charming creatures, who, while they are in momentary expectation of losing their lives, or their honours, or both, sit down with the utmost unconcern, and indite the wittiest letters in the world. They have even sufficient presence of mind to copy the vulgar dialect, uncouth phraseology, and bad gram-

mar, of the villains whom they dread; and all this in the neatest and liveliest style imaginable.'

Miss Cherry, or Cherubina, is, however, determined to quit her father's house; and this determination is hastened by learning that a young man, a friend of her father's, is coming upon a visit, and from a hint, which he throws out, that it is not unlikely, but that this gentleman may fall in love with her, she is thrown into despair. Threatened with a husband of decent birth, parentage, and education! horrid! most horrid! so very unlike a heroine!

'Yes, I will roam,' she exclaims, 'through the wide world in search of my parents; I will ransack all the sliding pannels and tapestries in Italy; I will explore Il Castello di Udolpho, and will then enter the convent of Ursulines, or Carmelites, or Santa della Pieta, or the Abbey of La Trappe. Here I meet with nothing better than smiling faces, and honest hearts; or at best, with but sneaking villains. No precious scoundrels are here; no horrors, or atrocities worth mentioning. But abroad I shall encounter banditti, monks, daggers, racks. O ye celebrated terrors, when shall I taste you?'

Before she departs, she determines on a rummage in order to find some record or relic that may lead to what she calls her mysterious birth. Accordingly she steals into her father's room, and finds in his scrutoire, an antique piece of tattered parchment, on which are written, amongst other names, De Willoughby, and lady Gwyn, of Gwyn castle. This is enough for our heroine; though the parchment is nothing more nor less than part of a lease of lives, it is however an irrefragable proof to her, that she is no less a person than the lady Cherubina de Willoughby. With this notable parchment, and an old picture, which she finds, of Nell Gwyn, she elopes from her father's mansion, for London, that grand emporium of adventure for heroes and of heroines.

In the character of lady Cherubina de Willoughby, a heroine in search of her parents, she finds, to her utter astonishment, that she cannot do as the heroines do of whom she had read, and whom she contemplated so much. For after walking in the wet for some miles, she finds herself fatigued, cold, and stiff; whereas, all the lovely heroines whom she wished to imitate, were able to perform journies on foot, that would founder fifty horses. If she enters a cottage, to her astonishment, instead of beauties, she finds a family of frights, with flat noses, and thick lips. No Annette's and Lubin's, but plain Moll's and Bet's, Jack's and Tom's. To follow our heroine through all the mazes of her adventures, would be impossible; but we must re-

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mark, that they are extremely well planned, and pourtrayed with much vivacity and drollery. Some of the scenes are truly ludicrous. The following is the account which Cherubina gives of her rencounter with a Mr. Abraham Grundy, who is one of the understrappers at the theatre.

'At length, I reached an immense edifice, which appeared to me the castle of some brow-knitting baron; ponderous columns supported it, and statues stood in the niches, the portal lay open. I glided into the hall. As I looked anxiously around, I beheld a cavalier descending a flight of steps. He paused, muttered some words, laid his hand upon his heart, dropped it, shook his head, and proceeded. I felt instantly interested in his fate; and as he came nearer, perceived, that surely, never lighted on this orb, which he hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. His form was tall, his face oval, and his nose aquiline: seducing sweetness dwelled in his smile, and as he pleased, his expressive eyes could sparkle with rapture, or beam with sensibility. Once more he paused, frowned, and waving his arm, exclaimed, with an elegant energy of enunciation! "To watch the minutes of this night, that if again this apparition come, he may approve our eyes, and speak to it." That moment a pang, poignant, but delicious, transfixed my bosom. Too well I felt, and confessed it the dart of love. * * * I rushed forward, and sank at the feet of the stranger. Pity and protect a destitute orphan! cried I, "Here, in this hospitable castle I may hope for repose and protection. Oh Signor, conduct me to your respected mother, the Baroness, and let me pour into her ear, my simple and pathetic tale." "O ho! simple and pathetic!" cried he, "Come, my dear, let me hear it." I seated myself on the steps, and told him my story. During the recital, the noble youth betrayed extreme sensibility; sometimes he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion; and sometimes stifled a hysterical laugh of agony. When I had ended, he begged to know whether I was quite certain that I had ten thousand pounds in my power. I replied, that as Wilkinson's daughter, I certainly had; but that the property must devolve to some one else, as soon as I should be proved a nobleman's daughter." He then made still more accurate inquiries about it; and after having satisfied himself, 'Beshrew my heart!' exclaimed he, 'but I will avenge your injuries; and ere long, you shall be proclaimed and acknowledged the lady Cherubina de Willoughby. Meantime, as it will be prudent for you to lie concealed from the search of your enemies, hear the project which I have formed. I lodge at present in Drury lane, an obscure street; and as one apartment in the house is unoccupied, you can hire it, and remain there a beautiful recluse, till fortune, and my poor efforts, shall rescue from oppression, the most enchanting of her sex." He

spoke, and seizing my hand, carried it to his lips. "What!" cried I, "do you not live in this castle, and are you not its noble heir?" "This is no castle," said he, "but Covent Garden Theatre." "And you?" asked I with anxiety, "am an actor," answered he. "And your name?" "Is Abraham Grundy," "Then Mr. Abraham Grundy," said I, "allow me to have the satisfaction of wishing you a very good evening." "Stay!" cried he, detaining me, and you shall know the whole truth. My birth is illustrious, and my real name, lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. But like you, I am enveloped in a cloud of mysteries, and compelled to the temporary resource of acting. Hereafter, I will acquaint you with the most secret particulars of my life; but at present, you must trust to my good faith, and accept of my protection." Generous Montmorenci, exclaimed I, giving him my hand, which he pressed upon his heart. "Now," said he, "you must pass at these lodgings as my near relation, or they will not admit you." At first, I hesitated at deviating from veracity; but soon consented, on recollecting, that though heroines begin with praising truth, necessity makes them end with being the greatest story-tellers in the world. Nay, Clarissa Harlow, when she had a choice, often preferred falsehood to fact. * * *

'* * * Thus, my friend, the plot of my history begins to take a more interesting shape, and a fairer order of misfortune smiles upon me. Trust me, there is a taste in distress, as well as in millinery. Far be from me the loss of eyes or limbs, such publicity as the pillory affords, or the grossness of a jail fever. I would be sacrificed to the lawless, not to the laws: dungeoned in the holy inquisition, not clapped into Bridewell, recorded in a novel, not in the Newgate calendar. Were I inelegantly unhappy, I should be wretched indeed. Yes, my Biddy, sensations hitherto unknown, now heave my white bosom, vary the carnation of my cheeks, and irradiate my azure eyes. I sigh, gaze on vacancy, start from a reverie; now bite, now moisten my coral lips, and pace my chamber with unequal steps. For sure I am deeply, distractedly in love, and Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci is the first of men.'

Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, alias Abraham Grundy, is a most entertaining and brilliant personage: and makes no slight impression on the heart, or rather the imagination, of the lady Cherubina de Willoughby.

'This young nobleman,' she exclaims in one of her letters to her friend and ex-governess, 'increases my estimation every moment; never can you catch him out of a picturesque position. He would exhaust in one hour, all the attitudes of all the statues; when he talks tenderness, his eyes glow with a moist fire, and he always brings in his heart with peculiar happiness. Then too, his oaths are at once well conceived, and elegantly expressed.

Thunderbolts and the fixed stars are ever at his elbow, and no man can sink himself to perdition with so fine a grace.'

This fine picturesque fellow, finding that plain Cherry Wilkinson, the only child of a very rich farmer, will, independently of her father, have ten thousand pounds, humours the extravagant whims of the romantic dame, and makes fierce love to her in the character of Lord Altamont. This occasions a rich tissue of very absurd and laughable scenes.

Mr. Wilkinson follows his daughter to London; and an interview takes place, in which he implores her to return home to a safe shelter under his paternal roof; but our heroine astonishes and alarms her poor father by the following positive refusal:

'Wilkinson,' said I, 'this interview must be short, pointed, and decisive. As to calling yourself my father, that is a stale trick, and will not pass; and as to personating (what I perceive you aspire to) the grand villain of my plot, your corpulency, pardon me, puts that out of the question for ever. I should be just as happy to employ you as any other man I know; but excuse me, if I say, that you overrate your talents and qualifications. Have you the gaunt ferocity of famine in your countenance? Can you darken the midnight of a scowl? Have you the quivering lip and the Schedoniac contour? And while the lower part of your face is hidden in black drapery, can your eyes glare from under the edge of a cowl? In a word, are you a picturesque villain, full of plot, and horror, and magnificent wickedness? Ah, no, sir, you are only a sleek, good-humoured, chuckle-headed gentleman. Continue then what nature made you; return to your plough, mow, reap, fatten your pigs, and the parson; but never again attempt to get yourself thrust into the pages of a romance.'

Notwithstanding this romantic mania of the lady Cherubina, she is a girl of much good sense and great propriety of conduct and decorum of manners; for, when any thing occurs, which strikes her as improper, she is Cherry Wilkinson directly. In one of her love interviews with Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, his Lordship forgets his proper distance; and assuming more of the character of Abraham Grundy than became him, he catches the lady under the chin, and gives her a kiss on the lips. As Cherry Wilkinson, she feels her modesty wounded, and herself insulted: and, as the Lady Cherubina, she sets the gentleman right, and convinces him that she is not to be so vulgarly treated. She says,

'I have no notion of submitting to any freedom that is not sanctioned by the precedent of those exalted models, whom I

have the honour to imitate. I fancy, my lord, you will find, that as far as a kiss on the hand, or an arm round the waist, they have no particular objection. But a salute on the lip, is considered inaccurate.

His lordship is open to reproof, and has little else to say for himself, but that it was a practice in his country. Cherry, however, congratulates herself on having repulsed his lordship in the following manner:

'I think I was right about the kiss. I confess I am not one of those girls, who try to attract men through the medium of the touch; and who thus excite passion at the expence of respect. Lips are better employed in sentiment than in kissing. Indeed, had I not been fortified by the precedent of other heroines, I should have felt, and I fear, did actually feel, even the classical embrace of Montmorenci too great a freedom. But remember, I am still in my noviciate. After a little practice, I shall probably think it rather a pleasure to be strained, and pressed, and folded to the heart. Yet, of this I am certain, that I shall never attain sufficient hardihood to ravish a kiss from a man's mouth, as the divine Heloise did, who once ran at St. Preux, and astonished him with the most balmy and remarkable kiss upon record. Poor fellow! he was never the same after it.'

We cannot trace our heroine through all the numerous adventures and laughable incidents, to which her delusion gives rise. She is, however, brought to her senses, by discovering the various tricks which are played upon her; and, through the care and interference of a friend, she escapes the snare which is laid to entrap her into a marriage with the lord Altamont, alias Grundy. She descends from her stilts, and recovers her sanity towards the close of the third volume.—On the whole, we have been very much entertained with this ingenious performance, and think, that Mr. Barrett deserves well of the public, for thus endeavouring, through the medium of good humoured ridicule, to expose the bombastic nonsense, in the noxious farrago of modern novels, by which the judgment of our young women is perverted, and their taste for solid, and instructive reading, is depraved. Many judicious remarks are dispersed through these volumes; and the simple story of William and Mary, is moreover very creditable to Mr. Barrett's talents for the pathetic.

Art. IX.—*Travels through Norway and Lapland, during the Years* 1806, 1807, *and* 1808. *By Leopold Von Buch; Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. Translated from the Original German, by John Black; with Notes and Illustrations, chiefly Mineralogical, and some Account of the Author. By Robert Jameson, F. R. S. E.; F. L. S. &c. Professor of Natural History in the University at Edinburgh. Illustrated with Maps, and Physical Sections.* London: Colburn, 1813, 4to.

'THE principal motive,' says M. Von Buch, 'which induced me to visit the polar regions, was a desire to investigate, as far as a hasty journey would permit, the manner in which, in high northern latitudes, the nature of the land becomes gradually changed, by the climate, till at last, the noxious influence of snow and ice, is destructive to every thing which has life: and the mode in which the more solid part of the earth's body is composed, whether agreeably to the constitution of more southern lands, or in conformity to other laws.'

If such were the principal motive which impelled our author, who appears to be a man of amiable disposition, to undertake a journey, in which he penetrated within the polar circle, it is clear, that if we made the motive, which he has mentioned for this hardy enterprise, the sole, or primary object of our regard, our pages would be occupied with geological details, descriptions of soils, strata, &c.; from which the great majority of readers would derive but little instruction, or amusement. We might please a few students in Geognosy; but the principal business of a reviewer, is to cater for the generality, rather than for the few. The number of persons who trouble themselves about the internal stratifications of the earth, is very small, compared with those who are anxious to know the nature of its external products, and to become acquainted with the plants, animals, and men, upon its surface. The primary object, therefore which M. Von Buch had in view in his extensive travels, will not occupy much of our attention in the present article; but we shall select some details of less confined interest, and less exclusive importance, in which they do not abound less than many travels, which were undertaken with no other consideration.

M. Von Buch marks what he sees with distinctness, and represents it with perspicuity. He is by no means an inattentive, or careless traveller; and he appears to

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possess an ample stock of general knowledge, with an acute and vigorous understanding. It must also be added, that he has happily found an able translator in Mr. Black.

M. Von Buch, who is a native of Prussia, arrived at Christiania, the capital of Norway, on the 30th July, 1806. The prospect around Christiania appears to have captivated his attention; and to have excited very pleasurable emotions in his breast. As he approaches the town, he exclaims,

'What variety! what astonishing forms of objects, looking down from the height of Egeberg! The large town at the end of the bay, in the midst of the country, spreads out in small divergent masses, in every direction, till it is at last lost in the distance among villages, farm-houses, and well-built country houses. There are ships in the harbour, ships behind the fascinating little islands before the bay, and other sails still appear in the distance. The majestic forms in the horizon of the steep hills, rising over other hills, which bound the country to the westward, are worthy of *Claude Lorrain*. I have long been seeking for a resemblance to this country, and to this landscape. It is only to be found at Geneva, on the Savoy side, towards the mountains of Jura; but the Lake of Geneva does not possess the islands of the Fiord, the numerous masts, and the ships and boats in sail. Here we have the impression of an extraordinary and beautiful country, united in a wonderfully diversified manner, with the pleasure derived from the contemplation of human industry and activity.'

The author describes Christiania as a thriving, and beautiful town, with broad and straight streets, with most of the houses built of stone, which are a rarity in the other Norwegian towns. In other parts of the country, the houses are generally of wood: and hence, there is not a town in Norway, which has not been once, at least, burnt to the ground. The fire rages terribly among the dry boards. Whole streets burst into flames at once, and it is in vain to think of either extinguishing the fire, or saving the property.

M. Von Buch mentions the annual fair, which is held at Christiania, as one of the most interesting sights which a stranger can behold. This fair takes place on the 13th of January, previously to which the country people from all quarters flock into the town; and the inhabitants of the different provinces are seen in their varied and grotesque habiliments, as if they were natives of different countries, rather than of different parts of the same kingdom.

'The strong and robust inhabitants of *Guldbrandsdalen*, in

his long coat of the seventeenth century, and with his little red cap on his head, walks by the side of the comparatively elegant boor of Walders, who, in features and dress, is as unlike him as if he came from beyond the sea. The rich proprietors from *Hedemarken* pass along as if they were of the inferior order of towns-people, and their coats of home-made cloth are cut in an antiquated fashion, as is usual in country places. From *Oesterdalen*, on the Swedish bounduries, appears a higher class of men; but we may easily see, from their carriage, that it is borrowed from their neighbours. On the other hand, we see the rough and almost stupid native of *Hallingdalen*, in a true national uniform, and the sturdy men of *Oevre Tellemarken*, still more rough and stupid. They alone yet continue to wear the broad northern girdle round the waist; which the native of Tellemarken embroiders and ornaments in quite a different manner from the other; and in this girdle they fix a large knife like the Italians, which was formerly as often used by them for attack and warfare as for convenience. They wear a short jacket, with a sort of epaulette on it, and a small cap on the head: thin short leathern breeches contain, in the side pockets, all the wants of the moment, and almost always the important small iron tobacco-pipe.'

It is the metropolis of a country, particularly when there is a constant and rapid communication between it and the distant provinces, which tends to efface all provincial peculiarities in dress, manners, and language, and in these respects to produce a general uniformity. The intercourse between the capital of Christiania and the more remote parts of Norway has not been sufficiently constant, nor is it sufficiently expeditious to have had, hitherto, more than a partial effect in assimilating the remarkable diversity of Norwegian modes. The town, however, has had some influence in this respect; and will gradually have more till the change is complete.

'Before the commencement of the snow, thousands of oxen are driven to Christiania to supply the inhabitants with the necessary winter provisions.' Christiania is celebrated for its deals, which are preferred to those of Drontheim; and are a source of considerable wealth and prosperity to the place.

'The activity and stir is great and striking in winter, when numberless sledges descend from the mountains with planks, and proceed with them to the great timber magazine. They are all accumulated in this place, which includes the whole space between the town and the suburb of Waterland, and stretches so far towards the bay that the vessels seem to touch the piles of planks. Notwithstanding the extent, this magazine at the end of

winter has the appearance of a great town of boards, and we lose ourselves in the multitude of avenues and streets leading through them. The noise of the country people bringing the timber, continues without interruption so long as the snow lasts. They deliver over their boards to the overseers, who mark on their backs with chalk in letters and figures the place to which the boards were brought, and the number of them. It is a singular enough sight to see these boors hurrying away with all possible expedition to the counting-houses of the merchants in the Quartale, with this original species of obligation on their shoulders. By stopping on their way, or engaging in any other business, they might rub out the marks on their coats, and thus extinguish for ever all evidence of the debt. When they appear before the treasurer at the counting-house, they have no occasion to say a single word. They present their shoulders, and are immediately paid. The brush, which the treasurer applies to his shoulders, is the boor's acquittance.'

The Norwegians appear to be much attached to dramatic exhibitions; as there is said to be 'no town in Norway without a theatre.' 'The most polished of the inhabitants play in a manner in public before the better sort of people, frequently tolerably, and often excellently.' Christiania has two theatres, and 'the whole winter through, two different societies of Dillettanti tread the boards for the amusement of themselves and their fellow-citizens.'

The author says that the little country-houses, which are accumulated in the vicinity of Christiania, put him in mind of Marseilles. These rural habitations are denominated *Lükker*, many of which are said to be

'very diminutive, a little house with a small meadow; but they have all an enchanting situation: and there is a perpetual variety of prospect from the height of the amphitheatre, of the Fiord, the town, and the hills.'

M. Von Buch tells us, that 'in the harvest of 1806,' he saw 'a number of ships loaded with hay in the mouth of the bay of Christiania,' which he was told had been brought from England, in order to supply the wants of the householders in the town.

After leaving Christiania, our author prosecuted his northern route, which he continued for some time under no very agreeable nor very easy circumstances, as the winter and the spring still preserved a sort of ambiguous reign, and were contending for the mastery with varied alternations of success which added to the insecurity of the roads and the inconveniences of the traveller. 'Whoever,' says the author, 'wishes to enjoy pleasure and en-

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tertainment in a journey through Norway, would do well carefully to avoid travelling in the months of April or May.'

Four miles and a half below Freng our traveller entertered

'Guldbrandsdalen, in the company of a number of cheerful peasants, who poured down from every hamlet to go to church at Lille Hammer.' 'I lost here the lake of Miösen, after having followed it for full seventy English miles, and made my entrance in Guldbrandsdalen. Here we had no longer sledges, and cars could not by any means be used; the baggage was therefore conveyed on a horse, and I willingly travelled up a country like this on foot. The valley did not appear to rise till we came to a narrow cleft between Moshuus and Stav: and I did not till then remark any visible difference in the climate. The cherry-trees at Moshuus give, in this respect, by no means an unfavourable impression of the country. But at Stav the valley was full of solid ice, and I was again obliged to have recourse to a sledge to proceed over the lake of Lösness. We gain indeed a great deal by the ice; we are neither detained by windings of the road, nor by mountains and steep abysses; and the level surface of the ice allows of a rapidity by which distance is almost annihilated. A journey in winter down the Norwegian lakes, such as the Miösen, would be in fact attended with infinite pleasure, if it were not for the wolves, which are extremely dangerous in the early twilights of winter; for the wolves are no where so fierce, or assembled in such numbers, as on extensive surfaces of ice. They avoid every thing which hangs over their heads, and therefore flee the woods: this is singular enough, but not the less true: many of the peasants can defend their possessions in no other way from the wolves than by a hedge inclosure through which the wolf may creep, but over which he cannot spring. He will go round the hedge before he will venture to creep through, or even to make his exit underneath. The wolves remain in herds of dozens together on the open ice, looking out for their prey. If a single sledge makes its appearance, they troop together from both sides, and put the traveller in well grounded apprehension for his safety. A rope is fastened to the hinder part of the sledge, and so long as it can be preserved, it hangs down loosely, and is dragged along the track of the sledge. The small inequalities of the way raise it every now and then aloft, and make it turn in perpetual serpentine windings. This frightens the wolves: they dare not venture an attack, and in dread of this dancing monster, they remain at a secure distance.'

The author says that 'not only barley and oats, but rye is cultivated,' in Guldbrandsdalen, which 'seldom stands in need of foreign assistance.' Bread, made from the bark

of trees is much less common in this country than prevalent reports represent, or than foreigners are apt to suppose. When distress compels a recourse to this substitute, the process of preparing the bark for this purpose appears to be, in no small degree, laborious and difficult.

'When the young and vigorous fir-trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length: the outer part is carefully peeled from the bark; the deeper interior covering is then shaved off, and nothing remains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven: it is next beat on wooden blocks, and then pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels; but all this is not enough: the mass is yet to be carried to the mill, and ground into coarse meal like barley or oats. This meal is mixed up with *hexel*, with thrashed-out ears, or with a few moss-seeds; and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition. Nature with reluctance receives the bitter and contracting food; and the boors endeavour to disguise the taste of it by washing it down with water; but in the beginning of the spring, after having lived on this bread a great part of the winter, they become weak and relaxed, and they are incessantly tormented with an oppressive shooting and burning about the chest.'

When our traveller reached Vüg, in the Guldbrandsdalen, he takes up his quarters at an inn, where he expresses his surprise at finding the whole family dwelling 'in one room without any division between them and the stable;' and where the pigs ran 'about under the beds.' But this *fac-simile* of a Polish, or an Irish hovel, seems to have formed a sort of solitary exception to the more comfortable places of entertainment which he found on his way till he arrived at Drontheim. He describes the other inns on this route as having 'always tolerably well-furnished rooms set apart exclusively for travellers.' In this part of his journey our author saw a wooden cross with a tablet, upon which was inscribed an account of the victory which three hundred Norwegian boors obtained over an army of nine hundred Scots who had invaded their country. The Scots were commanded by Colonel Sinclair; and were proceeding in 1612 to the assistance of King Gustavus Adolphus. But they were surprised in the narrow pass of Kringelen. The boors suddenly made their appearance on the rocks beneath which the road ran, where the Scots were carelessly pursuing their way.

'They closed up every avenue of advance; they prevented

every means of retreat. Sinclair fell in the foremost ranks, and the rest were *dashed to pieces like earthern pots.*' 'About sixty of the Scots interceded for life, and were taken prisoners. They divided them among the hamlets; but they forgot that prisoners are no longer enemies. They grew soon tired of feeding an enemy, and the defenceless Scots were collected together in a large meadow and murdered in cold blood.'

From Toffle, which is at the foot of the great *Dovrefieldt* and close under the highest mountains of the north, the ascent of the road is so rapid, that the author says 'we soon left the spring climate behind us and got to firm snow.'

'In a short time the tops of the trees scarcely made their appearance through the deep snow, and in the course of a quarter of an hour, we saw nothing but the row of high poles gradually disappearing before us which serve to point out the course of the road through the snow. In the course of two hours we gained the top of the height. An interminable plain of dazzling snow lay stretched out around us. The hills on it appeared only like soft waves, and the great valley of Lessöe like a slight cut. The mountains over against the valley were nearly of the same heighth, and there also no summits of any consequence appeared above the plain, nothing but the repose of a boundless waste was to be seen. I proceeded onwards with difficulty, having the furious north-west wind in my face, which whistled over the snowy desert, and which had collected a number of dark rainy clouds above the Fiord of Romsdal; but it did not bring the clouds up the vallies, and, notwithstanding its boisterousness, the air was pure and clear. The road now ascends the last inconsiderable hill of the *Harebacken*. This is the greatest elevation of the road, 4575 English feet above the sea, and 2130 English feet above the valley of Lessöe. At last, the high pyramidal form of the Snelhättan, makes its appearance, as in a cloud, several miles to the north. Montblanc rises in a similar manner from Breven, above the surface of the ice. It does not resemble a mountain, but an assemblage of mountains above another range;—an immense and elevated mass, rising above every thing in the wilderness.'

'* * * It seemed as if I had reached the cloister of St. Bernard. Fogstuen, like the cloister, is one of the highest habitations in the country, and buried in a similar manner in almost perpetual winter. They are here accustomed to strangers suffering from the severity of the frost. They conducted me in a very friendly manner into a clean and well-constructed room, exclusively destined to travellers: and the landlord contrived, with admirable dexterity, to kindle such a blazing fire of birch boughs and flaming twigs, that I soon forgot both ice and snow, and the raving storm without, and from the very bottom of my

heart blessed the memory of good King Eystein, who built in the year 1120, on the Dovrefieldt, the four "Fieldt-stuer," for the good and welfare of travellers.'

When our author arrived at a place called Bierkages, about midnight, he had to awake the people of the house. When he 'entered the great room,' he imagined that he was in the midst of savages; for he found the men, who had been alarmed out of their sleep, entirely naked. But,

'I now learned,' says he, 'for the first time, that almost all the boors here, young and old, sleep the whole summer through naked like the Italians, and this also arises from the very same cause, to save their bed-linen and shirts. Perhaps this is the only feature which the boors of Drontheim have in common with the Italians. It shows, however, the wants of the country.'

The author warmly commends the hospitality and politeness which he experienced at Drontheim. At the last enumeration, the inhabitants of this town 'amounted to eight thousand three hundred and forty souls.' The copper mines at Röraas occasion much intercourse between Drontheim and that place.

'In winter, the copper is brought down in long rows of sledges which return with provisions and other necessaries. In summer, also, there are always horses and cars on the road, employed in carrying and drawing what in winter is much easier conveyed in sledges over the snow.'

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention; but we little thought to find it giving birth to an expedient like the following, which is said to be practised in Röraas and in the vallies around Drontheim.

'They carefully collect the horse-dung, and give it to their cows, who eat it with great eagerness. It is also frequently boiled in great kettles, and a little meal mixed up with it, and then not only cows become thriving and fat upon it, but also sheep and geese, hens and ducks. Even horses themselves are fond of this mess. It is also the usual mode of fattening pigs. The horses scarcely eat any thing but Norwegian herbs. Perhaps the other domestic animals might not be so fond of digested barley and *hazel*. At present, however, this stuff seems of such necessity to the Norwegian boors for the support of their cattle in winter, that the want of it would expose them to great embarrassment.'

With the exception of about four inconsiderable stone houses, Drontheim is altogether built of wood.

'The remains of the old and highly celebrated cathedral, to which the whole of the north formerly went in pilgrimage for the remission of their sins on the grave of St. Oluf, stand at the

end of the same street. The great and extensive ruins yet remain to bear witness to their former state, notwithstanding the town has been seven times burnt to the ground, and that Swedish plundering parties have also contributed their share to the general devastation. It is still evident that there is no edifice in Norway to be compared with it, and that even yet it is the largest in the whole country. Should the downfal of Drontheim be decreed by fate, and its revival be transferred to another situation, these ruins would still keep alive the recollection of the place, the people, and their actions.'

The citizens of Drontheim have numerous country houses around the town. But the author remarks, that these villas

'want the charms of the fruit-gardens of Christiania; for neither cherries, plums, nor pears, ripen, and apples ripen with difficulty.' 'At Drontheim the oat does not grow easily; it will live there, but never grows any larger. Fruit trees and oaks thrive in nearly the same temperature; and where oaks cease to grow, fruit-trees are as great rarities as a palm at Rome, or a chesnut at Lund. This temperature is nearly forty degrees of Fahrenheit, according to observations made in Sweden and the southern parts of Norway.'

When the author reached the island of Leckö, he learned with surprise that eagles were very much dreaded in this and the neighbouring islands, as not only lambs and the smaller animals, but even oxen, are the objects of their attack.

'The eagle,' says the author, 'plunges itself into the waves, and, after being completely drenched, rolls itself among the sand on the shore till its wings are quite covered with the sand. It then rises into the air and hovers over its unfortunate victim. When it is close to it, it shakes it wings, and throws stones and sand into the eyes of the ox, and completes the terror of the animal by blows with its powerful wings. The blinded oxen run about quite raving, and at length fall down completely exhausted, or dash themselves to death from some cliff. The eagle then mangles undisturbed the fruits of his victory.'

M. Von Buch remarks that, amongst the fishermen of Nordland instead of flat faces, and fair hair, which are generally believed to be universal among the inhabitants of that district, he beheld with astonishment many 'true Turkish physiognomies,' 'noses and bones extremely prominent,' and 'black dazzling eyes.' 'The musoles,' says he, 'do not appear swoln out at the expanse of the bones; all the features are sharp and determinate.' Hence the author seems inclined to believe that this coast was visited by the Phenicians in times of old, and

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that these remote regions constituted the Thule of the ancients.

During his stay at Voigtil, our traveller first saw the 'sun at midnight in the greatest clearness and even giving forth heat.'

'I used frequently to think,' says he, in another place, 'when I saw the clear night sun, of the advantage enjoyed by the Nordlands: a perpetual gladsome brightness in summer, and the splendid sparkling *northern lights* in winter. But I learned, with no small astonishment, that the northern lights are far from being so frequent as we imagine. They are among the phenomena which excite astonishment by their appearance, like a storm, or thunder, in southern summers. They do not appear here in the least more than at Bergen or in Scotland. M. Schytte told me that he never heard either here, or in Finmark, any hissing, or murmuring, or even the smallest noise. I have frequently afterwards put the same question to several people in Finmark, all the way to the North Cape, and all concurred in assuring me that they knew nothing but calm or still northern lights, and never heard of any noise accompanying them.'

Vaage is the principal point of all the northern fisheries. The boats which are assembled here, are said to amount from three to four thousand.

'Each boat is manned by four or five persons; hence the number of fishers who arrive in boats amounts to more than eighteen thousand. This is the fourth of the whole population, and certainly more than the half of all the grown men who inhabit the Nordlands or the provinces of Helgeland, Salten, Lofodden, Senjen, and Fromsoe, a length of nearly a hundred geographical miles. Besides these there are more than three hundred vessels, consisting of yachts, from Bergen, from Sundmor, Christiansund, and Molde, each filled with seven or eight men; so that the multitude of men assembled in a small circumference at Vaage, in February and March, amounts to more than twenty thousand. The banks of Newfoundland in the fishing season, scarcely give employment to a greater number of individuals.'—'Every boat at an average during the few weeks of the fishing season catches three thousand head of fish.' 'If we add to this what is taken in the yachts and larger vessels, we have the sum of nearly sixteen millions large torsk or tusk, and cod, yearly caught at these islands.' 'While almost all the other fisheries of Norway gradually lost their reputation, Lofodden has been in the same high estimation for a thousand years; and there has never yet been an example of the failure of the fishery.'

Of Tromsöe, which lies in 69° 38′ of north latitude, M. Von Buch says that, it has the advantage which is possess-

ed by few places within the polar circle, 'of always seeing the sun in its course in the heavens,' which, in other situations, is prevented by the interposition of some rocks to the east or the west, which conceal the sun for several hours, 'and when it again appears, it seems as if it were rising above the horizon.' The author, writing at Tromsöe, says,

'The perpetual clearness and brightness of the sun gives at present an indescribable charm to the days. When it takes its course along the heavens about midnight towards the north, the country enjoys the evening repose, as in southern latitudes; and when it again rises higher, the inhabitants in the same manner experience the charms of the morning. The feeling of gladness is undisturbed; for it is not embittered by the melancholy and dreary sensation which takes place when the sun sinks beneath the horizon. When the sun re-ascends, new warmth is diffused over the country, and we scarcely perceive the approach of the evening when we find from the thermometer that midnight is already past. Every thing begins now slowly to move; the clouds ascend from the earth, and flit about in the air, and on the tops of the mountains. Small waves on the water of the Sound shew that the wind from the north is beginning to pass more and more downwards; the sun ascends higher, its rays operate powerfully on the earth, and streams gush from the snow, with which the ground is every where covered around. When the north wind has fully risen, it no longer blows in squalls, but regularly down the Sound. About eight o'clock in the evening, every thing is again still; there are no clouds in the sky; no north wind in the Sound; and we only feel the gentle warmth of the sun throughout the night.'

Though potatoes have not been long known in Norway, yet we find that their cultivation has become quite general at Lyngen, under the seventieth degree of latitude. This product was formerly exported with other garden-stuff from Holland to Bergen, when this vegetable was used only as a sort of luxurious rarity on particular festivals or joyous solemnities.

The author gives a pleasing account of the climate of Alten, though in the latitude of 70°.

'On the 13th,' (of July) says he, 'the thermometer rose to 80° 3.' of Fahrenheit; it generally stood at mid-day at 70° or 72°, and the mean temperature of the month rose to near 63°, as high as in the east districts of Swedeu or Norway.'

Alten is the farthest point north in which agriculture is practised. This was introduced by the Quäns, who emigrated originally from Finland and descended into the vallies of Alten about the year 1708. They are said to

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speak the same language as that which prevails throughout Finland.

'Their houses are constructed, for the most part, like those in Finland, and in quite a different manner from those of the Norwegians. The greatest part of the house consists of a large room of logs, the *Perte*, which reaches up to the roof. On one side there is a large furnace, without a chimney, which takes in the greatest part of the wall. The smoke from the furnace rises up towards the roof; descends along the walls, and issues out through several quadrangular openings in the remaining walls, about three feet from the ground. When the fire is burnt out, they shut up the furnace and collect a Syrian warmth in the *Perte*. The upper part of the furnace serves for the sweating baths, every where used in Finland and Russia. In their dress alone the Quäns do not differ from the Laplanders; in their manners they completely differ. The Quäns are the most civilized inhabitants of Finmark, not even excepting the Norwegians.'

Our author mentions Hammerfest, which is almost a degree of latitude to the north of Alten, as the most northern town in the world, if a place can merit the name of town the population of which does not exceed forty individuals.

'This island produces nothing; nature remains in perpetual torpidity, or suffers under the pressure of a perpetual fog. No trees grow here, and they in vain endeavour to rear a few garden stuffs beside their houses: they will not come up.'

How great must be the elastic force of life in the human animal, or how wonderful the power of enduring privation, and counteracting misery when existence can be tolerated in such a comfortless situation!

We shall not follow our patient traveller in his journey from Alten through the dreary wastes and inhospitable wilds of Lapland to Torneå in the gulph of Bothnia. He has described with his usual minuteness the exterior features of the barren tracts which he traversed; but his route presents no prominent points of interest on which to fix, or which merit particular attention. M. Von Buch appears to have manifested great probity and truth in this account of a long and laborious journey which he accomplished with admirable equanimity and perseverance.

ART. X.—*An Historical and Architectural Essay relating to Redcliffe Church, Bristol. Illustrated with Plans, Views, and Architectural Details: including an Account of the Monuments, and Anecdotes of the eminent Persons interred within its Walls: also, an Essay on the Life and Character of Thomas Chatterton. By J. Britton, F. S. A.* London: Longman, 1813, 16s. royal 8vo. 24s. medium 4to. £1. 11s. 6d. imperial 4to.

THE principal interest of Redcliffe Church, Bristol, independently of the beautiful specimens which it exhibits of Gothic architecture, arises from its connexion with the names of Rowley and of Chatterton. Not all the persons of fortune or of rank, who are buried within its walls, can confer on it any thing like the interest which it derives from the circumstance we have mentioned. This shows the superiority which genius possesses over other more splendid but extrinsic possessions. Even the name of *Master* Canynge, though a merchant of noble spirit and great generosity, owes its principal celebrity, beyond the confines of Bristol, to the honourable mention which has been made of him in the poems to which the name of Rowley is affixed. When a stranger of a literary turn and cultivated taste visits Redcliffe Church, one of the primary sentiments which he feels, is, that he is entering the place where those ancient writings were found, which fortuitously gave birth to the most extraordinary literary phenomenon of modern times. If Chatterton had never existed, or never excited curiosity or admiration under the name of Rowley, we should have approached the tomb of Canynge with as much indifference as that of any other mayor of a corporation, who repaired a church, founded an hospital, or endowed a school. But the supposition that Canynge was the munificent patron of the first poet of his age, which we insensibly imbibe, from the perusal of the writings, under the name of Rowley, gives a dignity and an interest to his name in the cultivated mind, beyond what the mere mercantile character could bestow.

The literary merit of this work is of small amount; but some of the engravings are admirably executed. Plate VII. exhibiting a view of the north porch of Redcliffe church, is, perhaps, in some respects, a specimen of the graphic art, which may vie with any existing repre-

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sentation of the lapideous luxuriance of the Gothic or Saracenic architecture. This view does infinite honour to the taste and skill of J. Le Keux, whose name is subscribed to the plate. The fretwork and tracery in the stone are represented to the life. Genius and taste are manifested in the execution. Some of the other plates deserve great praise. But, when we have praised the plates, we have almost exhausted our commendation of the work; for it possesses but small value in a literary point of view. It contains no rarities of the antiquarian, historical, or biographical kind, which can excite or gratify curiosity. With the exception indeed of the two letters from Chatterton to Dodsley, which Mr. Britton says have never before been published, and which we never happen to have seen before, there is no information in the work which is at all either piquant by novelty, or attractive by interest. The few particulars respecting Chatterton, in the Essay on the life, character, &c. of that singular genius, may be found in Sir Herbert Croft's medley called Love and Madness. Mr. Southey has said that 'there was a trait of insanity in the family' of Chatterton. 'His sister,' says he, 'was once confined, and this is a key to the eccentricities of his life, and to the deplorable rashness of his death.' Mr. Southey adds that, 'at one time, he,' Chatterton, 'was a great coxcomb in his dress.' Mr Southey has not mentioned from what source he derived this information, though this modification of vanity, with respect to exterior appearance, is very consistent with that love of distinction which Chatterton manifested at such an early period of his life. But supposing Chatterton to have been, as Mr. Southey states, 'a great coxcomb in his dress,' the difficulty is to discover how he obtained the means of gratifying that propensity. His pecuniary resources, whilst he remained at Bristol, were very scanty and confined; and, whatever might be his fondness for fine clothes, it was certainly never so strong as his love of books. What small sums of money therefore he might have occasionally obtained, were always expended rather in adding to the number of his books, than to the finery of his habiliments. The following are the two letters from Chatterton to Dodsley, which Mr. Britton has published for the first time.

LETTER I.

'Sir, *Bristol, Dec.* 21, 1768.

'I take this method to acquaint you, that I can procure

copies of several ancient poems; and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant; wrote by one Rowley, a priest, in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. If these Pieces will be of service to you, at your command, copies shall be sent to you, by your most obedient Servant, D. B.

'Please to direct for D. B. to be left with Mr. Thomas Chatterton, Redclift-Hill, Bristol. *For* Mr. J. Dodsley, *Bookseller, Pall Mall*, London.'

LETTER II.

SIR, *Bristol, Feb.* 15, 1769.

'Having intelligence that the tragedy of Ælla was in being, after a long and laborious search, I was so happy as to attain a sight of it. Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy to send you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one, unless I give him a guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum, I made search for another copy, but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous Piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you: several gentlemen of learning, who have seen it, join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in this affair, and, was I able, would print it on my own risque. It is a perfect tragedy, the plot clear, the language spirited, and the songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple. The similies judiciously applied, and though wrote in the reign of Henry VI. not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall immediately be sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this, is, to convince the world that the monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads, as generally thought, and that good poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition, as well as in these more enlightened ages. An immediate answer will oblige me. I shall not receive your favour as for myself, but as your agent. I am, Sir,

'Your obedient Servant, T. CHATTERTON.

'P. S. My reason for concealing my name, was, lest my master (who is now out of town), should see my letters, and think I neglected his business.

'Direct for me on Redclift Hill.'

After a specimen of the Tragedy, in part of Ælla's speech, he says,

'The whole contains about 1000 lines. If it should not suit you, I should be obliged to you if you would calculate the expences of printing it, as I will endeavour to publish it by subscription on my own account.

'*For* Mr. James Dodsley, *Bookseller, Pall Mall*, London.'

ART. XI.—*Collections from the Greek Anthology; and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece. By the Reverend Robert Bland, and others.* London; Murray, 1813, 8vo. 18s.

WE have here a parterre of flowers of odoriferous sweets and various hues. Though they have been transplanted from the gardens of Greece, where the Flora of poetry has exhibited her most exquisite fragrance and her most beauteous forms, yet they still preserve all the luxuriance of bloom, delicacy of structure, and richness of perfume which they had in their native land. We have seldom had at any one time such a multitude of fair exotics, naturalized in our English garden, with all their primitive vigour of growth, and loveliness of appearance.

That collection of Poems, which is commonly ranged under the title of the Greek Anthology, though the production of different persons and ages, is unrivalled by any similar vernacular assemblage in the languages of modern Europe; particularly if we regard it as a great repertory of the κοιναι ἐννοιαι, the common sentiments of mankind, on subjects which come home to the bosom and the interests of every individual, to whom the appellation of a sensitive being may not unjustly be ascribed. These common sentiments on topics of diurnal occurrence, have an universal claim to attention, from their connexion with our happiness, in some of its numerous ramifications through the varied intercourse, events, and circumstances of human life. They are by turns of a grave or a gay, a reflective or a negligent cast; attuned to the serious or the festive scene, producing sensations of melancholy or of mirth, of gloom or of jollity, of pensive sadness or of inebriating joy. But of whatever kind may be the subject on which they touch, they communicate to it a charm, which he must be cold and torpid indeed, who can regard with indifference, or peruse without a high degree of gratification. For, whilst the sentiment which pervades them, is of that kind which is calculated to thrill in the human breast in all ages and climes, in all states of manners, and in every variety of social forms, the language in which this sentiment is conveyed, or through which it is diffused, is of that limpid and crystalline kind, which serves as a faithful mirror of the beauties which it is intended to set before our eyes.

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In the English version of many of these exquisite pieces of Grecian poetry, which is now before us, the authors, of whom the two principal are Mr. Bland and a gentleman under the signature of M. have often rivalled the originals in the internal interest and in the external form, in the nature, force, and tenderness of the sentiment, and in the facility, flow, and transparency of the diction. In the fair and captivating originals, the force and impression of the sentiment of whatever kind it may be, whether pathetic or jovial, sedate or exhilarating, is never oppressed by a weight of words, nor weakened by a vapid expansion of phrase. In the present translations there is no idle superfluity of words, no dilute inanity of diction. There is no want of compression of style where the force of the thought would be lost in a lax and feeble phraseology. Where simplicity and plainness are requisite, there is no redundance of ornament, nor superfluity of prettinesses. And where the subject requires a little more fulness or variety of decoration, there we have as much and no more than Beauty will admit, without any diminution of its native charms, and Taste will allow, without any violation of the rules of good sense, from which we can seldom deviate in poetry any more than in prose, without passing beyond the confines of absurdity and extravagance.

We will now produce a few specimens of these interesting productions. There is something very attractively simple, tender, and graceful in the following. It is marked M. and entitled

Beauty compared with Flowers.

'Now the white snow-drops decks the mead,
The dew-besprent narcissus blows,
And on the flowery mountain's head,
The wildly scatter'd lily grows.

'Each loveliest child of summer throws
Her fragrance to the sunny hour;
But Lesbia's opening lips disclose
Divine Persuasion's fairer flower.

'Meadows, why do ye smile in vain,
In robe of green and garlands gay,
When Lesbia moves along the plain,
She wears a sweeter charm than they.'

The next of these little poems, which we shall pro-

duce, is exquisitely beautiful. It also bears the signature M. and is a

Hymn to the Evening Star.

'Mild star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the Queen of Love
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!

'All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wand'ring far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way.

'No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade;
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.'

The next piece which has the signature B. very tenderly expresses a sentiment very common on the lips, and, we trust, seldom unfelt in the hearts of English men and English women, that *there is nothing like home.*

Home.——B.

'Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river-brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.'

The ode of Callistratus, addressed to the Athenian Patriots, is worthy of the original, and breathes an enthusiasm of generous feeling in favour of liberty, which liberty ought always to inspire.

Besides the selections from the Greek Anthology, we have also several highly poetical versions of extracts from the dramatic writers of Greece. The succeeding extract is from the Andromache of Euripides, and exhibits with a very winning simplicity, the soft and yet perturbed current of feeling, in a mind full of virtue and sensibility, harassed by vain regrets, and clouded by deep melancholy.

The flow in the four lines beginning 'Her I abhor,' &c. is very pleasing.

Andromache.——M.

'To have been never born, oh mother! ne'er
Tasted the freshness of this upper air,
Is but the same with death—to die! to be
A cypher blotted from mortality—
Death is far better than a life of pain,
Who feel not, grieve not, and our fears are vain.
Oh, rather for the living let them flow,
Those wretched victims of perpetual woe,
Who still, in bitterness of soul possess,
The memory of departed happiness.
—My sister is at peace—the cheerful light
No longer breaks upon her beamless night.
The sense of present wants and woes to come
Alike lie buried in the silent tomb.
But I (in mockery of my alter'd life,
Who yet remember I was Hector's wife)
I, the blest partner of connubial joy,
The pride and envy of the dames of Troy,
How can I stoop to slavery's abject lot?
And how, my former glorious state forgot,
Submit to please a victor's wild desires,
And light on Hector's tomb unhallow'd fires?
Her I abhor, whose lawless lust can seek
(Without a blush on her dishonest cheek)
A second partner to her widow'd bed,
When the fond husband of her youth lies dead.
Oh Hector! I am only thine—to thee
I paid the vow of maiden constancy;
To thee my pure, unspotted soul resign'd,
The wisest, noblest, bravest of mankind.
Now thou hast left me—and I must not have
The last poor comfort that the wretched crave.
I cannot sorrow o'er thy urn, but go
A friendless captive to a tyrant foe,
Where no glad home my weeping eyes shall see,
And hope, that comes to all, shall fly from me.'

We have not noticed the preface or the illustrations, but they are full of learned and interesting remarks; and the reader cannot fail to be gratified by the perusal.

ART. XII.—*A Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the Years* 1809 *and* 1810. *By J. C. Hobhouse. Second Edition.* London: Cawthorn, 1813. 2 Vols. 4to. £5. 5s.

WE are unwilling to close this volume without noticing this valuable work; but the space we have left is so scanty, that we shall by no means be able to do any thing like justice to the variety or importance of its contents. In that part of our author's Journey which relates to Albania, he may be said to have visited a part of Europe, which has hardly been more often marked by the footsteps of the traveller, than the most remote wilds of America. Some information indeed concerning this almost unfrequented part of the Turkish dominions had been previously published in the Travels of Dr. Pouqueville, of which we have given some account of the translation in the present number; but this information was not acquired by Dr. Pouqueville himself, but compiled from the notes of some of his friends. Mr. Hobhouse candidly acknowledges that he has not scrupled to make use of Pouqueville's materials in those instances in which they were not contradicted by his own experience and observation. The description, which Mr. Hobhouse has given of Athens, is very full and complete; and indeed contains as much information respecting the present state of the ruins in that venerable city, as can be requisite to satisfy the curiosity of the scholar or the antiquary. The view of Athens from the foot of Mount Anchesmus, which forms the first print in the first volume of this work, will be beheld with lively interest by those who have imbibed an admiration of the Athenians from the works of the Greek authors; and have been early wont to revere their city as the sacred locality where the choicest works of genius and of the arts have been produced. Our traveller is sufficiently copious and distinct in his account of other parts of Greece; and wherever his own information was scanty or imperfect, he appears to have employed much industry and research in supplying the defects from the literary treasures of ancient or modern times. We were particularly pleased with our author's details respecting the situation where the memorable battle of Platæa was fought. In this and in other places he has noticed some mistakes in the Travels

of Anacharsis, or in the plans of Barbie du Boccage in that work.

It is not a little remarkable that that part of the Turkish dominions in Europe, which passes under the name of Albania, had been so little explored, that the existence of such a city as Joannina, which our author supposes 'after Salonika, Adrianople, and perhaps Widdin, to be the most considerable place in European Turkey,' was till lately almost entirely unknown.

'In its utmost length it may be perhaps two miles and a half; and in breadth, though in some places it is much narrower, nearly a mile.'

'The Greeks of this city are as industrious as any in Turkey, and their embroidery, the art in which they excel, is executed very neatly; but there was no one who could mend an umbrella in the whole place; and only one man, a poor Indian, was capable of making a bedstead. The only encouragement an able mechanic would meet with, would be employment at the Vizier's palace, without receiving any emolument. This is of itself sufficient to put a stop to every exercise of ingenuity.'

The following are the few particulars respecting the dress and modes of the Albanians, which our limits will permit us to select.

'The common clothes of the Albanians are of a most *unsavoury* appearance. Few amongst them have more than two shirts, and many only one; so that this material part of their dress, as well as the drawers, is often quite black, and falls to shreds upon their backs, from accumulated filth and constant wear. From such a habit, and the practice of sleeping dressed upon the ground, it is to be expected that the thick woollen jackets, mantle, and capote, must shelter every species of vermin; and indeed, though from the grand signior to his lowest subject, there is not, perhaps, one person in Turkey quite free from a kind of animal, which, when multiplied, becomes the cause and symptom of an incurable disease; yet, as the physician of Ali assured me, "Le pou des Albanais est le plus gras et le plus gros du monde." They will often, without any shame or concealment, brush these insects by dozens from their clothes, and it is quite impossible to travel amongst them without being visited by so unpleasant a companion.'

Of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, Mr. Hobhouse says that

'Excepting the sculptures on the back and front porches, and the roof, which is modern and vaulted, the outside of the building has been but little affected by the injuries of four and twenty centuries, and is, to this day, the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. In this fabric, the most enduring stability and a simplicity of design, peculiarly striking, are united with

the highest elegance and accuracy of workmanship, the characteristic of the Doric style, the chaste beauty of which is not, in the opinion of the first artists, to be equalled by the graces of any of the other orders. A gentleman at Athens, of great taste and skill, assured me, that after a continued contemplation of this Temple, and the remains of the Parthenon, he could never again look, with his accustomed satisfaction, upon the Ionic and Corinthian ruins of Athens, much less upon the specimens of the more modern species of architecture to be seen in Italy.'

The cell of the Temple of Theseus is now converted into a church, which is never opened but to travellers, except on the festival of the saint, to whom it is dedicated. The pavement has been removed from the interior of this building, so that the floor is of mud, nearly in the middle of which is a small mound of earth, like those in our church-yards, beneath which rest the mortal remains of Tweddle, a man of varied accomplishments, highly-cultivated mind, and polished taste, and whose sentiments of liberty, pure and ardent as the heart from which they sprung, might well entitle him to a tomb in the site of one of the most renowned republics of antiquity; and in one of the most exquisite remains of Grecian architecture. His dust may well be permitted to mingle with that of the heroes, poets, and orators of the Athenian commonwealth. Mr. Hobhouse tells us that Lord Elgin has, at his own expence, directed a slab of marble, with an inscription, to be placed over the spot where Tweddle is laid. 'An epitaph,' says Mr. Hobhouse, 'for such a person, and to be placed in such a spot, *must be a work of some nicety.*' We allow that it must be a work, which would require a person of nice taste, of high powers of discrimination, and, above all, a bosom animated with those exalted and generous sentiments of virtue and of liberty, with which Tweddle was not only warmed, but fired.

We have not room to notice any of our author's learned disquisition respecting the Troad; nor to dwell with any particularity on his account of Constantinople. The following forms rather a characteristic picture of the torpid gravity, and indolent indifference of the Turkish character.

'From the Armenian quarter' (of Constantinople) 'and the cotton manufactory, we walked a little distance, and passing through Yeni-Kapoussi, came to a long range of coffee-houses by the sea-side. These were of the better sort, open on one quarter, with a fountain playing in the middle of a range of

marble seats, and recesses furnished with pillows, stuffed carpets and mats, which in some of them, were spread also upon marble slabs on the outside of the houses. In one, several well-dressed Turks were sitting with their pipes, listening to the pretty airs of a guitar and violin, whilst the recesses were occupied by others asleep. Some of these, with their turbans off, and their heads wrapped in a sash, were rolled in the carpets, and sunk on the cusions in the apparatus and oblivion of a night slumber; and neither these nor such as were stretched upon the slabs on the outside, who would have had a thousand practical waggeries played off upon them in any other city, were disturbed or even noticed by the company. None of the guests, indeed, seemed entirely awake, but inhaling the odours of their perfumed herbs, silent, sedate, and lost in the delicious bliss of total inactivity and listlessness, were lulled into the soft approaches of repose by the tinkling music, the unceasing fall of the fountain, and the regular ripplings of the water on the sandy shore.

A little further, however, the author says that 'the Turks are an acute people, and some of the better sort are authors of elegant compositions, which their fear of being suspected for ambitious innovations, prevents them from making public.' Is mental activity reckoned heresy or treason in the metropolis of the Mahometan faith?

'A dying sultan,' says our agreeable traveller, 'would not now, like Othman, recommend to his successor the patronage of the learned as one of the bulwarks of the state. The author of Constantinople, ancient and modern, asserts, that many of the gentlemen of the capital can quote the Persian poets as happily, and refer to the Arabic philosophers with as complete erudition as we can do to the Greek and Roman. Of this I know nothing, but I know that the minister who was *Reis Effendi*, or secretary of state for foreign affairs, when we were at Pera, was with difficulty persuaded that Spain and Italy were not one and the same country, or at least parts of the same kingdom.'

Mr. Hobhouse informs us that the consumption of opium in Constantinople has been diminished by the increasing use of wine, though he remarks that 'there are still to be found Teriakis, who will swallow in a glass of water, three or four lozenges, amounting to one hundred grains. They are mixed with spices, and stamped with the words *mash Allah* (the *work of God.*')

Mr. Hobhouse merits, though not the highest, yet a very respectable station amongst modern travellers. The paper and print of his work are smooth to the touch and fair to the eye; and the embellishments are rich and splendid, and will no doubt add to the value of

the present publication in the minds of those who have imbibed the fashionnble mania for fine specimens of typography and engraving.

ART. XIII.—*The Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale. By Lord Byron.* London: Murray, 1813. 5s. 6d.

THE story of this poem is simply this: Giaffir, an old Pacha, is represented as having an only son named Selim, and a beautiful daughter called Zuleika. To the former he bears an inveterate hatred, but to the latter his fondness is so great, that his life appears to be bound up in her's. She is as amiable as she is beautiful. Her attachment to her brother Selim is marked by her fond attention to him; and her love for his society. In an interview with her father, she learns that it is his intention to marry her to Osman, kinsman of the Bey Oglou. On her father's departure, the scene which follows with Zuleika and Selim, discovers that Selim is not the son of the old Pacha Giaffir; and that the affection of the supposed brother and sister amounts to something more warm than such relationship usually inspires. A secret interview is concerted between them. Zuleika agrees to meet Selim in a cave by the sea-shore, when he promises to tell his tale. At the appointed time she repairs to the spot and meets her Selim, whom, to her great surprise, she finds in the dress of a young Galiongée (that is, a Turkish sailor). He informs her that he is not what he seems, that, instead of his being her brother, he is her first cousin, and nephew to her father Giaffir; who had murdered his father Abdallah, and usurped his brother's honours and fortune. Selim's life is preserved, and his infancy is cherished by Giaffir; but, as he grows up, he is confined in the palace, in order that he may lead an idle life. But having learned the secret of his real birth, from a faithful slave called Haroun, he determines to break through the restraints which the cruel policy of Giaffir had doomed him to endure. He unites himself with a party of pirates and becomes their chief. He informs Zuleika that his comrades are waiting; and implores her to depart with him; and avoid the hated marriage with Osman, who is to arrive the next day and claim her as his bride. Whilst he is speaking, the lovers are surprized by Giaffir and his guards. The following, which we think the

most animated part of the poem, we give for the gratification of our readers.

'Zuleika—mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress—
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother hardened into stone;
* * * * *
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply—
Beneath the garden's wicket porch,
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
"Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother."
Far—wide through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand:
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel,
And last of all his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

Dauntless he stood—'tis come soon past—
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last;
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal—see the flash—
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash—
No matter—yet one effort more.'
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept,
His pistol's echo rang on high:
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumbed her breast and eye!
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika—sweet! retire—
Yet stay within—here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance:
Fear'st thou for him? may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No—though by him that poison poured—
No—though again he call me coward!

But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!
One bound he made, and gained the sand—
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band—
A gasping head, a quivering trunk;
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes:
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave;
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breaker's lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray:
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand,
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter,
His heart's best blood is on the water!
Escaped from shot—unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel—
Had Selim won—though thus beset—
To where the strand and billows met—
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause—that fatal gaze he took—
Hath doomed his death * * * *
His back was to the dashing spray—
Behind but close—his comrades lay—
When at the instant hissed the ball,
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Too nearly—deadly aimed to err—
'Tis thine—Abdallah's murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate
The son hath found a quicker fate—
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling,
If aught his lips essayed to groan,
The rushing billows choaked the tone.'

The description on the following morning of the scene of the conflict between Selim and his enemies after the havoc of the preceding night, is very picturesque, and admirably calculated for effect.

'Morn slowly rolls the clouds away—
Few trophies of the fight are there—
The shouts that shook the midnight bay
Are silent—but some signs of fray.
That strand of strife may bear—
And fragments of each shivered brand—
Steps stamped—and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be marked—nor far remote
A broken torch—an oarless boat—
And tangled in the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white Capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain—
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go—seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay—
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow—
That hand—whose motion is not life—
Yet feebly seems to menace strife—
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave.'

The whole of the above is touched with the pencil of a master. Almost every line teems with emotion. It is a picture which fixes the eye and agitates the heart.

Zuleika was spared the sight of her Selim's death—for, petrified with horror and despair,

'That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill—
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
sufficed to kill—
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still—
Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin grave!'

In the cemetery, in which Zuleika is interred, an ever-blowing rose is planted over the spot where she is laid. This is an exquisitely beautiful part of the poem; and it has not often been surpassed in delicacy of poetical delineation.

'Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above

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The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief;
Like early unrequited love!
One spot exists—which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove.
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale,
It looks as planted by despair—
So white—so fair—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To morrow sees it bloom again
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears.
For well may maids of Helle deem,
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower,
Nor droops—though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam.'

Lord Byron sometimes indulges in a fondness for what may be called Ovidian conceit. The following are instances:

'Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—*until his aching sight*
Faints into dimness with its own delight.

* * * * * *

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry.

* * * * * *

Fast from his breast the *blood is bubbling*,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling.'

With respect to the last passage, we may ask how the sea, when lashed into foam by the violence of the wind, could be *troubled* by a little blood dropping upon the surface? And with respect to a previous passage, we should wish to know how visual *delight* is compatible with an *aching* eye?

Lord Byron sometimes takes more pains to be *pretty* than a great poet ought to take. He has so many beauties of the most genuine sort, and of the highest order, that he can well afford to leave prettiness to puerility. He is the poet of sentiment and of nature; and he should despise all affected ornament, and all elaborate artifice

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of decoration. He should admit no embellishments which do not accord with the most chastised taste. The following are some of the *prettinesses* which we would wish him in future to avoid. He is rich without tinsel, and let him not imagine that tinsel is wealth.

'Thou my Zuleika, share and bless my bark—
The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!'

'With thee all toils are sweet—each clime hath charms,
Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck—
So that thine arms cling closer round my neck.'

Several passages in this poem might be produced which are very flat and prosaic; and this we impute not to any defect of taste, but to rapidity of composition. Lord Byron should have given a more careful revision to his work. Let him not begin to think that negligence is beauty, or that genius can make amends for the slovenliness of haste. When a young writer has received a very liberal portion of praise, he is too apt to think that what he writes must be good, whether it have or have not received the polish of labour; and that he is privileged to be careless and indolent. If Lord Byron adopt this opinion, he is not so old but that he may live to write himself down; and the enthusiastic admiration of his first works, may vanish in pity or contempt at the perusal of his last. If this be not palatable it is wholesome advice; and as such advice is not often offered to persons in his station, we hope that he will take it in good part from the pen of a Critical Reviewer. If it be ill received, it is at least well intended.

The worst part of this poem is the account which Selim gives of himself to Zuleika in the cave. This is often tedious and prolix; and many passages are very unnatural in the circumstances which are represented.

Upon the whole we consider Lord Byron as the first poet of the present age. He has more fire and sublimity, more enthusiasm of sentiment, and force of expression, than Walter Scott, and he has at least an equal portion of tenderness. We have not room to be more particular.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*Sermons, by Thomas Somerville, D. D. F. R. S. E. Minister of Jedburgh, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary.* London: Cadell, 1813. 8vo.

THESE sermons are, altogether, impressive and interesting. The author appears to have taken his countryman, Dr. Blair, for his model in composition. His style is perspicuous, and his sentences are usually short. He touches only transiently on polemical topics; but his discourses are full of devout sentiment; and are pervaded by a spirit of practical piety equally remote from torpid insensibility and from fanatical rapture. The sermons are in all twenty-one in number: and though they contain nothing new, and indeed nothing which has not often been said before, yet they convey old but important truths in a form calculated to excite attention during the perusal.—Owing to the press of other matter we have no space for extracts, or we should make several which would give a favourable idea of Mr. Somerville's talents as a serious teacher of Christianity.

ART. 15.—*Additional Letters addressed to the Rev. G. D'Oyly, B. D. Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, and Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. In answer to his Remarks on the Oedipus Judaicus. By Vindex, Biblicus, and Vandidus.* London: Sherwood, 1813. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

WE have never perused the Oedipus Judaicus of Sir William Drummond, nor the remarks of Mr. D'Oyly on that publication. We are, therefore, by no means qualified to discuss the merits of the present controversy; and it would be very unworthy of us to suffer ourselves to be influenced by an *ex parte* statement on either side. There is a good deal of polemical asperity, and a tolerable portion of personal abuse in these letters; but we suppose that both may have been excited by a previous display of similar qualities in the gentleman who enjoys the honourable title of Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. If this Christian Advocate have assailed such a distinguished scholar as Sir Wm. Drummond with abuse rather than with argument, or have endeavoured to crush his adversary by invidious insinuations, and the senseless sounds of infidel and heretic, rather than to convince him of his errors by sound logic and sober discussion, we think that the term Christian Advocate should be exchanged for some title more suitable to the absence of that meekness, patience, and forbearance, which are so essential

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to every man, who, like Mr. D'Oyly, takes upon himself the high office of a defender of that doctrine, the first preacher of which forbad all bitterness and malice towards those by whom it was opposed.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*The Political Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy, proclaimed in Cadiz 19th of March*, 1812. London: Souter, 1813. 12mo.

WE were glad to see an account of the new Spanish constitution published in the present form. Whatever may be the defects, which practice may discover in this constitution, the production itself is a matter of no ordinary curiosity as it shows how far the Spaniards of the present day have carried their notions of political liberty. As far as respects the elective franchise, population and not property is made the basis of the exercise; but then by a regulation, under act 25, it is ordered that from the year 1813 'all those who claim the rights of citizenship must know how to read and write.' This is so far a politic provision, as, at any rate, it tends to prevent the elective franchise from being possessed by an illiterate rabble; bankrupts, public debtors, menial servants, persons having no means of subsistence, and those who have been objects of a criminal prosecution, are always excluded from the rights of citizenship. One deputy to the Cortes is to be chosen for every seventy thousand souls.—But then there is to be a graduated scale of representation between the deputy to the Cortes and the primary electors. There are first to be parish meetings, in which every two hundred inhabitants are to return one parish member. But this member himself is not to be chosen immediately by the two hundred inhabitants, but by eleven umpires elected from their body. The parish member must be twenty-five years of age, and resident in the parish. The parish electors constitute the elective meetings of the district, and are to choose district electors in the proportion of three to one of the deputies to be elected to the Cortes. 'To be an elector of district, it is necessary to be a citizen, in exercise of his rights, 25 years of age, settled and resident in the district, either a layman or of the secular clergy.' The electors of districts are to assemble in the capitals of the different provinces in order to elect the deputies to the Cortes. In order to be a deputy to the Cortes, the individual must be 'a citizen in the exercise of his rights, twenty-five years old, born in the province, or settled therein with a residence of at least seven years, whether a layman or ecclesiastic.' A certain annual income is also requisite as a qualification. The Cortes are to meet every year; and the session is to continue for three months 'beginning on the first of

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March.' There is to be a new election every two years, and the same deputies cannot be elected to sit in two successive Cortes. We cannot conceive any good reason for this last regulation; and it tends to relax the motives for disinterested and patriotic conduct. Continued re-election is the proper reward of a faithful discharge of the sacred duties of a national representative. No deputy to the Cortes can have any place or employment under the crown, or obtain any pension, or dignity whatever from the king 'during the period of his deputation,' and for 'one year afterwards.' The king may refuse his assent to any particular law, but if the same law be proposed and passed in the Cortes for three successive years, such a law is to be understood to have received the royal assent. Before the Cortes separate they are to elect a permanent committee, composed of seven members of their body, who are to exercise some important duties, and particularly 'to keep a vigilant eye on the observance of the constitution,' &c.——Time is the best test of the good or the evil of political constitutions; for time only can shew how far they are adapted to the habits, sentiments, character, and circumstances, of those for whom they are designed. Political bodies are composed of very heterogeneous elements; and theory, which does not often answer in practice, is seldom found so thoroughly intractable as when manifested in a certain precomposed system for the government of a nation. Most of those governments which have been reckoned the best, have not been deliberately precomposed, but have gradually arisen out of the changes in the habits, sentiments, and circumstances, of the people for whose good they are designed. They have been a fortuitous piece of patch-work gradually and successively produced, rather than a system woven, at one and the same time, into one consistent and regular whole.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*The Campaign, a Poem in commemoration of the glorious Battles of Vittoria and the Pyrenees. By John Gwilliam, Author of the Battles of the Danube and Barrossa, the Bower of Bliss, &c. Dedicated, by permission, to the most noble Richard, Marquis Wellesly, K. G. &c. &c. &c.* London: Jennings, 1813

THIS volume is ushered into the world with all the 'pomp and circumstance,' which dedication to the most noble, and advertisement to the ignoble can give it; for, as Betty Blackberry says, in the first place here's a dedication, and *over* that there is an advertisement, and over that comes (what the author calls a poem,) and over that some certain quantity of notes to the amount of forty or fifty pages to explain in prose all that is incomprehensible in verse.—Now, to be sure, this is all fair and above-board with respect to this present book-making age. And we give Mr. John Gwilliam all due credit for his circumspection

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He has taken care that his dedication should abound with all the good things with which dedications are usually fraught. Whether all this *buttering* is for value received, or only in expectancy, we shall not trouble *our heads* to consider. We shall only say that it smells well, and that our nostrils have not often scented a higher *haut gout* of flummery. The dedication is also very prettily worded, and specifies (according to a botanical phrase) the genus and class of the poet; who, as we presume, blooms and flourishes under the kindly nurture of the second table, and makes no ordinary figure by the right-hand of my lady's woman, or in a hob-a-nob chit-chat with the marquis's own gentleman. In this *hot bed* we have no doubt that Mr. John Gwilliam will, in all probability, find his *Bower of bliss*; and will receive his due reward as a very *larned* man, and a *monstrous fine* poet. This is all well, very well, and as it should be. But, when an author attempts to be *vastly smart* in his explanatory notes on monthly critics, who have told him in plain English that his poetry is not worth a fig, we must request him to recollect himself; and, instead of running into abuse, call to mind that what suits very well, and appears very fine at the steward's table, will not pass current at my lord's;—and that what is very picquant at the second table will not be admitted at the first. Away then with such second-hand pickers of bones, and their bombastic poetry with explanatory notes.—The subject is a noble one, and it is hard if some better poet cannot be found to sing the deeds of heroism which have been achieved by the noble Wellington and his brothers in arms, than the puerile versifier now before us, whose whole performance is egotism, and, what the ladies call, *stuff*.

ART. 18.—*The Mourning Wreath: an Elgiac Tribute to the Memory of the late Right Hon. Spencer Percival, First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. &c. By the Author of the Battles of the Danube and the Barrosa. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Arden, &c. &c. &c.* London: Jennings, 1813.

Mr. JOHN GWILLIAM again! Mr. John Gwilliam frisking on a mourning wreath! with another dedication, and another attempt at *tuft hunting*! Mr. John Gwilliam is a very sensible body, and if he does not know on which side his bread is buttered who is there that does? We must do him the justice to acknowledge that he has some idea of exemplifying the old English proverb, of 'Two strings to your bow.' If my Lord Marquis Wellesley does not step forward to raise Mr. John Gwilliam above his fellows, without doubt my Lord Arden (after this dutiful address) cannot fail to extend his *finger* and *thumb* to help him out of the *mire*; and place him in a *bower* of *bliss*, in which we shall hope one of these days to shake hands

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with him, and say, according to the old song, 'how do ye do, and how do ye do, and how do ye do again.'

ART. 19.—*Virgil in London, or Town Eclogues. To which are added Imitations of Horace.* London: Effingham, 1814. price 5s.

IMITATIONS of Horace! These imitations, as they are called, will, we have no doubt, find their sale amongst the men-milliners, men stay makers, men linen-drapers, and such-like personages, who wish to make a figure (after they have put up their shutters and accounted to their master for the money left in the till) at some of the reading societies to which those learned personages resort. For here they may expatiate on discarded ministers, field-preachers, and Dr. Busby with his various qualifications of translator, composer, &c. Here also they may pick up some dirty anecdote, or malicious calumny of their superiors, which cannot fail of being very grateful to ordinary minds. The best of the eclogues is the sixth, entitled Lord Mayor's Day; and when we say that this is the best, we request it to be understood that we do not mean but that bad is the best. We do not wish to see the Latin poets introduced into London in the dress of scavengers and night-men.

NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*Urbino; or, the Vaults of Lepanto, a Romance in Three Volumes. By T. R. Tuckett, Esq.* London: Sherwood, 1813, price 18s.

WE believe that the rage for reading the *improbables* and the *horrid* and the *horribles* is not yet quite gone by. We therefore felicitate T. R. Tuckett, Esq. on the production of the present performance and conjecture that he has a reasonable chance of paying his printer and publisher and having something over and to spare. For in the work before us there is as much of the *improbables* and the *impossibles* as a romance reader can desire for his heart's content. Most favourable is the taste of the present times for this species of rhodomontade; and if T. R. Tuckett, Esq. finds this to be the case, he may well exclaim 'All's well that ends well.'

ART. 21.—*Madmoiselle de la Fayette, ou le siècle de Louis XIII. Par Madame de Genlis.* Londres: chez Colburn, 1813. 2 tom. 12mo.

MADAME de GENLIS has generally adhered to the truth of history in the characters, which occur in this romance; but her imagination has supplied the rest. This is upon the whole an instructive and interesting novel. In the interview between Cardinal Richlieu and Madmoiselle de la Fayette in the second volume, the crafty policy and invidious intentions of the cour-

tier are well contrasted with the simple rectitude and ingenuous probity of an unvitiated mind. The conclusion is such as gives a tone of virtue to the piece, and is calculated to make an impression in favour of what is of rare occurrence in these and in all times,—a disinterested and elevated sense of duty prevailing over the lures of ambition and the blandishments of voluptuous indulgence.

ART. 22.—*La Feuille des gens du monde, ou journal imaginaire. Par Madame de Genlis. Avec la musique des romances.* Londres: chez Colburn, 1813, 8vo.

THIS work furnishes another proof, if any other were wanting, of the intellectual fecundity of Madame de Genlis. There are many edifying reflections, acute remarks, and interesting details in this performance.

ART. 23.—*Zulma et trois nouvelles: precedē d'un essai sur les fictions. Par Madame de Stael Holstein.* Londres: chez Colburn, 1813.

THERE are a variety of acute and striking remarks in the essay on fictions which occupies the first place in this volume. Zulma has several high-wrought passages; but we cannot say much in favour of the moral impression which the story is calculated to leave upon the mind. A woman, in a fit of jealousy, shooting the object of her affections and then putting an end to her own life may be well suited to excite tragic emotion, but not to be recommended as a pattern of conduct or of virtue—When Zulma has dispatched her beloved to the other world, and is preparing to follow him, she is represented as saying, 'Je vais rejoindre Fernand dans ce séjour ou *il ne pourra chérir que moi*, ou l'homme est dégagé de tout ce qui n'est pas *l'amour*, et *la vertu*.' This appears to us not a little extravagant and absurd. Zulma takes it for granted that, in the next stage of her existence, she shall rejoin the man whom she has murdered; that he will then love no one but herself, we suppose, for the kind office she has done him of wresting the fatal shears from the hands of fate, and cutting short the thread of his existence. And in this future state, which the dying Zulma depicts on her imagination, man is to be disengaged from every tie but that of *love* and *virtue*. If by *love*, she here means a passion like that which in its frantic excess induced her to murder *Fernand*, we do not see what connection it has with *virtue*; nor what close bond of union there is likely to be in a future state between the virtue of a being in a higher sphere of intellectual enjoyment and the *love*, we shall not call it by its *proper name*, which Madame de Stael knows how to paint with a pencil dipped in the very essence of voluptuous expression.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 24.—*The Cambrian Travellers' Guide, in every direction; containing Remarks made during many Excursions in the Principality of Wales, and bordering Districts, augmented by Extracts from the best writers. Second Edition corrected and considerably enlarged.* London: Longman, 1813.

THIS will be found a useful guide to those who intend to travel through either North or South Wales. The information is very copious respecting the different points about which a traveller would wish to be informed, or which can add to the pleasure and advantage of the tour. The articles are alphabetically arranged, which increases the facility of reference.

ART. 25.—*De l'influence des Passions sur le bonheur des Individus et des Nations. Par Madame la Baronne Stael de Holstein.* Londres: chez Colburn. 1813, 8vo.

THIS work partakes of what appear to us the usual characteristics of Madame de Stael's works.—Madame de Stael is a woman of more depth of reflection than most of her sex: but, though her remarks are often sagacious and profound, she is not distinguished by much logical continuity. She is often incoherent and desultory; and is sometimes so strenuously elaborate that she becomes confused or obscure by a violent effort to appear superlatively wise. Her talents are certainly of the first order; but her compositions are more distinguished by splendid flashes than by a steady and permanent light. She makes her way towards her object rather by ample, but interrupted bounds, than by a continued pace, or by a vigorous and uniform progression.———If we had leisure and inclination we could point out numerous passages even in her best works, which, though they are covered with ornaments that impose upon the superficial observer, would not, for a moment, endure the scrutiny of criticism. Like some of the *fungi*, which crumble into dust at the first touch, they would be found to be only a gaudy exterior for unsubstantial emptiness.

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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